

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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Vol. 1. No. 19.

Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney,
for transmission by post as a newspaper.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1933.

331 PITT STREET,
SYDNEY.

Phones: M 2081 (4 lines)

44 PAGES

Oh MR. ALDERMAN What CAN We WEAR?

Battle of Backless Costumes and Tennis Shorts

Girls in Slacks. Girls in Shorts. Girls in Backless
Bathing Costumes—VERSUS—

Aldermen. Councillors. Sports Officials. Mrs. Grundy.

*Ladies and Gentlemen, the fight is on, and anybody can
have a say.*

MEMBERS of the various shire councils in Sydney and in Melbourne have been forced to sit up and take notice of the area of material per person used in the latest bathing costumes.

The lawn tennis associations controlling the different States are looking askance at the growing popularity of shorts.

The avowed preference of some of the women's cricket clubs for long trousers has focussed the spotlight of public opinion on the suitability of the wearing of skirts with cricket pads.

Sun-Baking Ideas

The modern vogue of sun-baking has complicated the bathing costume problem.

Unfortunate councillors find it more difficult to make a definite ruling as to what constitutes a minimum of clothing to be worn, and, further, in what locations that minimum conforms with decorum.

Backless costumes may be accepted as permissible on the actual beach front, but are held to assume an entirely different aspect when the wearers stroll along public thoroughfares.

Following the unseemly conduct of three girls at Cronulla, when attired only in the scantiest of bathing suits, they entered a public bar. Cronulla authorities have been provoked to reiterate their stringent views.

The policy of the Cronulla Council has always been of a conservative nature. Existing regulations stipulate that backless costumes will be banned and that a wrap shall be worn by both men and women on their way to and from the beach.

Cronulla Council has always been more conservative than the councils of Manly, Bondi, and other popular Sydney resorts.

These, in turn, are more conservative than the English coun-

cils, which permit not only backless costumes for women, but trunks for men.

Melbourne's Little War

MELBOURNE'S authorities are among the most unbending in the world.

St. Kilda Council has again issued a ban on mixed bathing at the women's baths. There have been attempts to enforce this ruling in the past without success. The council's contention that sufficient privacy is not afforded to the women bathers is not upheld by the greater majority of the women themselves, who find added enjoyment in their swim when accompanied by the members of their families.

Sandringham Council has issued an edict that backless costumes cannot be worn on the beach. It has even been suggested by one councillor that the neck-to-knee by-law be rigidly enforced and, in addition, a revival of the old-time costumes which included a skirt.

In Mordialloc, Port Melbourne, Williamstown, and Brighton this hoary by-law continues in existence, though there has not been insistence on its enforcement. It remains, however, as a deterrent to flagrant flouting of the unwritten law that prescribes a certain nice distinction in the interests of decency.

A general summary indicates that Melbourne beach authorities as a whole will ban backless costumes and, in doing so, will be called upon to stipulate just exactly what constitutes a backless suit. Cronulla will fall in line with them as they have done in the past.

On the remaining Sydney beaches, however, the discretion of the beach inspector appointed to office by the respective councils will be the deciding factor.

(Please turn to Page 13)

HOW WIFE and BABY Waited for SMITHY

MUCH has been written of the heroism of great ocean fliers, test pilots, and record-breaking aviators. Much has been written of the women left behind, who sit around radio sets to hear the progress of their loved ones across vast stretches of dangerous ocean.

But Lady Kingsford Smith has always had such confidence in her famous husband that she could never adopt the anxious role.

Interviewed by the Australian Women's Weekly on her return to Melbourne by the "Nieuw Holland," after visiting Java, she was brimful of confidence regarding her husband's trip.

"Of course, he's a bit behind his own schedule, but that, I think, is simply because he has a new and different engine in this machine," she said.

"I don't like the reports that he is not feeling quite fit. He was in perfectly good health when I left him."

"Do you know baby knew me straight-away this morning, although he is only nine and a half months old."

"There was no imagination about it. He knew me at once and he'll know his father, too. You know he's coming down

here to collect us, and he'll be here at the end of the week."

"There is only one thing worrying me, and that is how will baby and I wait through all those days!"

THE womenfolk are a terrific factor in all big flights.

The part that Lady Kingsford Smith plays in the success of Sir Charles Kingsford Smith was emphasised when, owing to a minor mishap, the Southern Cross was held up at Palmerston North last February. While repairs were being effected, Sir Charles Kingsford Smith had a few days at his disposal, and he crossed the Tasman by steamer to see her in the brief period that was available to him.

Mrs. Mollison (Amy Johnson) must be an inspiration to her husband, Jimmy. It is one of those marriages based on mental as well as other attractions. Nobody could fully divine the feelings of both when their "Dragon" crashed on the American coast a few weeks ago.

"The Old Bus," the film version of Sir Charles Kingsford Smith's triumphs in the Southern Cross, will stress the important part played by the womenfolk of great aviators during their dicing with death on great flights.



MISS SOUTHERN CROSS was the name given his new plane, by Smithy prior to setting out on his solo flight from England to Australia. Our artist, Boothroyd, here symbolises the spirit of the plane in a young Australian airwoman, full of vitality and courage with the sun lighting her face. No man in Australia has ever won a warmer spot in the hearts of Australian women than Sir Charles Kingsford Smith.

THESE Readers WIN £100 This WEEK

Clever Entries that Won Cash Prizes

Our competition staff never had a harder job than when selecting the winners of £75 in No. 1 Couplets, and the £25 for other fascinating prize features this week.

The big Couplet prize of £50 goes to Mrs. L. Read, 108 Scotchmer St., Fitzroy N.7, Melbourne, Vic.

Good luck, Mrs. Read, and may this windfall from the Women's Weekly bring you happiness.

Apart from the usual £100 to be awarded next week, there is an additional £25 for a new competition announced on page 33.

DETAILS of No. 4 Couplets appear on page 42.

Mrs. Read sent in three couplets, all of which were exceptionally good. She is awarded the prize for this one, but her other entries were taken into consideration, too.

First Line: He took his girl to buy the ring.

Couplet: His wife turned up, spoilt everything!

Here are her other couplets which helped her win first prize.

First Line: The party was a great success.

Couplet: A "stag" affair, as you may guess.

First Line: I slave each day from morn till night.

Couplet: Reducing weight with all my might.

Twenty-five other Couplet enthusiasts have been awarded prizes of £1 each:

Mrs. E. B. Barton, 123 Benty St., North Preston, N.S.W.; Mrs. W. O. Bishop, 70 O'Brien St., Bondi, Sydney; Mrs. J. M. Boyle, Boyle's Private Bar, Albion, Vic.; Mrs. M. Chambers, 65 Platform St., Lidcombe, N.S.W.; Mrs. John Dora, 23 Severn St., Box Hill, Vic.; Mrs. Edith Dymock, 143 Wycombe Rd., Neutral Bay, N.S.W.; Jas. T. Dobble, "Chairs Post," Qld.; R. G. Davis, M.P.S., P.O. 1, Dis-junction Chemist, opposite Post Office, Cronulla, N.S.W.; Mrs. A. V. Gaston, Box 97, Gunnedah, N.S.W.; Mrs. O. I. Horschell, Shire Hall, Morwell, Vic.; Mrs. L. Huxworth, School House, Tempe, N.S.W.; Mrs. G. E. Hill, Post Office, Marwell, Vic.; G. N. Lewis, 64 Williams Rd., Windsor, N.S.W.; Mrs. J. B. Moodie, Donnington St., Kyrle, Vic.; Mrs. F. Marsden, 664 Main St., Ballarat, Vic.; Mrs. M. McCauley, Cromwell, Otago, N.Z.; Mrs. O. McKernan, 10 Hughesdale Rd., N. Kildare, East, S.S. Vic.; Miss Annie B. McRae, Box 11, Oulpa, Vic.; Mrs. Bianchi Massey, 34 Taylor St., North Fitzroy, Vic.; Mrs. J. Neill, No. 4 Flat, "Murrumbidgee," Warman, N.S.W.; Mrs. Pearl Olding, "West Lynne," Gawler, Tas.; Mrs. V. L. Robinson, 111 Peel St., West Melbourne, N.S.W.; Miss Margaret E. Thomson, 45 Fletcher St., Camperdown, N.S.W.; Miss J. A. Wood, 97 Derby St., off Murray St., Rockhampton, Qld.; Mrs. D. G. Wilson, "Mendel," Woodville St., Henderson, Brisbane.

Other lucky and clever readers who share in the remaining allocation of prize-money this week appear below.

So They Say

Mrs. Kathleen Leaver, 17 Dargan St., Crosses Road, Sydney; £1; Miss B. Hyde, "Wee-wee," Parnell St., Strathfield, N.S.W.; £1; Mrs. V. Cantwell, Watlie Flat, Ballarat, Vic.



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ANOTHER AUSTRALIAN SUCCESS: An Australian girl, Miss Merle Oberon (Estelle Thompson, of Tasmania), takes the part of Anne Boleyn in "The Private Life of Henry VIII," the just-completed British picture, which has been called the most sensational production of this year. Jack Lindsay, of Sydney, was appointed historical expert on the strength of his recent book on Henry VIII., which was chosen by the Book of the Week Society.

Listeners... THIS Will INTEREST YOU

Antiquated Equipment of Our A Class Radio Stations

What freak idea is responsible for the antiquated radio equipment with which 2BL and 2FC, the National Broadcasting stations, are working? Some of it dates back to 1923.

A radio technical expert describes the situation, here, in plain language. It is one, which in fairness to listeners, the majority of whom are women, should receive immediate attention.

(By a Wireless Expert)

COMPLAINTS are frequent, by listeners, have inferior equipment to some of the "B" stations. How can artists and orchestras be fairly judged and appreciated when voice and music are distorted or blurred by faulty apparatus?

The main trouble is in the studio end of the equipment. Transmitters themselves are not bad; 2BL particularly is very good, though the same cannot be said of 2FC.

Improvements could be made first with the lines connecting studios and transmitters. The studios have an antiquated method of damping to prevent reverberation and echo. To put the matter right they should be re-designed and re-built. This necessary work could be carried out by Australian acoustic engineers.

Improved damping would naturally give the microphone a better opportunity to present the material that is given to it.

MICROPHONES in both stations are an old pattern.

On one occasion, the Commission was loaned a studio to demonstrate to them that with modern design of studio and improved microphones better results could be obtained. This was fully demonstrated, but still no improvements have been made on the lines suggested.

Amplifiers are also very antiquated. Some of them have been in use since 1923. Pick-ups for reproducing from records are not of a satisfactory type, and have not been replaced, although various designs have been submitted to the Commission by experts, whose suggestions have not been adopted.

The transmission from 2FC is inferior in quality to the "B" class stations, being what is technically known as "mushy." As a result the average listener often regards the transmission from the national stations as poor, compared with some "B" class broadcasts.

BISHOPS On the MOVE

THIS week, Canon How, of Liverpool, learnt, to his surprise, that he had been offered the Archbishopric of Brisbane.

This is only one of the recent crop of changes in the higher Church positions and the forerunner of others in the near future.

Early in the new year Archbishop Mowll comes from China. He will be in time to be in at the appointment of a Bishop of Goulburn, which See is about to fall vacant. Dr. Mickle, rector of St. James', Sydney, is considered likely. He is overdue for a bishopric, although rather "High," even for Goulburn. Bishop Halse (Riverina) is also in the running for this appointment.

AS a matter of fact Dr. Mowll's own position is in doubt.

Will he be Primat? The choice lies between Dr. Mowll and Bishop Head, of Melbourne, although Bishop How has a fighting chance.

The most recent important Church appointment, except that of Bishop How, was that of Bishop Moyes (Armidale) in succession to Bishop Wentworth-Smith, although the preceding furore over the appointment of Bishop Crotty has not yet entirely died down.

Bishop Crotty, who vies with Dr. Norton (the Roman Catholic Bishop) in preaching powerful sermons in Bathurst, comes to Sydney on Oct. 15 to preside at the Bush Brotherhood Conference.

He makes a splendid president, though, as he says himself, he is the worst bushman in the world.

BISHOP RADFORD is the latest to leave us. It is considered a great pity that he should go, for he has clarity of insight, capacity to express his mind in beautiful diction, and knowledge of high order.

He will be a big loss to the Australian Church, but, it is said, his health is too poor for him to continue in the bishopric and there is no less strenuous position for him to fill in, say, an advisory capacity.

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Let's Talk Of
**INTERESTING
PEOPLE . . .**



COUNTESS MORPHY
—From a painting.

IF the Countess Morphy had not been faced with the emergency task of preparing a chicken for cooking, and found herself quite inadequate for the task, England would have lost one of its most renowned culinary experts.

The Countess Morphy lived the life of the average English girl of the leisured class in a home where the best chefs were employed. But after her "chicken" experience she studied the art of cookery, gained her knowledge from old books, and collected recipes.

Then came the Hatry crash, which brought disaster to the family fortunes, and the Countess took up cooking as a gainful accomplishment.

Countess Morphy is of Spanish-Irish ancestry, but is a British subject, and has spent most of her life in England.



A NOTED ORGANIST

THE organ recitals given by Miss Lillian Frost in the Pitt Street Congregational Church are part of the musical life of the city.

Miss Frost is a Tasmanian by birth, but when 16 years old she began her studies at the Guildhall School of Music, London, and later took lessons on the organ from a teacher at Launceston, Tasmania.

At 15 years of age Lillian Frost was the youngest church organist in the Commonwealth. She was organist at the Launceston Congregational Church for several years before taking up her present position in Sydney.

Miss Frost went abroad in 1912, when she took lessons from Dr. Alcock, sub-organist of Westminster Abbey, and again in 1927. On the last occasion she gave recitals in leading churches in London and the provinces.



LADY BRADDON

LADY BRADDON, the wife of Sir Henry Braddon, has spent the summers of the last fourteen years under tropical skies, as the winters of our more southerly lands do not suit her health. She has recently returned from five months' stay abroad, four months of which were spent in Fiji.

Prior to these annual migrations Lady Braddon was president of the Arts and Crafts Society, and took a most active part in social welfare work, particularly in regard to the Blind Institution, and most people know of her great work in connection with blinded soldiers.

Settling MATRIMONIAL Troubles

Why not a trial with a Court of Domestic Relations? . .

IN treatment of social questions we have still something to learn from America.

If that country is ahead of us in granting facilities for divorce—not perhaps a very desirable distinction—it also gives a clear lead in another way.

Tribunals for bringing discontented couples together and restoring peace in homes threatened with a complete break-up have been found far more effective than our crude police and divorce court methods.

IN most of the American States there has been established what is called a Court of Domestic Relations. One of the first was set up at Dayton, Ohio, about four years ago.

In Los Angeles there is such a tribunal under the name of the Institute of Family Relations; and one imagines there must be plenty of work for it to do.

Compared with the gentle, soothing influences that are brought to bear in these courts—they are really consulting rooms rather than courts—our methods of dealing with marital misfits are crude and harsh.

Procedure in our courts merely tends to accentuate existing differences, and to make rapprochement impossible; the way of the Court of Domestic Relations is to heal a breach before it becomes impossible.

Case of a Wife

CONSIDER the case of an Australian wife who finds the situation getting on her nerves.

Perhaps the husband is staying out late at night. Perhaps his temper has got frayed. Perhaps there is another woman in the case. The young wife decides that she can stand it no longer, makes up her mind to leave.

If she wants support for herself and children there is only one thing she can do. She "takes him to court."

To get him there she has to issue a summons. Whether he appears in answer to the summons or not, he feels he is being treated like a criminal. There are charges and counter-charges, leading by an almost inevitable sequence to the Divorce Court, where hopes of domestic happiness are finally wrecked.

Woman "Referee"

CONTRAST this with the procedure in the U.S.A. Court of Domestic Relations.

The presiding judge is usually a man, but only in the last resort does he appear.

There is a woman "referee," to whom recourse is had in the first instance.

Most of the work of interviewing the parties, finding out the facts, and making suggestions for settlement, is done by women, who act in conjunction with the "referee," or under her direction.

The young wife, or the middle-aged one, takes her troubles to the Court of Domestic Relations. Having heard her story, the "referee" invites the husband to come forward and put his case. Or it may be that the husband has got in first. Whichever makes the first appearance, it is found in practice that the



Minor differences dissolve in the friendly atmosphere of this tribunal, and more often than not the sun shines again. The final breach of the Divorce Court is avoided.

Shaw

other party is usually very willing to come along and state his or her side.

There is no compulsion, but rarely in the breast of either husband or wife is there such mutual aversion that no compromise is considered possible or desirable.

Minor differences dissolve in the friendly atmosphere of this tribunal, and more often than not the sun shines again. The final breach of the Divorce Court is avoided.

Five Main Causes

MRS. ELINOR HIXENBAUGH, a consulting officer of the Ohio Court of

Domestic Relations, gives in an interesting article five main causes as contributing factors to domestic trouble. She sets them out in order.

Thus:—
Behaviour difficulties; in other words, bad temper.

Sex maladjustments (which usually means liking for someone else).

Money troubles. Over-zealous kinsfolk (or interference of the "in-laws").
Ill-health.

THE Australian Women's Weekly in its last issue dealt with the proposed amendment of divorce legislation in N.S.W., and with the agitation in Victoria and Queensland for a uniform divorce law for the Commonwealth.

Our legal writer in this article shows how hundreds of matrimonial disputes are settled in the United States without recourse to the ordinary legal machinery.

THE American Court of Domestic Relations is nothing if not resourceful.

In one instance, where a mother's jealous attachment to her son was exasperating the bride, it got on the track of an eligible widower, introduced him to the mother-in-law, and triumphantly brought off the marriage. Result—the mother no longer haunted her son's establishment, and domestic peace reigned there once more.

In "triangle" cases it contrives to get in touch with the disturbing third party, and very often succeeds in keeping him or her at a distance from the threatened ménage.

A TYPICAL case is dealt with in an American magazine article. It happened in Ohio, but it might have happened in any town of Australia. There

was the young wife who got in first with quite a pretty sob story; she was neglected, misunderstood—on the verge of hysterics.

On her heels came the young husband; he was also in trouble. And his trouble was that his wife was neglecting him for someone else. There was a Lothario in the offing; one of those smooth-spoken men-about-town who make a special cult of young married women. The wife, under the battery of this man's attention, had become restless, and was threatening to break up the home.

A situation, you perceive, of very common occurrence. The Court of Domestic

Relations has its way of dealing with it. In the instance under notice it sought out the philandering person, put the facts squarely before him, and asked him what he was going to do about it? Was he prepared to marry the lady if she got a divorce? He wasn't. He was warned against making more trouble. He took the warning, and the young wife, never really estranged from her husband, found domestic peace again.

In all this there is surely something for Australian legislators to take note of, instead of leaving everything to courts over whose grim doors might be written, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

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TRAGIC FIASCO of FAR NORTH

Commonwealth Sidesteps Aborigine Question

Two facts stand out in the amazing Northern Territory fiasco in which the Federal Government, various Church missionary societies and the police have been mixed up in a, so far, futile effort to apprehend the aboriginal killers of Const. McColl and some Japanese.

And these facts reveal the necessity for an immediate inquiry into the whole position of aboriginal protection in the Northern Territory. At present they do not seem to be protected at all.

FIRST, the missionaries, police, and the Federal Aboriginal Protection Board have no co-ordinated control over the territory or natives. There is no co-operation or plan of work. Nobody knows what to do when anything goes wrong.

And, second, Japanese trespassers on Australian soil are becoming a menace. They are far more responsible for the killing of Constable McColl than the unfortunate Australian natives, who were protecting their women.

The Bishop of Carpentaria, Dr. S. Davies, said last week:

"I have no sympathy for Japanese who were attacked. That the white constable was killed was regrettable, but not surprising, as the aborigines were not to know the party was theoretically of a defence nature."

He said the Caledon Bay natives were aggressively hostile because of having to protect their women against other races, and that there was no coastal patrol to protect them.

THE Northern Territory is a wild, uncivilised land peopled by a wild Stone Age race, to whom our laws and mode of living mean nothing—and never will.

You can no more mix the Stone Age with 1933 than you can mix oil and water.

Realising some of these problems, the Queensland Aboriginal Protector made a study of the matter some time ago, and, following his report, Arnhem Land was declared a protected area for Northern Territory aborigines.

But it has never been protected, so that to-day Japanese, other foreign nationals, and white prospectors make free use of the country without any consideration for the natives or their customs.

THE Aborigines' Friends' Association in Adelaide made recommendations to the Federal Government last week which seem to offer a really practicable solution to the problem.

They suggest that, in view of the fact that the Territory is a protected area, the Government station police at Caledon Bay with a vessel to patrol the coast and keep out Japanese and other foreigners.

Moreover, it is suggested that the Consul of Japan be asked to point out to his Home Office that Arnhem Land is

FOR half a century now missionaries have tried to civilise the aborigines. No doubt their efforts have been prompted by the highest ideals, but they have made little headway.

a sanctuary for Australian aborigines, and to warn Japanese subjects to keep away.

It is also suggested that the Federal Government take steps to prevent prospectors and others entering Arnhem Land without special permission from the Minister for the Interior, and that, if this is granted, they should understand that they enter the Territory at their own risk and without Government protection.

If such proposals were accepted and put into practice, the position of missionaries in the Territory would come up for review.

PAST history has shown that the missionaries are tolerated by the natives, and do not come to harm. The aborigines seem to know that these brave white men and women who come to live among them mean well.

But scientists' opinion is against the efforts at interference by missionaries, white settlers, and all other outsiders in the lives of the blacks.

The inevitable result of continued white contact, whether for educational or industrial purposes, is the degradation of the aborigines in the long run. Scientists point to the miserable conditions of half-castes and of full-blooded blacks who have come under the sway of civilisation without absorbing the benefits.

However, the churches will not accept the view of anthropologists that the blacks should be left to live their own lives in their own way in reservations.

A REVIEW of facts seems to indicate that the Federal Government had better turn over a new leaf of its aboriginal protection history book, and that the page recording the tragic death of Constable McColl be turned down.

Nothing will be gained by pursuing the matter further.

The main thing is to see that it does not happen again by removing the cause of the trouble as indicated. Some form of official inquiry is urgently needed.



MRS. JACK CRAWFORD, photographed on arrival by the "Mariposa" this week. —Women's Weekly photo.

Mrs. Crawford's OWN STORY of TOUR

Jack Played His Best Tennis

Mrs. Jack Crawford, wife of the world's champion tennis star, who returned with her husband by the "Mariposa" on Monday, in an exclusive interview, gave The Australian Women's Weekly her impressions of her trip abroad with the Australian team.

"I AM sorry to have to tell you," said Mrs. Crawford, "that the English girls are much ahead of ours at tennis. Mind, our girls are not terribly behind, but the English girls have gone right ahead in the game, and they are absolutely outstanding. I could name seven or eight English girls offhand that are really wonderful players. Dorothy Round I regard as the best of them—she is really marvellous."

Mrs. Crawford said that she did not think any countries other than America and England would be able to take part in the Wightman Cup competition.

"It is a shame!" she added, "that our girls could not compete in this contest, as it would improve their standard just as the Davis Cup has improved the men's tennis."

"I consider that it was due to the visit of Vines to Australia that my husband has so improved his game. He just needed that ferocious speed that the American uses to finish off his game, and he got this from the visit of Vines to Australia."

Women's Test Team

MRS. CRAWFORD expressed the opinion that an overseas women's team would not attract as big a gate in Australia as a men's team, although Mrs. Helen Wills Moody would be an immense draw if she would come here.

She is certain that an English ladies' team would come to Australia if invited, probably consisting of Miss Round, Miss Scriven, Miss Healy, and possibly Betty Nutall.

Dislikes Shorts

"I don't like the shorts one bit!" said Mrs. Crawford. "I think they are quite unnecessary. In my opinion, the little backless frocks are very sweet if you want something nice and cool. Eileen Whittington designed some of them for me and I have brought them back home and will wear them here."

"Eileen, who was formerly Eileen Bennett, is now in business in London as a designer of frocks. She is an awfully attractive and pretty girl. The frocks I have are cut half-way down the back and are very cool and comfortable. The Americans seem to have taken to shorts terribly, but I do not think they will ever be the vogue in England."

"Peggy Scriven played in Paris and at Wimbledon and looked very attractive in a nice little frock, but she didn't look nearly as nice when she appeared in shorts in America."

Met Royalty

"WE met the King and Queen on the Saturday after the great match. The interview with their Majesties is one I shall never forget as long as I live. They both congratulated Jack and me most heartily on his success."

DISCUSSING the Forest Hill women's singles championship, Mrs. Crawford said that Mrs. Helen Wills Moody was not by any means well when she played.

"You cannot go on indefinitely playing tennis," she added. "My husband has had five years of it without a rest, and he has got to that stage now that the doctors have ordered him not to play singles again until November, and then he has to see the doctor again for permission."

"Above all things I wanted him to win the world title. He won it, and I think he played better tennis over there than he has ever shown in Australia."

"There is nothing really wrong with my husband. His trouble is really nerve strain and he has to rest. I am feeling the strain of the tour, too. I felt the strain most watching, and hoping that he would win."

I DID not think he would win in America. I do not think he was a fit man over there. He only slept on an average two hours a night over there before the Forest Hill games. He was just a tired man, and when we got on the boat to return he was worn out, and haggard."

What They Wear

"The people who attend the tennis matches in England!" said Mrs. Crawford, "go mainly in ordinary sports clothes—a little light frock topped with a light coat, or coats and skirts. They are very simple little frocks. There is very little change in the style of hair-dressing, except that the bobbed hair is worn in tiny curls at the back." Mrs. Crawford is wearing her hair in this style herself.

Mrs. Crawford said that the American tournament could not be compared with Wimbledon.

HOST HOLBROOK says: The correct Olive for the cocktail is the Manzanilla. Holbrooks' Manzanillas are crisp and tasty.***



JACK CRAWFORD

SAVE 10 LARGE OR 20 SMALL PRESERVENE SOAP WRAPPERS

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Falling STAR

VICKI
BAUM
who wrote
GRAND HOTEL
shows you
Life and Love



Dent . . . and with a certain expression in her eyes, which he understood only too well, he disappeared in the crowd and went straight back to the Morescu's home by the sea.

After he had made certain preparations Takus went up to Donca's bedroom and fell asleep on a couch.

It was here that she had surprised him, and, after her manner, ordered him out.

Takus was mystified to know what had happened to Oliver. Had Donca brought him home? Clad in white

EARLY the following morning, Wang, the Chinese boy, found Oliver's outway in the wet sand near the porch. He gathered up the gala array of Oliver Dent's clothes, and, holding them suspended on his fingers, he grinned as he delivered them to Applequist, the butler. Not a muscle changed in Applequist's face as he walked stiffly to the pantry next to the kitchen, over which presided the Hungarian cook, Honka, a first-class cook, scrawny and impossibly hysterical.

"Breakfast for two," he said in a tone that eliminated all discussion.

Manuela, the Spanish maid, who was eating her breakfast, whistled. She was an extraordinarily vulgar person. Manuela, silent but crafty, and a favorite of Donca Morescu. She leaned over, pulled her mules on, and began to ascend to the first floor.

"Mail," Applequist whispered as he gave her a Mexican basket full of letters.

"Is she up already?" Manuela asked.

Applequist shrugged his shoulders with just a hint of disapproval. He filled the cigarette-boxes with English cigarettes, and opened the windows. Summer pervaded the room. And then Applequist went down again. Manuela, the mail filling both of her hands, stood still for a while. The first guest-room was quiet. It was also quiet in the bedroom of Madame. Manuela was without intelligence, but she was full of instinct. She entered the bathroom. It was all topsy-turvy. Open bottles of perfume everywhere. Manuela sighed deeply and longingly at the disorder there. She began to put things aright. From the second guest-room just around the corner of the small corridor Takus appeared, blinking. He had never been able to accustom himself to the glare of the California light.

Illustrated
by
Boothroyd

"Is she up?" he asked by a movement of his head, without saying a word.

"Look for yourself," the maid answered shamelessly. They were not on friendly terms. She had discovered Donca's torn pyjamas in a corner. She hung them over her arm and took them to her room for repairs. Takus fingered the mail-basket. His mouth puckered. The mail didn't seem to be satisfactory. "We are sinking again," he thought, thinking of Donca's finances. He dragged himself out on his battered beach slippers, and walked down the steps to the shore.

SHE was an extraordinary person. Donca—a spendthrift. Everything she touched cost gold. Takus, looking with his bleary eyes at the pelicans standing on the posts along the beach, added figures. He did not feel quite so content about things this morning. Her marriage had cost a hundred thousand dollars, the divorce three hundred thousand. Another great love had cost a million. Oliver Dent, only 26 years old, was already a millionaire. But he had given Donca only a little ivory elephant as a present, because she wouldn't accept anything more. She had a little ivory elephants in every corner of the house, and some of them were almost priceless. She had collected a whole showcase full of elephants. Well, what of it? Next week the ranch would be put up for sale. Had Donca ruined herself for Oliver?

There wasn't a village from the North Pole to the South Pole where Oliver Dent's face hadn't been shown.

"I'm as poor as Job," she had announced, smiling, when they returned to Hollywood. "But it was worth while."

Her fits of economy were even crazier than her fits of spending. From a first-class hotel to an expensive pension, and from there to a cheap pension, and from there to a miserable pension.

Takus murmured his worries into the warming air. When Donca's finances were bad, he was treated badly. They were hopeless at that moment. Takus shuffled back angrily into the pantry.

(Please turn to Page 6)



TAKUS, the mysterious middle-aged man who lived with Donca Morescu, the Rumanian film star, and managed her affairs for her, was thinking things over. Takus, who had been called Donca's guardian angel, and by some her "guardian devil."

Donca had houses, lots, and a ranch, all mortgaged to the hilt, and the interest ate up all that came in. Five manservants, two expensive cars, debts at the vegetable store. The real jewels had been sold. The copies made of glass had cost over two thousand dollars. And that two thousand hadn't been paid. No contract in two years, since the talkies had made the Morescu useless.

The silent films in Paris, in which she had worked, gnashing her teeth, three hours a day, fuming, stammering, forming syllables like a child—how much had they paid her for that? Nothing. Rejuvenating cure in a secret sanatorium in Switzerland. The trip to Rhodes. And all her other affairs—what hadn't they cost!

However, the trip to Rhodes already showed signs of turning out a profitable gamble. For was it not on this occasion that Donca had won the love of Oliver Dent, the screen idol of the world?

She had met him in Paris, attracted him, won him, and had taken him

away with her to Rhodes. Away from Ria Nara, whom Oliver had played with in "Hardogon," and who had been his lover.

Takus, who followed Donca like a private detective, had been in the crowd which had pressed round the entrance of the Phoenix Picture Palace for the Hollywood premiere of "Hardogon."

Some people believed that Takus, whose real name was Spartakus Lew, had once been the husband of Donca. But that wasn't true. He had, however, managed her affairs for longer than Donca herself cared to remember. And wherever she was, Takus was sure to be found in the background.

When Takus saw Oliver Dent get out of his car before that cheering crowd, accompanied not by Ria Nara, but by Donca, he nodded his head wisely and said to himself: "She has won her second trick."

He stood with the pushing, swaying crowd while the stars arrived and were cheered, not because he wanted to, but because he could do nothing else. He watched Oliver Dent being approached by the German extra, Aldens, whom Takus knew slightly.

Aldens pushed a platinum blonde star, holding an autograph book, in front of Oliver, like a mother pushing a child on to the stage for a first

When Donca awoke, her body was full of that heavy freshness that follows a happy night.

attempt at recitation. Oliver signed the book and then passed on, with Donca, into the theatre.

Later Ria Nara arrived with some friends. Takus did not go in with the fashionable Hollywood audience to see the premiere of "Hardogon." Such functions were not for him. But he was back outside the theatre before the performance was over. He thought that Donca might need him.

While he was waiting for the exit doors to burst open, emitting their floods of humanity, he saw Aldens come out carrying the platinum blonde girl in his arms. The German took the girl over to one of the cloak rooms and left her there. Then he ran down to the entrance of the theatre, where Takus was standing.

Takus asked Aldens what had happened and if he could help. The other explained that the girl was an extra. Frances "Somebody" whom he had just met and had taken to see "Hardogon." She had fainted in the theatre, evidently from hunger. Aldens then ran off to get a car in which to take his unfortunate guest home.

As soon as Takus saw Donca come out of the theatre, still with Oliver

WAY'S

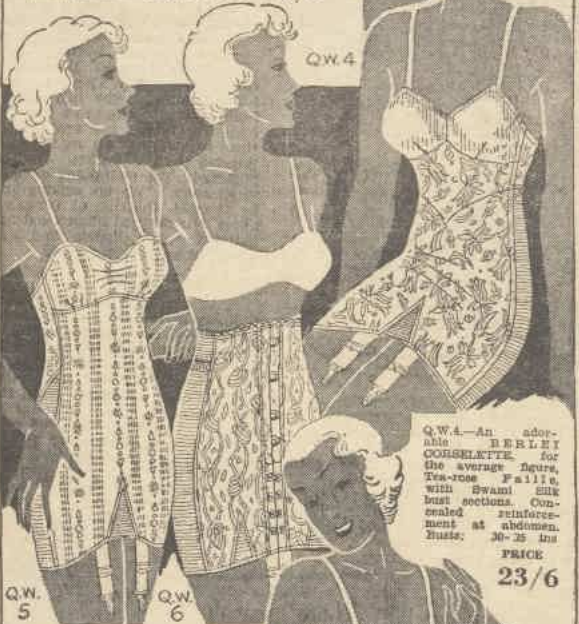
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"MADAME" HAS NO

character." Donka complained, worrying over her menu. "It's hard to cook for a lady that wants to remain slim, but has no character! Capon again!" she grinned. "If that is keeping a diet, I ask you!"

Donka had dreams of chopped meat rolled in vine leaves and stewed in fat, and dreams of sagedher goulash, of sauerkraut in goose fat. She had also had an unhappy love-affair with a former chauffeur, who had left his job because of her. Meyer was too educated and too handsome a man, Donka found out. Meyer devoted all his free nights to taking care of his sick wife.

"It's a comic household, all in all, isn't it?" Takus asked Appliquist, who had just come in.

Appliquist was too proud to answer and too polite not to. He played the deaf one.

"Oh, oh, oh!" Takus sighed. He went to the ice-box, from which he brought out bottles to mix himself something. In the hall the telephone was ringing.

Instantly Donka was fully awake. She had been lying in only a half-sleep. She opened her eyes. The heavy grey-pink curtains colored the room, which was full of sea air and the soft

FALLING STAR

(Continued from Page 5.)

Donka sat down, transfixed and out of breath for a moment. "So," she said. "Bill? It's all right. It's O.K. I will talk to him." But in thought she was far away from there—far away.

"So, Bill Turner wants to see me. Or maybe offer me a contract."

Donka's eyes changed. Her neck stiffened.

"They haven't offered me a contract in two years. They will have to pay now!"

A "LEMON," in Hollywood's language, is a manuscript that does not want to come through. A "lemon" is an unfortunate, juiceless, squeezed-out thing that travels from hand to hand, from brain to brain, that comes back again and again for conferences in the Front Office, where it is never shelved and never accepted. A "lemon" is a story



The worm that turned!

noise of the moving waves. Donka sat up carefully and looked at herself in the mirror that stood close by the bed. Not bad, she thought. She hadn't slept enough, but her body was full of that heavy freshness that follows a happy night.

"You belong to me," she said to herself, and almost expired of happiness. "You belong to me, Oliver Dent." When she thought of Oliver Dent, she thought of the full name as it was plastered on the posters and in electric lights.

In reality his name was Edward Drake. He was a descendant of the Drake who had fought for Elizabeth against the Spanish Armada. Other film folk had changed their names because they were too common. He had changed his because it was too good.

She had changed nothing. She had stood up for herself, for her name, for her age, for her first wrinkles, for her Rumanian accent, for her reputation, for her crazy past, and for every crazy thing that she had ever done and would still do. She thought of Oliver's face. "No one will ever love you as I have loved you," she thought again, thinking of her happiness. "Only I. You belong to me."

The whole world knew Oliver Dent's face. There wasn't a village from the North Pole to the South Pole where that face hadn't been shown. He was known laughing, dreaming, amorous, kissing, suffering, tired; he was known in every possible expression that a photographer and a director had been able to tear out of it. He had his secrets, this Oliver, that he held hidden deep in him. Sometimes a sadness spun itself around him as it spins itself around some beautiful animal. Donka, who had so much experience, guessed some of his secret. She fought for Oliver and she had won him.

The telephone rang again. The stairs creaked. Takus' nerve-racking immense beach slippers were moving. Donka took the receiver of the extension and listened in. It was the "Examiner." But before she had hung up, Pulsky was on the telephone—the man who had been in charge of her personal publicity as well as of the personal publicity of other stars, was at the other end. She allowed Takus to transact that affair, and hung up.

Donka walked around the room, humming. She had discovered somewhere a brush, and was playing with her hair in front of the mirror. She had the face and body of a young peasant girl.

She pulled the curtains away from the windows, and stood up against the sunlight as if before a reflector.

Again the telephone rang. Takus was shuffling behind the closed door.

"What's up?" the Morescu called. "Take the telephone," Takus said hoarsely from outside. "It's important."

"Important! What's important?" Donka demanded.

"Nothing, except Bill Turner, the Phoenix director, wants to see you," the whisper came through the door.

that has been worked over, that is thrown back and worked over again, and thrown back again, until not a single thought of the original story is left.

"Night of Fate" was that kind of "lemon," written by a Russian immigrant in New York, one Feodor Sogobuloff. A magazine had published it serially. An agent had seen it in the magazine. The agent, an American Czech, called it to the attention of the dramatist Ralph Chesley. Chesley dramatised the novel and sold it to a theatrical producer. The producer gave the play to Hooper Benson, who adapted it and directed it. The play failed. Bill Turner, chief of the Phoenix Picture Corporation, bought the movie rights the next morning for next to nothing. Bill Turner was very enthusiastic about his buy for three and a half days; he called conferences with Sam Houston and the chief of the scenario department and the writers' department, and then the story began to travel from room to room, from desk to desk, thrown from one to the other like a chunk of hot coal.



FARMER (back from Show holiday): My heifer's grown.
Second Farmer: Do they? Mine moo.
First prize of £1 to Cecil A. Roberts, 84 Park St., South Yarra, S.E.1, Melbourne.

LADY (at busy corner): Isn't it wonderful how a single policeman can dam the flow of traffic?
Her Escort: Yes, but you should hear some of the motorists that are held up.

AFFABLE Stranger: Nice drop of rain.
Sir Pott, of Potts Point: Indeed? Which one were you referring to?

JACK: My wife has gone to the West Indies.
Joe: Jamaica.
Jack: No, she went of her own free will.

IRATE Landlady: I think, Mr. Smith, you had better board elsewhere.
Mr. Smith: Yes, I very often had. I Landlady: You often had what?
Mr. Smith: Better board elsewhere.

BETTY (in bathroom): Mother, which dress am I wearing to-day?
Mother: Why.
Betty: I want to know whether to wash for a round or square neck.

THAT scenario went through the same metamorphoses as a silkworm, without, however, coming to the stage where it was made into silk. By the time the "continuity" had been written, the original treatment, far enough from the original story, was no longer recognisable. And when the whole thing was finished, no one thought it was any good.

"Night of Fate" wandered for more than eight months in the scenario department, through rooms 871, 764, 492, 751, 892 and 812. Author after author had gnashed his teeth at it.

During the fourth month of its existence the manuscript had reached the point where it was almost satisfactory; but just then the Phoenix Picture Corporation got into difficulties with Whiting Whipple, their star, who was to play the part of a Russian revolutionist. "Night of Fate" became worse and worse, until it was allowed to fall asleep quietly. Somewhere, in some small room, a beginning scenario writer, a sixty-dollar-a-week man, a Russian who didn't yet know his English, who didn't even have a secretary, still chewed on the scenario. But no one counted on it. From time to time the poor man was seen, half mad and biting his nails, while walking around the studio lot. He was out of doors even when the sun beat down. The man was somewhat tubercular, and was startled when anybody spoke to him suddenly.

"Hello, Pete, what's new?" They called him Pete, because his Russian name was unpronounceable.

"Thanks. I am working at the stuff about our revolution. The Russian revolution. You know, you remember." "Ho-ho! The 'Night of Fate.' An old lemon. Well, good luck, Pete."

The morning after the night of the premiere of "Hardogon," Bill Turner appeared an hour earlier than usual at the studios. The door-man rushed to the telephone and signalled to the front office that Bill was coming up. The two secretaries, Ruth and Mabel, who expected such surprises, rushed to their posts. They greeted their chief with the sunniest good-morning. Bill was of a depressed nature, but he insisted on optimism—in others. He rejoiced every morning looking at the one-armed watchman at the corner of the studio, who smiled at him and greeted him joyfully: "It's a wonderful day to-day!" "Wonderful day, that's true," Bill would answer gaily, as he walked up the steps to his office.

He took one careless look at the mail in his square wire basket, signed a few letters, muttered a few commands into the dictaphone on his writing-desk, and stepped up to open the window. Below was Street Number One, lined with a few mimosa trees, behind which was the electric saw of the carpentry shop grinding out a hellish noise. Bill loved that. He loved the odor of sawdust and fresh wood and that singing chromatic screeching of the saw.

(Please turn to Page 36)

BRAINWAVES!

Conducted by L. W. Lower

Each week £1 is awarded for the best entry, and 5/- for others used.

"I HAVE never met a real live novelist," says a correspondent in a contemporary. It is just when a man starts boasting like this that his luck is apt to change.

VICAR (to small girl): So God has sent you two little sisters, my dear! Small Girl: Yes, and He knows where the money is coming from; I heard daddy say so.

THE Husband: The sight of old school-mates, my dear, is what you might term both meat and drink.

The Wife: Yes, that's what you men usually do under those circumstances—"meet and drink."

MRS. MARTIN was complaining that she could never find topics for conversation.

"Why don't you read books?" asked a friend.

"What kind of books?"

"Oh, biographies and histories and so on."

The fruit of this advice was evident a few days later when a visitor called.

"Wasn't it very sad," Mrs. Martin remarked brightly "about poor Mary Queen of Scots?"

AGITATED Caller: I want something to quieten my nerves.

Lawyer: But I'm not a doctor; I'm a lawyer.

Agitated Caller: Yes, I know, I want a divorce.

The ORDEAL Of Gloria Leyland

Complete Story



THE "Kyuna" sinking! S.O.S. received — instead of turning in to Suva, we're going on to her help." Until that moment Gloria Leyland had hardly noticed the excitement that had swept the dining-saloon of the "Tajagoona," she was too goldenly occupied with her own happiness. Within a few hours they were to be at Suva. Another day, perhaps, or less, and Larry Chambers would be there, too. All that long waiting they had imposed upon themselves would be over; and a happiness intensified by the restraint—the banking up of their emotions—would rush upon them.

Her visions of the ecstasy to come engrossed her. Larry had been proudly disinclined to ask her to marry him until he had assured a position worthy of her; while she had no thought of material advantages as far as she was

FASHION

The Women's Weekly fashions have renovated me, And I am glad that I am living In Nineteen-thirty-three!

I often think of Grandma, And wonder if she swore When the hoops that went with Grandma Got caught in the parlor door.

—Reita Crossley.

herself concerned; would, in fact, have preferred to have shared every hardship and struggle with him, a fear that she might be a handicap to him, a hindrance to his concentration upon his work, had caused her to fall in with his views. So the happiness they might have seized upon three years before had been deferred. It had been long and painful waiting, but at last it was over. Larry, having made good with the engineering chance he had secured in Canada, had cabled that he was returning to marry her. That cable burst down all the barriers of her restraint; she could no longer endure the weeks of waiting. Her answer went back to him that she would meet him at Suva, whither the outgoing steamer would take her in time to forestall his arrival. She did not want the pomp and circumstance of a great wedding. Their marriage was a concern of just themselves alone, and now that the time of waiting was at an end, she would not postpone it for an hour.

And, into her dreams had crashed this disaster! Larry was on the "Kyuna," and the "Kyuna" was sinking!

THE excitement that had leapt to life in the dining-saloon had not touched her, at first, engrossed as she was in her thoughts. It had started when a junior officer approached the captain, whispering something to him, and he had risen suddenly and disappeared. Then the whispers began to circulate, and the saloon to empty, as the diners hurried on deck.

Gloria noticed, at last, the quick emptying, the absence of the usual after-dinner chatter. A man, with excitement on his face, was passing her as she looked wonderingly around.

"Is anything the matter, Mr. Hardy?" she asked him.

He paused and jerked out the news that had come to him, excitedly, as people pass on the tidings of impending disaster; then he hurried on.

Leaving her with chaos on her mind! The "Kyuna" sinking! What did that mean? Danger, and perhaps death, to the man about whom she had been dreaming so happily only a minute ago. Death! No, not that! Not that after all their waiting, at the very moment of their reunion!

She rose to join those who had already sought the deck. Even during

the progress of dinner she had become aware that the slight roll of the vessel had become intensified; now, as she was about to step on to the deck, she had to hold to the side of the door as the vessel rolled steeply. There was a sense of increased speed about the steamer. The land that had been close to them, and looming on their bow, before dinner was now a long dark amudge from which a coast light twinkled palely in the faint evening light far astern of them. The "Tajagoona," which had been speeding for Suva, had altered course, and, at full speed, was crashing through the storm towards the ship whose call for help had come across the waters. And the storm was beating upon the vessel as if to check her. The slapping and singing of the ropes as the wind whirled among them, the creaking and groaning of the huge vessel as it forced its way through the blinding seas, was a song of the struggle.

"Oh, hurry!" gasped Gloria, involuntarily. But she knew that the vessel was being pressed to as great a speed as it could attain. The quiver of its fabric, the heavy smoke-clouds pouring

from the funnels and rolling away swiftly astern, spoke of a frenzied desire for speed as intense as that that was beating in her own heart.

She felt her way along the reeling deck and joined the crowd that had assembled forward on the hurricane-deck. They seemed to have rushed into the night so quickly after the last lingering daylight had faded; but they could see the waves ahead, great, towering mountains that reared high above the bows and roared down upon the vessel, with avalanches of minor waves

shooting ahead, rushing forward as if to engulf the steamer. Up the sides of these sea mountains the bows rose bravely to ride over the seething masses of water, and caught by the cap, which sent a thundering sur into the forepart, amid a hail of spray sweeping before the wind, as it tossed off the waters. The spray rained upon the watchers on the deck, drenching those who stood in the front ranks, even on the sheltered side—no one dared stand on the other. A canvas screen, soaked, made thunders, too, as



The skipper stared at her. He knew her story and believed that the strain of the night had driven her mad.

it flapped against the bulwarks or tore at the retaining cords.

Overhead the wireless spluttered in the spray-and-rain-swept darkness, throwing out its little green lightnings, pouring its messages of hope and assistance through the tempest.

"You'll get wet through, Miss Leyland," said a man's voice, at her elbow, full of sympathy. "You want to get your coat—a waterproof, too. . . . Well, may I go to your cabin and get them for you?"

She had shaken her head at his first suggestion, but gave her assent now. Herself, she could not leave the deck. Here she seemed nearer to her lover, who was in danger. She wanted to know how far off he was, how soon they would reach the sinking vessel. People were talking all around her, and all they said seemed to be nebulous, unauthoritative—all unsatisfying.

"Chief officer told me, just now!" one man said, shouting to make himself heard against the storm. "The 'Kyuna' has been having rough weather.

Tailshaft has broken and the water is rushing in. The idea of saving the ship is hopeless; they can't keep the water back."

"Matter of hours, then," shouted back the man next to him. "Question of us being able to reach the ship in time to rescue the passengers."

"Don't see what we can do, if we do get there! In these seas! A boat wouldn't live a minute! The whole lot are gonners. I would say!"

Then—perhaps someone nudged him—he turned to see Gloria, white-faced, at his elbow, and to mutter confusedly, "Oh, I'm sorry." They knew of her; she was probably the only person on board with a personal life and death interest in the fate of the vessel to whose assistance they were rushing.

"It is not true! It can't be true!" her heart cried wildly. "Oh, God, after waiting all these years!" But she looked out into the darkness, split here and there with gleams of white, where the waves were broken in foam; gleams that were like the teeth of wolves in triumphant fury. She saw, near the boat, the awful swirl of the merciless waters, picturing how a boat might be whirled about in their restless, mighty forces, dashed down, and lost in the smother. But,

Illustrated by WEP

no! She would not give up hope for the man she loved. Somehow these men of the sea would find a way of rescue.

She felt the coat being put on her shoulders—the waterproofing went over that. And Jack Parkins had brought his long boots, too. She found herself lifting her feet as he pulled them on. She was grateful. Even these little acts gave occupation for the time, the awful time of waiting until they should come nearer to the sinking "Kyuna."

She felt her hand pressed; felt, also, rather than heard, the deep sympathy in his "I'm sorry, Miss Leyland."

"Could you—find out for me—something?" she shouted to him.

He nodded. An officer, the wetness dripping from him, had come down from the bridge, to be immediately surrounded and pursued along the deck by curious questioners, from whom he tried to escape. Parkins joined them.

And Gloria stared into the swelter of waters, her lips muttering prayers. The crackle of the wireless above was a little comforting. It was not till Parkins' high-lifted voice sounded at her shoulder that she realised he had returned.

"The 'Eastern Queen' and the 'City of Tangier' are nearer than we are. They are both rushing to give assistance. The 'Eastern Queen' should arrive in no time."

"And how long shall we—?"

"Four or five hours. We're going well. She should last till then."

She turned sharp upon him, her hand on his arm.

"Oh, please, Mr. Parkins, the truth! Is the 'Kyuna' doomed? Shall we be there in time?"

"The others will, the officers think," said Parkins, awkwardly. He saw the imperative question, demanding the knowledge of the worst to be faced. "It's a question of how long the water can be kept back sufficiently to keep her afloat. Everybody is working splendidly, so the wireless says. No panic. The wireless man is sticking to his work."

(Please turn to Page 8)

By HAROLD MERCER

The ORDEAL of GLORIA LEYLAND

GLORIA stared ahead, vision in her eyes. The words, "Everybody is working splendidly," stirred her sinking heart with a thrill. They could cover Larry. She could see him, with his firm chin, his brave, efficient air, moving about among the crowds on the doomed vessel, inspiring confidence, maintaining order—doing all that he could. She was sure of him!

The storm was intensifying as they drove into it. The ferocity of the seas grew into a new wildness; occasionally the wind swooped with a shriek and tore at everything it could seize upon, shaking it fiercely, as if to sweep it away. Even this upper deck was awash with water, and, with the plunging and rolling of the vessel, it was difficult to keep footing. Gloria was aware that the spray-laden wind was stinging on her face and hands; but she stayed on, staring into the waters, counting, it seemed, each great mountain of tumbling waters as another step towards the place where the man she loved was facing death.

The crowd had dwindled, seeking the comfort of smoking-room or lounge, or perhaps even their bunks, for a few hours, when most of them would re-

turn to see the final act of this struggle with the elements.

"Won't you go below, Miss Leyland?" Parkins' voice shouted at her. He continued to urge reasons; she ought to warm herself for a time; she could do no good, see nothing, waiting there. Later she could come back. She shook her head numbly to each of his urgings; and, then, realised that he had gone.

She told herself that it was unfair to accuse him of desertion; after all, he had no personal interest in the sinking vessel. But if she went, it would be desertion.

And then he was back again, a silver jug of steaming coffee and a cup in his hand.

"You had to have something," he said. "I had a spot of brandy put into it. It was no use bringing the saucer."

Balancing himself with difficulty, he handed her the cup and poured some of the hot brown liquid into it. Again she was gratified; it was not until she felt the reviving influence of the hot drink that she realised how close she

(Continued from Page 7.)

had been reduced to insensibility under the fogging of the storm.

"What time is it?" she shouted.

"Close half-past ten!" he roared back. Surprise came to her; that time could have flown so swiftly while every minute seemed a dragging eternity. She heard a cry come from the watchers—a cry of alarm and horror; and, as she looked sharply, the roar of waters rose to an intense ear-breaking crash. The ship rocked and shuddered as a mass of sea spread itself over all the fore part of the vessel, hiding it in a spume of white. She grasped the handrail in time to save herself from being knocked off her feet completely by the shock.

There were sounds of shouted orders, hurrying feet, the rattle of moving metal in the heart of the vessel. Quivering and groaning she rose, throwing off the weight of waters that lay upon her. They made a new roar as they avalanched over her.

People with white faces were asking anxious questions all round her. There was terror among them; the speed of the "Talagoona" seemed to have slackened.

An officer appeared among them. "Nothing to be alarmed at. We've had to slacken speed. We were going too fast into the storm, and went through the top of a big-um."

He disappeared, going upward. A few more of the watchers vanished; but Gloria, clinging to the handrail, whipped by wind and spray, stayed on. The crackle of the wireless, again, was a comfort to her.

Suddenly she was aware that, behind her, people were talking. The officer—or another—had come down again, and several men had surrounded him, questioning him.

"Her wireless has ceased. Dynamics out of action. The operator was just

reached the 'Eastern Queen,' but before all could be got aboard the boat had been smashed against the ship's side. At least half had been lost. Other boats had been launched. What had become of them was uncertain. The 'City of Tangier' was now on the scene.

BUT Larry was not dead! He could not be dead! Staring ahead into the cauldron of the storm, she seemed to outspeed the "Talagoona." The "Kyuna," with its deck on a fearsome slant, and the buffeting waves threatening to bear it over, was lurching dreadfully; and there she found Larry. He had been helping to get a boat away, and the scared people into it. He seemed to smile at her—confident, brave.

"I am sorry—for you, Gloria!" he said, gently. "I had such hopes—but death will end everything. I have done my best, and now comes the end. But, oh, my dear, I am sorry for you!" She knew what it all meant. The last of the boats that had not been

smashed had been got away. There was little hope in that swirl of waters. "It will be a matter of minutes, now," he said. "Best to let the end come—not to struggle."

"No, you must struggle! Fight to the last! Think of all it means to me!" she cried, passionately.

A new light seemed to spring into her face.

"When I think of you, Gloria!—Yes, I must," he said.

The chain of the vision snapped. She was back on the "Talagoona," and people had hold of her, trying to lead her away. She struggled fiercely with them. "No, no!—I must stay," she screamed. "Look, the light! Is not that one of the vessels?"

It was there, faintly seen for a few minutes as the "Talagoona" rose to the crest of a wave; seen again, from a similar vantage, a few minutes later. A searchlight from somewhere aloft was trying to pierce into the murk of storm. The wireless was crackling fiercely.

(Please turn to Page 42)

CLEVER CONTEST TITLES

COPYRIGHTED
No. 7 CLOSING MONDAY,
OCTOBER 23
at 10 p.m.
Tuesday morning post accepted.

FIRST PRIZE £200
SECOND PRIZE £20
THIRD PRIZE £15
FOURTH PRIZE £10
FIFTH PRIZE £5

and 30 Consolation Prizes
at £1 each. £30
Also two special prizes
for the Greatest Number of Entries
from any one competitor.

FIRST £15
SECOND £5
TOTAL . . . £300

NOTE:—These prizes will be increased
this week if entries warrant it.

Entry Fee, 6d. for Each Title.
THINK OUT YOUR TITLES
AND SEND THEM IN.

Last week the Royal Victoria Institute for the Blind, St. Kilda Road, Melbourne, received £25. This week's donations goes to The Ministering Children's League "Cottage by the Sea," Queenscliff.

ENTRY FORM CLEVER TITLES * * No. 7.

1.
2.
3.
4.
5.
6.
7.
8.
9.
10.
Name
Address

No. of Entries Amount £. 1. 2.

MORE ENTRIES MEAN BIGGER PRIZES.

The Judges for CLEVER TITLES

MRS. F. SCARLETT, President, and MRS. C. H. GOSBURN, Secretary of the MINISTERING CHILDREN'S LEAGUE, "Cottage by the Sea," Queenscliff.

Stuart King, Esq., LL.B., 448 Little Collins Street, C.I.

L. N. Scholfield, Esq., Vice, Advertising Manager, "Smith's Weekly," Flinders St. C.I.

A. V. Smith, Esq., Proprietor "The Guide," Newspaper House, Collins Street, C.I. And their decision shall be final and binding.

CONDITIONS.—Any number of entries may be submitted, but EACH TITLE ENTERED must be accompanied by an ENTRY FEE OF SIXPENCE. Every entry lodged on the contest, and EVERY ENTRY has an EQUAL CHANCE of WINNING FIRST PRIZE. Entries accepted ON PLAIN PAPER.

WE HAVE STARTED! WATCH THE PRIZES GROW! Remember—OUR PRIZE WINNERS GET THE LION'S SHARE!! Post to "CLEVER TITLES," Box 1964, G.P.O. MELBOURNE; or entries may be left at the Service Department of "The Argus" at the Branch Office, 243 Collins Street; or at the Head Office at 363 Elizabeth Street, to be collected by the Promoters. Entries will also be received at: "FORGOTTEN KIOSK, McEWAN HOUSE," or "CLEVER TITLES" OFFICE, McEWAN HOUSE (1st Floor), 343 Little Collins Street, Melbourne; and The Tropic Inn, 266 Little Collins Street (2 doors from Swanston Street).

No. 7 Closes on Monday, October 23, at 10 p.m. Results in "The Argus," Thursday, October 26.

Tuesday morning post accepted.

This advertisement is inserted by Clever Titles (Reg.), who accept full responsibility for carrying out all conditions.

Prize money increased again this week.

At least £300 (Lodged with "THE ARGUS" as a Guarantee). MUST BE WON. No. 7—CLEVER TITLES



WHAT ARE YOUR TITLES?

for this sketch of an Angry Wife about to strike her Sleeping Husband.

SUGGESTED TITLES
The Stranger Sex.
Arise From Dreams of These.
A Rude Awakening.



DRABBS
SERGEANT: But didn't you feel the thief's hand going into your pocket?
ABSENT-MINDED Professor: Yes, but I thought it was my own!

telling us, when messages stopped. But the "Eastern Queen" tells us she's standing by. They're going to try to make an effort to get some passengers off, but it's a question how long she can last. Matter of minutes. She's a gonner."

Gloria felt herself swooning, but through her faintness she heard an officer urging Parkins to "try and get the lady below."

"Her sweetheart . . . on 'Kyuna' . . . married in Suva!" Just those words she heard, and knew what Parkins was explaining. The officer was beside her, urging her to go.

"No use your staying. You can do nothing; only make yourself ill . . ."

He had taken her arm, trying to detach her grip from the handrail.

"No! Please!" she pleaded. "He wants me near him . . . If I'm below I will be right away . . ."

That was how she felt; in spite of the wild stretch of waters between, she felt he needed her; she must not desert. Being there, thinking of him, she would give him strength. There was an argument; pleading; and then she had won. They brought her stimulants, and she took them, staring, still, ahead.

Vaguely she heard people talking, their shouts mingling with the crackling of the wireless, the roar of the waters, and the storm. News was coming through; she heard it numbly. The "Kyuna" had gone. A boat had somehow battled through the waters and



Tasty and nourishing
... quick to prepare!

Kraft Cheese is a complete food. With biscuits or bread and butter it makes an ideal light lunch—really satisfying; easily digested; quickly and simply prepared . . . a meal that will see you through the most strenuous afternoon. Economical—no rind . . . no waste. Protected in silver-foil. Sold in convenient 8-oz. and 4-oz. cartons, 1-oz. portions or cut from 5-lb. loaves.

KRAFT
AUSTRALIAN CHEESE

"Only the finest Cheese is made by Kraft"

K33/24/23

OPPORTUNITY Calls on the Phone

Efficient
Telephone
Operators
are needed

CAREERS FOR GIRLS

EVERY business house of any importance numbers among its employees that very important adjunct to the efficiency of the office, the telephonist, or switch attendant.

In the earlier days of the telephone, particularly in Government offices, the work of switch attendant was carried out by men, but girls have supplanted them almost entirely, and now have practically a monopoly of this class of work.

"Thousands of pounds are daily lost to British business firms through the inefficiency of the girls who operate their telephones," was a recent statement made by Mr. H. Pickup, chairman of the Incorporated Sales Managers' Association of England.

"In many cases it is not the fault of the girls themselves," he added, "as they cannot be expected to know all the details of a business without instruction."

"Every firm should let its telephone girls gain an insight into the working of every department, for on their shoulders rests the responsibility of being the mouthpiece of the firm."

"Thousands of girls in charge of branch exchanges have only the vaguest knowledge of the businesses they represent, and as a result customers waste hours being transferred from the person to another in finding the right individual to deal with their inquiry. A girl should be taught to use her brains in the firm's affairs."

"More and more people nowadays prefer to do business over the telephone and efficiency at an office switchboard is a definite factor in securing and holding business."

The Voice That Smiles

I made inquiries from a number of business houses during the week as to the qualifications necessary for an efficient switch girl, and the consensus of opinion was that, in addition to a fair education, a girl must have a clear speaking voice, excellent hearing, good memory, and inexhaustible patience.

"We look for the girl with a smile in her voice," said the staff superintendent of a big firm with branches in most of the capital cities of Australia, "and that is the class of girl our customers appreciate when making their inquiries."

SERVICE to the public is what counts most in modern business houses, and that service must combine efficiency, courtesy, and speed.

"We would not consider for a moment employing an outsider for the important work of our telephone service," said the manager of another business. "Before our girls are entrusted with work on the switch they are trained in the departments, and must acquire a thorough knowledge of the lay-out of each department, and also of the personnel of the staff. They have to be trained to understand the customer's point of view in selling before they can be expected to handle business over the telephone."

WHILE the average person is inclined to be reasonable in most matters,

LOST BUSINESS

IT is impossible to estimate the trade lost annually to any business house through the inefficiency or inadequacy of its telephone service, and the inability of untrained attendants to direct inquiries to the proper channels, to the annoyance of would-be customers.

Recently the G.P.O. authorities inaugurated a system in co-operation with commercial colleges, to give instruction and lectures to students in the art of answering the telephone.

By Our Special Commissioner

Many thousands of girls have to thank the late Alexander Graham Bell, the Scottish inventor of the telephone, for providing them with a means of earning a livelihood.

a great many people, immediately they pick up a telephone, become irritable and impatient. No firm can afford to have its customers kept waiting while the switch girl makes inquiries from someone else as to which department of a big emporium deals with the supply of boudoir caps or curling tongs.

It is rather remarkable the number of people who ring up a business firm and start off with the switch girl in this way: "I don't know what department I want, but perhaps you can tell

LOWER'S South Sea CRUISE

By L. W. LOWER

YO HO, and a packet of aspirins. I have been on one of those short cruises and have returned bronzed and full of health and lies.

It was thrilling right from the start. Just as the ship was about to sail, I couldn't find my luggage. Raced all over the place looking for it. The captain and I hunted everywhere, and some of the officers suggested putting back into dry dock so that a thorough search could be made.

And after all the fuss, I found it in my overcoat pocket. I felt such a fool! (Mental Note: He has an overcoat).

Anyhow, at last they untied the string off the wharf and the boat sailed.

Going down to my cabin, I carefully

AN article by L. W. Lower, Australia's most famous humorist, will appear on this page every week.

His articles will be illustrated by WEF, the brilliant young Australian caricaturist, sculptor, and artist.

folded up my overcoat and then returned to the upper deck.

A beautiful lady accosted me as soon as I appeared. I had expected something of this sort, but not quite so suddenly.

"Could you tell me where the deck sports are?" she inquired.

"Madam," I replied, "you are looking at one right now."

"I'm speaking of games," she said, coldly. "Quits and deck tennis and that sort of thing."

"Straight down those stairs," I said, pointing.

I had never been down those stairs before, but I believe the lady finished up down in the stokehole.

THAT was only one of a few slight errors I made during the voyage.

For instance, a gentleman told me that he was glad that we didn't have to dress for dinner.

I was very glad, too, as the weather was fairly warm. However, it turned out that I had been misled. When I entered the dining saloon, all the women screamed, some fainted, and a steward rushed up to me and threw a tablecloth around

me, and then ran me back to my cabin. And I had no dinner.

The trouble is, I'm not used to these new-fangled ships. Give me the old sailing ship every time, where a man can walk round the capstan singing chanteys and heaving up anchors. I didn't have any anchors on this cruise, but that was because I hadn't eaten one.

JUST before we reached Noumea I got trapped into a game of grab by some international card sharps, and lost 1/3 in cold blood. There was also an I.O.U. that I signed for 2/-, but, of course, you don't count those.

Needless to say, this left me extremely short of money. Luckily I found a wallet which someone had lost in a cabin. I happened to enter by mistake, and as the man who might have lost it was asleep in the cabin, I thought it best to mind it for a while for him till later on. In the morning, he kicked up a frightful row, and said he'd been robbed.

I wasn't going to give it back to him, and then he suspected of stealing the thing, so, in order to save my character from the slightest stain, I stuck to the wallet. What else could I do?

HOST HOLBROOK 1932: The Holbrook Olives are grown in the sunny Olive groves of Spain. Packed in Australia.***



A lady passenger posing with a bit of island "atmosphere."

ARRIVING at Noumea, I went ashore and was immediately accosted by swarms of natives who wanted to sell me things. A model catamaran caught my eye, and I inquired the price of it. It worked out at six shillings.

I gave the native a bad sixpence and took the model. The native then executed what I took to be one of the native dances, which I watched with great interest. The man became so attached to me that he followed me about all the afternoon, holding out the sixpence, and yelling something in a foreign tongue.

At last, after going through a lot of signs, I discovered that he wanted me to take the sixpence back. I did this, thanking him for his kindness, and

shaking him warmly by the hand. He then executed another dance of a wild and savage character, tearing his hair out in handfuls. When I boarded the ship, he was there to wave to me. I have never met with such devotion before.

I shall always regard that cruise as being of great educational value to me, and I have returned with a fund of experience as well as enough spoons and serviettes to last our household for years to come.

I strongly advise anyone who is in need of a change or is short of cutlery to book their passages immediately.

Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT

JOAN CRAWFORD'S
MEASUREMENTS COME WITHIN
A QUARTER OF AN INCH OF THOSE
OF VENUS DE MILO.

PAUL LUKAS
ONCE WAS A MEMBER OF
THE HUNGARIAN WRESTLING TEAM
IN THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

RUTH CHATTERTON
CHEWS GUM TO PRESERVE THAT CHIN LINE

DID YOU KNOW THAT -
HOWARD HUGHES' "CADDY" PICTURE COMPANY IS NAMED AFTER
CADDY PARISH, LOUISIANA, WHERE HIS FATHER FIRST STRUCK OIL?

Two Competitions To-day

For Valuable Prizes



- 1 One for Old M.B.C. Girls Right Back to 1895
- 2 Another for Old Girls or Present Students of Any College
- 3 The Third for Old Girls of the M.B.C. only.

PRIZES TOTALLING 12 GUINEAS

For best letter of 500 words or less, from any old girl of the Metropolitan Business College describing her business career. Competition divided into two sections: (a) Those whose careers have been entirely connected with employers, and (b) those who made a profession or business for themselves. Get the Australian Women's Weekly of September 30 for full conditions, or write the Metropolitan Business College, 6 Dalley Street, Sydney.

IN THE MEANTIME
GET YOUR LETTER READY.
PREPARE TO WIN FIVE GUINEAS.

THIS
COMPETITION
Closes
31st
October

2 ONE GUINEA EACH ELEVEN GUINEAS IN ALL to the best letters on any one of the following subjects. Any student may enter for any one or for all subjects, but separate letters must be written on each subject. Minimum entry in any section—3. Maximum words—750.

THIS
COMPETITION
Closes
30th
November

Mention the Australian Women's Weekly.

- I. The value of a business training at the M.B.C.
- II. The best foundation for a business training.
- III. My idea of an ideal curriculum to meet modern conditions.
- IV. The best example I know of a successful business girl.
- V. The qualities and qualifications necessary for secretarial work for women.
- VI. What does an employer need most?
- VII. How I would study, and what I would ask to be taught if I again had the opportunity of attending a good business school.
- VIII. Advice to a young girl entering a business office.
- IX. How to receive callers.

TWO SECTIONS: (a) Open to old M.B.C. girls up to 21 years of age. (b) Open to old M.B.C. girls up to any age. SUBJECT: Advice to girl entering the Metropolitan Business College.

**Metropolitan
Business College**

"The College that Cares."

43 FIRSTS last year.
Many Sensational Successes This Year.
STILL STEADILY FILLING POSITIONS.
6 DALLEY STREET



An Editorial

OCTOBER 14, 1933.

THIS TURNING THE CORNER

IT'S been a great period of rejoicing. High wool prices. Tax cuts. Stock Exchange boom.

There seems no doubt about us being round Prosperity Corner. But six million people make a long procession, and, after all, only the brass band and the lucky ones in front are really and truly round the corner.

For the unlucky ones in the rear there is a weary way to go yet.

When the nation was trudging gloomily down into the trough of the depression the same unlucky ones who are now at the tail-end were then in the front. They were the first to suffer loss and hardship.

We do not think that the return of security and easier money will lead to flaunting extravagance. But the money-spinning craze is an insidious evil which could easily lead to bitterness and class antagonism.

Australia has plenty of big national problems on hand. For one thing, what about the thousands of youths and girls who have never had a job since leaving school?

These young people are an especial problem. When they left school industry was at a standstill and they had no opportunity of becoming apprenticed to any trade or profession. Now that business is reviving they are too old. Their young brothers and sisters fresh from school can find positions, but these girls and young men can at the best drift into only nondescript occupations.

It is estimated that there are nearly 100,000 young persons in this calamitous plight.

That is just one problem that must be faced and dealt with before we go on to enjoy the froth and bubble of permanent prosperity.

The brass band mustn't get too far ahead of the procession.

THE EDITOR.

LYRICS OF LIFE

THE COUNTRY

Somewhere along a country way—
Give me my hat, we'll go to-day
Out where the friendly sky is bending
And where the round world has no ending.
We'll go to-day and leave our load
Somewhere along a country road,
And then come home and find our duty
Taken on a new meaning and new beauty.

POINTS OF VIEW

Broken Nose of a Queen

WHEN a statue of Queen Victoria, which adorned a Sydney building now in process of being demolished, was offered for sale by Mr. Bates, the wrecker, there were no bids.

Now a falling brick has knocked off the Queen's nose and has ruined her peaceful, dignified smile.

Surely this incident is a poignant symbol of our changing times. Twenty years ago it would have caused a stir. To-day it is looked upon as a joke.

It is not with the death of a woman as great as Queen Victoria that her influence ends. Victorianism, which straightened up the loose living England of the early Georges, has done much to mould British character of modern times.

It is such little incidents, however, as the broken nose on the unwanted statue that spell the real end of an epoch.

Wrong But Happy

A PROPOSAL for the establishment of schools of dietetics was made in Sydney last week by Dr. Colvin of the Hospitals Commission.

As everybody is now beginning to realise, we have been eating the wrong foods for a long time, and too much of them at that.

Unfortunately, we are creatures of habit where food is concerned; moreover, we cherish our right to free eating even more than our right to free speech.

The average person would far rather die happy, eating the wrong foods, than live, unhappy, eating the right ones.

So the school of dietetics will have a difficult task if it comes into being.

Beautiful Blue Devils

IT was Lord Northcliffe who, when defining news, said that if a dog bit a man that was not news, but if a man bit a dog... that was.

And so we present some real news from India, where an Australian plant, a water hyacinth known as "the beautiful blue devil," which was taken to India from here 20 years ago, has become a pest and is causing a lot of trouble.

Hitherto Australia has been the victim of imported animals and plants. Rabbits, originally brought out as pets, are now pests costing millions a year. The blackberry is one of several other examples.

So it is rather beautiful to learn about our "beautiful blue devils."

Cooking Cook's Cottage

ARGUMENTS continue to rage about the genuineness of the Captain Cook cottage purchased by Mr. Grimwade, of Victoria, as a gift to Australia for the Melbourne centenary.

The cottage is being shipped from Yorkshire to be rebuilt in Melbourne.

Concerning the controversy, Mr. F. W. Eggleston, who has taken a lively part, says:

"The question of the authenticity of the cottage has been raised. I had assumed that this has been amply verified. But, though very important, it does not seem to me to be conclusive. Washington never lived in Sulgrave Manor, but it is an object of veneration to millions of Americans."

If this logic is sound, then the jealousy of Sydney at not having the cottage can be easily remedied. Let Sydney also import a Yorkshire cottage in which Captain Cook didn't live!

What Is Life?

THE news from Reading, England, that a girl of twenty-five who fell downstairs was kept alive by artificial respiration for more than five hours after she had ceased to breathe, suggests, as many similar cases have done before, that medical men are on the brink of discovering what might be called a cure for death.

It has been proved that even after the heart has stopped beating a person can be brought back to life. Once upon a time we used to think that breath was life, and that when this stopped life was ended, but the Reading case is a typical contradiction.

In the future it may be possible to cure death, like a sickness is cured to-day. This does not mean, however, that we shall have discovered the secret of eternal youth.

The Australian Grandstand

"AN ENGLISHWOMAN" writes: "Australia is the best country in the world to be living in. It has most of the advantages of other countries, without the disadvantages."

"You have only to look at the papers to see the madness that is let loose everywhere else."

"In Germany there is Hitler, in Russia there is Sovietism, in Italy there is Mussolini. England is continuously troubled by Imperial problems. There is turmoil, intrigue, and unrest all round you."

"But in Australia there is a sense of bigness and peace. And, above all, freedom."

"It is like sitting on a grandstand watching a football match. And a pretty rough game it is, too."

"At the very worst, Australia's troubles are only possibilities."

Save Our Life-Savers

AT Bournemouth, one of England's most popular bathing resorts, Mr. O. C. Porter, who went to the beach for a quiet afternoon,



"Poise," a beautiful study by Lyall E. Williams, symbolising Australian womanhood. See story column four.

had to jump into the sea on seven different occasions to save people from drowning, says a cable.

Now that the surfing season is starting, this incident will bring home to surfers how well provided for are Australian beaches.

The life-saving teams of the Commonwealth, which are unique the world over, deserve the greatest respect, admiration, and consideration from the public. An affair like that at Bournemouth could not happen on any well-known Australian beach.

Yet how frequently swimmers ignore the directions of life-savers, bathing outside the flags, disregarding whistles, and generally, risking not only their own lives, but those of the swimmers who have to go to their rescue.

JANE'S JOURNAL—The Diary of a Bright Young Thing.

WENT TO SEE MY PORTRAIT AT THE EXHIBITION



WHEN I AT LAST DISCOVERED IT



FOUND THE ARTIST HAD MADE ME TOO FRIGHTFULLY INSIPID



SO I MADE IT UP A BIT!



Inspiration That Gives Us Art

How an Artist Creates

By LYALL E. WILLIAMS

MANY people on viewing one of my works have asked me the *raison d'être*, why? What is it that makes you create?

AN answer to this seemingly simple question is perhaps more difficult than one would at first surmise.

The butcher and baker and the candlestick-maker, as well as the confidence man and the horse thief, all, no doubt, have their good reasons. Possibly the majority would say that their main reason is that the method they have chosen is the easiest way they know of earning a living.

In many cases, being trained to a particular field of endeavor from childhood, they, like the waves by the seashore, follow the line of easiest resistance in carrying out their life's work. However, on reflection, I cannot logically say that I, too, have taken the easiest path.

ALTHOUGH my work leads me to the exercise of much hard labor and quite a lot of patience, and I can't truthfully say I am fond of either, still I do it. Mud pies, as a small boy, never did interest me, and getting my hands all over mud from our celebrated Duck Creek, as a mat, interests me still less. No; there must be something deeper to make me handle the dirty clay, wet plaster, or hard unyielding metal. The reason, I believe, becomes more evident as the work in hand takes shape. That which was originally a thought, after sometimes weeks, or, perhaps, months of striving, becomes a message, an appeal to that higher sense of a man, an appeal to his soul.

Our lives are composed of those two qualities—mind and body. Of what use the one without the other? In the study of our fellow men we find a glorious assortment—some all body and very little soul, and the other with a very fragile set of works and a wonderful mind. Fortunately, indeed, is he who has the ideal combination.

TO my mind the greatest artist is he who has that balance, and not only has it, but produces it in his work.

A creation, no matter how mechanically perfect in its detail, is to my mind utterly worthless if it lacks that appeal to our artistic inner sense.

In "Poise" I have endeavored to create something which would symbolise that perfect mating of the body with the soul. I have endeavored to make an ideal as I conceive it of our Australian womanhood. The figure is in a state of balance, every muscle subdued by the brain to hold that state of perfect equilibrium.

Dean Inge's Heaven

OUR clerical observer writes:—

There is really nothing new in Dean Inge's idea, as recently cabled from London, that Heaven and Hell are not to be thought of as places, in the local and material sense of the word. And it did not require "science" to bring us to that conclusion, either. It needed only commonsense.

The idea of material existence in the next world involves too many absurdities. Material bodies would need material food, clothing, and any number of other material things. This would necessitate kitchens, factories, shops, sewerage systems, and all the material appurtenances of life more or less as we know it here, including the same round of toil and drudgery. Who would want that?

At the same time it is hard for the ordinary mind to take in the idea of abstract spiritual existence, without flesh and blood and bones. And yet it is spirit, soul, personality, that constitute the one real and enduring entity.

People shrink from this because it appears to them like vacuity, nothingness, empty negation. But it is far from that. Modern science helps us here by showing us that through and through, and behind and before, all material forms of life, are Mind, Thought, and Will.

The Lovers' House



It was a grey old house, of no particular period, but with a Queen Anne tendency in the matter of high deep windows and the rather stately pillared entrance. It had the appearance of having settled down for hundreds of years among its screening trees.

Four-square it stood in a wilderness of garden, with an untidy but extraordinarily fragrant bush of cluster roses, lifting forward over the wrought-iron gate. A very old cedar tree, spread out dark, sombre arms right across the front of the house like an aged veteran barring the way to strangers.

On a warm, still afternoon in June, when the cool leafiness of the old garden was like a green oasis in a desert of shadeless fields and white dusty roads, a smart two-seater drew up at the wrought-iron gate. The girl who had been driving turned to her companion.

"This is the house," she said, and there was a note of eagerness in her voice. The man at her side turned his head and stared thoughtfully up the weedy gravel drive to the sentinel cedar.

"It looks a wilderness of a place," he remarked, "but I suppose we may as well go and have a look at it."

The girl unfastened the door of the car and sprang out and ran to the gate. Her eyes were bright. She was like an excited child. The man followed her slowly, with a half-amused half-sceptical air.

"I suppose there'll be someone at home?" He fumbled with the gate. The girl stood gazing up the drive with an ecstatic expression on her face. She turned her head sharply at an exclamation from the man.

"What's the matter, Maurice?" "I've skinned my knuckles on this rotten gate! How on earth does the beastly thing open?"

"I don't know. I suppose one lifts the catch." She went closer to the gate and slipped her hand in on the inside. The gate swung open smoothly and with an air of invitation.

She turned to the man and smiled. Maurice Hardy looked puzzled. "Well,

"When a house has sheltered two such lovers... it can't tolerate them that don't love," said the old housekeeper.

Illustrated
by
Wynne W.
Davies



Man's Faults

A man, a married man's a thing.

Of faults of many kinds,
A cause of endless worrying
To women's hearts and minds.

He doesn't put his hat on straight,

Or hang it in the hall.

At night he frequently is late,

If he comes home at all.

He doesn't always wipe his feet,

Arriving at the door,

Or eat what other people eat.

Or what he ate before.

He doesn't do a thing he's told,

But one thing he could do:

She might forgive him, if he'd fold.

His serviette when he is through.

—J.S.

"I'm blest!" he added, with a laugh, as he slipped his hand through Diana Gray's arm. "The surly old thing evidently didn't like me!"

Half-way up the drive Maurice Hardy nearly tripped over a bramble straying out from the unkempt hedge of laurel and rhododendron. He exclaimed irritably, "Oh, bother the place, Di. It's all choked up with weeds and a rusty old iron gate at the entrance. And who on earth wants a blessed great tree sprawling across the front of the house like that? The rooms will be dark, you'll see. You won't like it, my dear. We'd much better decide on that jolly little place at Maidenhead. We'd be cut off from the world here, even with the car!"

The girl looked up at him a little wistfully. "But it's so beautiful here, dear. And if we have that flat in town we talked about we needn't live here always; but in the summer, Maurice, when the garden is in order. Oh, Maurice, I believe I'd like to spend our honeymoon here!"

Maurice Hardy stared the blood from his grazed knuckles and made the non-committal reply, "Oh, well, we'll see."

After all, he thought, not without a touch of bitterness—since it was

Diana's money that was buying everything, she had better have what she wanted. He began to perceive that there might be disadvantages in having a wife with money. But Diana was very lovely. He gave her hand a warm little pressure to reassure himself. She smiled up at him with loving eyes.

"I do so want you to love this old house, darling!" she coaxed.

He forced himself to reply gallantly. "What please you will please me, my dear."

But though his tones were hearty enough, he could not convince himself that he would ever like this house, however much Diana might love it. He could not explain why he did not like it. He had an absurd idea that the place did not want him.

It was unreasonable, of course. But the moment he had tried to undo the gate it had hurt his hand and resisted him; and then he had stumbled over a bramble that might almost have been deliberately set to snare his feet. And he hated that solemn, forbidding old cedar barring his way, though he could not say why.

When he knocked on the massive oaken door the gargoyle that composed the knocker seemed to put an impudent tongue out at him. They waited several minutes after they had knocked; then there was a sound of slow scuffling steps in the house, the sound of steps echoing on bare floors, and with a rattle of chains and bolts, the door swung open.

A musty smell seemed to flood out from the house, and the embodiment of mustiness and age and neglectedness was the old old woman who stood before them, looking up at them with

"This is the house," she said, and there was a note of eagerness in her voice. The man at her side turned his head and stared thoughtfully up the weedy gravel drive to the sentinel cedar.

pale, inquiring eyes in a wrinkled face like old parchment.

Diana smiled and said, "Good afternoon! We have a letter from the owner of this house, Mr. Bearson." She handed the old caretaker a note.

The old woman opened it with unsteady fingers, screwed up her eyes and peered at it, as though she doubted its genuineness. Then she said, in a thin, quivering voice, "Yes, yes. It is quite in order. You are to see the house. Yes, yes, you are to see the house. You will come in."

She turned her back on them and limped up the passage, murmuring to herself, "Yes, yes, to see the house. People see the house, but the house doesn't get sold. No, no, it doesn't get sold. It isn't everybody's house."

By ETHEL MANNIN

Diana turned to Maurice with a faintly amused smile. "Coming along, dear?"

But Maurice Hardy stood still on the threshold of the wide hall and there was a curious expression on his face.

"I—I can't, Diana," he said, "I can't come in."

The girl looked puzzled. "What do you mean, dear? What is the matter?"

Maurice said, quietly, "It's like—like hands thrusting me back."

The old woman who stood at the

end of the passage laughed softly and murmured to herself. Diana darted her arm. "You're strange, darling. I don't understand." She drew him in by the hand. He had an idea that if she released his hand the house would somehow eject him. He tried to shake off the absurd idea, but it persisted.

THEY followed the old woman into a long, high-ceilinged room that ran the length of the house, from the gardens at the front to still wider and more tangled gardens at the back.

"This is the dining hall," she said. "It gets a lot of sun, but it's all dusty now. Yes, yes, all dusty now."

"It's a lovely room," Diana cried, looking round with shining eyes and visualising a long misty net curtains at the high windows, and very good, very old oak furniture—an antique sideboard set against that paneling—set about it. All those French windows opening out into the garden. "And there's a syringa tree!" she cried, delightedly.

The caretaker said, "That's the west window, Miss. And there's a lilac tree at the other window, this end, Miss—that's the east window. Dawn and sunset, Miss, and the scent of flowers. It's very beautiful, Miss, they were happy here."

Diana said, "You mean Mr. Bearson and his wife?"

"She wasn't his wife, Miss. But she was very sweet, and he adored her. She's dead now. That's why he's selling the house. It's all empty for him now. They came here in the spring, Miss, and they used to sit in this very room, with the window that opens out into the lilac there—white lilac and purple."

The old woman's eyes were half-closed. She was back in the past. She dreamed on, half-oblivious of the presence of the strangers.

"She used to play the piano to him in the evening, and he would sit there on this window seat, with the window open, and the room full of dusk, and the scent of lilac. She used to play soft, sad things. She had big, passionate eyes and a small, pouting child's mouth."

"Her name was Mimi. There was a verse the master used to say about her because she was such a little thing. It went something like this—

"She is so straight, and slim, and small,

More sweet than I can say; Methinks the folks who loved her, Have kissed her flesh away!"

The old woman, chanting the words dreamily, "Her bedroom had a window that opened upon a cherry tree, she went on. 'I'll show you.'"

They followed her out of the room that faced east and west, and up an enormously wide old staircase into a long light room with windows running along the whole of one wall and round the corner. There was a red glimmer of fruit on the cherry tree visible through a diamond pane.

(Please turn to Page 12)

A BETTER WAVE . . . at a far lower PRICE!

Andree Wave ONLY 15/-



An actual camera study of our famous Andree—Genuine Steam Oil Wave. The perfect results obtained are due to the specially prepared sachets used, and the skilled treatment of our expert operators. The gentle undulating waves and clustering ringlets have a soft, natural appearance. Ringlet Ends, £1/1/- Shingle Heads, 15/-.

Amazing Success of NEW BEAUTY MASK



Wrinkles and lines respond immediately—results obtained in one treatment. No one bothers about your age if you look young. This new Plastic Mask is the most marvelous Beauty Science Discovery of recent years. In one application distinct results are obtained—crow's-feet, wrinkles, tell-tale lines, disappear—the tissues of the face obtain new life, and a youthful, soft, glowing skin appears. It is absolutely harmless, and, to prove that this is a genuine offer, a guarantee is given of Satisfactory Results or Refund in Full if the first treatment does not prove successful. We are the only firm in Australia holding the sole rights to the secret formula.

Look just as fresh-looking as Anita Louise, beautiful R.E.O. star. 7/6 Treatment, £2/2/- Course, Small Bottle, 5/6, Large Bottle, 7/6.

"PAGODA CHIPS" THE NEW ORIENTAL SETTING LOTION

This is an entirely new Setting Lotion . . . is more efficient . . . more effective . . . lasting in duration . . . and more economical to use, and is sold in an entirely new form. You use the chips, which we have imported from the East (the chips being taken from the wood of an Oriental tree), place chip in enamel bowl, pour one pint of boiling water over it, and allow this to cool. Pour all into a bottle—it may be used several times—and you will have enough lotion to last you months. The chips sell at 1/6 each. The lotion gives the hair extra brilliancy and wonderfully renewed life, and does not make the hair sticky or dull, but enhances its beauty, giving it a deep natural wave.

MOLES

We are now able to permanently cure all moles—having just installed a new scientific French machine—a guarantee is given under Sister Louise's skilled attendance. Price 10/6

FACIAL HAIRS

Ugly, disfiguring hairs are painlessly removed, and all growth permanently killed by the latest Amperage Electrolysis. Per Treatment 5/- Course, £1/1/-.

Ring Pilal — We are always busy.

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"Makes all the difference"

FREE! PICK-ME-UP JIG SAW PUZZLE

No Coupons or Wrappers Required

On receipt of your name and address with 2d. stamp to cover postage and packing, we will forward you a 60 Piece Jig-Saw Puzzle. Mark your envelope "PUZZLE" and send to any one of the following addresses:

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CUT OUT THIS COUPON

Please send to address below Jig-Saw Puzzle, for which I enclose 2d. stamp.

NAME
ADDRESS

The Lovers' HOUSE

"MOONLIGHT

nights I've seen her standing by this window," said the caretaker, "with her hair loosed about her shoulders. She wore soft, lacy things, dressing-gowns the shades of spring flowers, and night-gowns so soft and gossamer-like it might have been they were spun by spiders or fairies."

"I've seen them standing at this window together on the summer nights. She had a white four-poster bed hung with rose damask curtains. Sometimes when I came in o' mornings I'd find him still with her and all her long, fair hair covering him like a quilt, and the birds singing outside in this tree, and the smell of wet grass and flowers comin' through the open window."

"When she died he sold everything, even the bed, and went abroad. They were great lovers, Miss. That's why it's not everybody's house."

"You don't mean it's haunted?" Diana asked with a smile.

The old woman shook her head. "No, no. It's just that it's a lovers' house, Miss."

Diana smiled dreamily at Maurice and slipped her hand through his arm, but there was no answering smile in his eyes.

"It's a cold, draughty old place, if you ask me," he said irritably.

Diana did not answer. She did not understand Maurice at all to-day. Why should he have taken such a sharp dislike to the house? It was surely the most beautiful old place in the world, with its wide, long rooms and deep windows, and its views of tangled garden, and quiet fields, and distant hills.



"The dinner was delicious, except for one thing!"
". . . And what was that?"
"The cooking."

She loved the blossoming trees that tapped at the diamonded panes with soft fingers. She loved the must and dust of the old house. Its greyness and its quiet, and its rare spirit of other days. Beauty now stilled. Almost she could hear on the wide staircase the rustle of the skirts of the flowery woman who had been Arthur Bearson's mistress.

The old house seemed alive still with their passionate whispers, their kisses, their embraces and their dreams together. They seemed to inhabit every part of the house—had not every room known of their love?

On warm, scented midsummer nights had not they lain together in this room till even now the place was imbued with their presence? They had given the old house a soul.

If only Maurice could love the place like that. But Maurice knocked his head on a low-hanging beam up in the attic which had been Arthur Bearson's studio, and coming out of the front door he slipped down a step and gave his ankle a nasty twist.

W

HEN at last he and Diana climbed back into the waiting car he was sullen and silent, and refused to discuss the house.

"Just why don't you like it?" Diana asked wistfully.

He answered irritably. "I don't know—a man doesn't know why he doesn't like a thing. It just doesn't appeal to me, that's all. I don't know why. But you have it if you want it—it's your money. Only don't ask me to live there."

Diana was silent. She and Maurice had never clashed like this before. She had always congratulated herself on the complete harmony of their tastes.

A little unbidden thought crept in—the thought of another man who would have loved just such a house as this old house. She thrust the thought back. She must not think of that other man. She was going to marry Maurice Hardy—because he had asked her, and because she had loved him.

Allan Dexter had never asked her to

marry him. Had she loved him? The hot tides of color rushed into her face. She struggled frantically to thrust thought and memory from her and drew closer to Maurice's side, like one seeking strength and protection—and reassurance.

After a good deal of discussion it was decided that, since Diana was set on the old house and since she could so easily afford to buy it, she should have it for a week-end place, and Maurice needn't go there at all, unless he liked.

"I'll just run down there when I feel like it," Diana explained, "while you're shooting in Scotland or attending to business in the city, and all that sort of thing."

Maurice gave in. After all, what did it matter? They needn't live there—it would do for their country house. It would be nice to have a town house and a country house. Perhaps, after all, he had simply been feeling irritable that afternoon . . . It would be rather jolly to have a country house, where one could have house parties, in the hunting season, for instance . . .

So Diana bought the house, and they had interesting shopping expeditions, selecting old furniture suitable for the old place. In the excitement of buying a genuine antique four-poster bed, a hand-carved monk's bench, a grandmotherly chest of drawers, with a bow front and cut-glass handles, and real old Queen Anne chairs, Maurice almost convinced himself that he was as eager about the old house as Diana was.

When he volunteered to go down to the house on the day the furniture was due to arrive Diana was delighted. She spent the afternoon in town, buying hand-embroidered linen sheets worthy of the antique four-poster, and Maurice went down by car to meet the arrival of the furniture.

He arrived before the furniture vans and, as it was raining, he decided to go into the house and wait. There was the same struggle with the gate, and

(Continued from Page 11)

the iron chain grazed his hand. Half-way up the drive he half-tripped over a straying bramble.

A gust of wind sprang up as he was passing under the cedar tree, and a heavy withered limb snapped off suddenly and crashed to the gravel below, missing his head by a fraction of an inch.

A queer feeling possessed him—a feeling of hostility. The old house did not want him. It was doing its best to keep him out. The thought was absurd, he told himself, but he could not shake it off. . . .

It came to him with renewed force when he heard the boom of the bell echoing through the empty house. When he heard the shuffling steps of the old caretaker coming up the hall, he had a sudden wild desire to rush away.

The old woman opened the door with a rattling of chains and a clatter of bolts and stared at him—he could have sworn with hostility in her eyes.

He said shortly, "We are expecting some furniture this afternoon. I want to come in and wait for it."

The old woman shook her head. "You can't come in," she said, in a thin, wavering voice.

"What do you mean?" Maurice demanded. "Confound your impudence, of course I'll come in!"

The old woman stood aside meekly. He took a step forward to cross the threshold, and something seemed to thrust him back—something that was like strong invisible hands; a sort of presence—pushing him back, thrusting him out.

A cold sweat broke out on him. The rain beat in his face and the wind whistled through the empty rooms of the old house. The old woman shook her head from side to side.

"It's no use," she mumbled. "You can't come in. It's the lovers' house, you see—yes, yes, it's the lovers' house. . . . not everybody's house."

She turned and shuffled away up the passage, leaving the door wide open. The thought came to Maurice that he would walk straight in, now that she had gone. What was there to stop him?

(Please turn to Page 28)

Is Zella's Present Winning Run Leading Up to Another Really Big Prize?

Great Chance in 160th

Indications That Point to Record Wins

In last Sunday's "Sun" and "Truth" Madame Zella's announcement stated that a big win now seems very close. Interviewed during the week regarding this statement Madame Zella gave the reasons why she expects to have good news for her clients before very long. She said that the 160th Lottery will be what she calls a "SEVEN" Lottery because, guided by Numerology, she considers that it will come under the strange influence of her lucky number "7" (because 1 plus 6 plus 0 equals 7).

In the past, Madame Zella's most astonishing wins have been achieved in "SEVEN" Lotteries. For instance, the lottery in which she won the £5000 for her clients was drawn on the 24/3/1933 (2 plus 4 plus 3 plus 1 plus 0 plus 3 plus 3 equals 24, and 2 plus 4 equals 6). Then, in the 143rd Lottery (1 plus 4 plus 3 equals 7), she won a record number of prizes for her clients, including the second prize of £1000. Later on, in the 151st Lottery (1 plus 5 plus 1 equals 7), she broke that record, and actually won more prizes for her clients than ever before.

The examples given above are just three of the many reasons why Madame Zella attaches importance to the influence of the number "7," and why she expects to break all her previous records in the 160th Lottery (1 plus 6 plus 0 equals 7).

Wonderful Record

Madame Zella's Syndicates have been in operation for about forty years. Other well-known syndicates have held tickets in more than three times that number. This, you can see, means that Madame Zella has had considerably less chances of winning big prizes than other syndicates, yet, in spite of that, this famous Astrologer has already won both the first prize of £5000 and the second prize of £1000. What is more, here are the only SYNDICATES to have won both these prizes.

Considering that Madame Zella has been buying tickets for such a short time, and that she is already the only one to have won both the £5000 and the £1000 for her SYNDICATES, it is reasonable to assume that she will have won an enormous number of prizes by the time she has been in operation

as long as those older Syndicates. In the light of these facts, it's just common sense to believe that as time goes on, Madame Zella will break every Lottery record. In fact, the indications are that the next really big win may be in the 160th Lottery, as explained above.

Winning Run Before Big Prize

There is another indication that a big win is very near for Madame Zella's clients. It is very noticeable that in the few Lotteries before her last two big wins (the £5000 and the £1000), she won an amazing number of minor prizes for her clients, and it would seem from this that the winning run which brought minor prizes to her clients, eventually led up to the big wins of £5000 and £1000.

Now, recently, in the 151st, she won so many prizes that an absolute record number of her clients received Lottery cash. In the 160th, she won again successfully. In the 162nd, she won £50 for 7 of her clients—minor prizes, too. Then, in the 164th, she won another £50 for 7 of her clients, and minor prizes, too. In 159th and 158th, the winning run continued, and in last Friday's 157th she won £40 and minor prizes. Is this the winning run, like past winning runs, leading up to a really big prize? It really seems as though history may repeat itself in the 160th Lottery, so why not join Madame Zella's "Science of the Stars" Syndicates immediately, and give yourself a chance to share the big win which now seems likely?

£1715 for 2/-

By writing to Madame Zella, as explained below, you will receive a seventh share in a ticket in the 160th State Lottery—a share which may win £1715 in hard cash for you. In addition to that, Madame Zella will send you two tickets in the "Sunbeams (No. 2)" Assurance, in which the first prize is valued at £1000; and she will send you, also, one of her famous character Horoscopes.

Character Horoscopes
By knowing the exact date of your birth (day, month, and year), Madame Zella can calculate the position the stars occupied at that time, and thus tell you what influence they may exert in your life. In the character reading she sends you she will give you all kind of interesting information and advice, which may assist you in various phases of your life.

Just Do This

To get your one-seventh share in a ticket in the 160th Lottery, your two tickets in the "Sunbeams (No. 2)" Assurance, and your character Horoscope, just cut out this article and send it with a postal note for 2/- and an envelope stamped (please don't forget this), and bearing your name and address, and a sheet of paper showing the exact date of your birth (day, month, and year), to Madame Zella, Dept. 7, Box 432777, G.P.O., Sydney. You must hurry—the 160th Lottery will close within the next few days, so send at once. S.W.S.



Bare BACKS and LIMBS

(See Article on Page 1, and Continued Below.)



THREE STYLES FOR CRICKET, photographed last week-end: (Left), Dot Debnam of the Clarendon Ladies' Club, Melbourne, in short skirt. . . . (Centre), Members of the Auburn Team, N.S.W., wear trousers. . . . (Right), Amy Hudson wearing a Mrs. Grundy costume in an old-time match at Sydney University.



THIS PHOTOGRAPH, just received by the "Mariposa," shows Miss Helen Jacobs (right), U.S.A., and Miss Dorothy Round, England, in the championships at Forest Hills, New York.



THEY'RE O.K. ON THE SYDNEY BEACHES, with the possible exception of Cronulla, but Melbourne authorities are inclined to sponsor the substitution of "neck-to-knee" costumes.

THE TAILORED skirt and lightweight jumper ensemble, as worn by Miss Sylvia Selkirk, Ballarat, is still the golf favorite, despite an attempt to introduce plus fours.

Headache!

That's a sign of P.B.S.



Headaches due to faulty functioning of the liver, kidneys and bowels are just another example of how **P.B.S.** (Poisoned Blood Stream) can make young women feel old and eventually drag their health to the scrapheap.

One in Eight Suffer

One in every eight persons suffer from Poisons in the Blood Stream which eventually result in such dreaded diseases as Constipation, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Bad Breath, Backaches and everlasting Headaches.

Try this Simple Speedy Corrective

A small dose of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts in a long tumbler of warm water every morning on rising will very quickly expel the poisons from your Blood Stream—and restore you to perfect health.

To-day is the Time

Take one dose to-day and feel better to-morrow—and if you want to feel permanently well—be regular with Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts which are made from the most active ingredients of the famous Mineral Springs or Spas of Europe. Remember there can never be a substitute for Schumann's.



Schumann's

MINERAL SPRING SALTS

Sold Everywhere

Price 1/6

Family Size 2/9

"PURIFIES BUT DOES NOT PURGE"

(Continued from Page 1)

THE appearance of men in shorts at the Kooyong courts in Victoria last week-end brought the matter of radical changes of attire to a head. Tennis authorities regard this wearing of shorts with a definite prejudice. That the English stars, Bunny Austin and Mrs. Whittingstall, have worn them for some considerable time with the utmost success and without any opposition from the controlling bodies is a fact that has no bearing with the Australian executives.

A number of girls playing in suburban clubs in Sydney have adopted either slacks or shorts, and, though they are still in the minority, there is a growing tendency on the part of fellow players to follow their example.

The Lawn Tennis Association of Victoria stipulates that in all association fixtures regulation costume must be worn. This consists of white dresses for the women, and long cream or white flannels for the men, with white sports shirts.

The N.S.W. L.T.A. does not include any detailed regulation for women's wear. Actually it stipulates the wearing of white costumes. This, of course, leaves a nice margin for those who decide in favor of the modern trend.

Cricket Flannels

WOMEN cricketers in Victoria have adhered as yet to the customary costume of white frocks, and, officially, the N.S.W. women cricketers are also governed by this restriction.

Actually, however, various Sydney clubs have departed from the stereotyped attire and adopted flannel trousers similar to those worn by the men.

There is a great deal to be said in favor of this costume. When wearing pads, these players contend that it is difficult to conveniently tuck their skirts into the top of the pads and, further, that the resultant effect of a skirt bulging from the pad leaves much to be desired.

At the metropolitan championships, played at Strathfield on Saturday last the subject was discussed from all angles, and, generally speaking, it would appear that personal prejudice against shorts is based on individual ability to wear what must be admitted to be a trying costume for the average woman.

MISS NELL HALL, who will visit New Zealand with the N.S.W. women's tennis team, demonstrates the fact that there is a lot to be said for the wearing of slacks.

MISS BETTY ROSS-GORE, one of the finest all-round sports girls in Sydney, convinced our cameraman that there is a lot to be said for the wearing of shorts when she visited the squash racquets courts.



COMPARE YOUR FIGURE —NOW!

Dorothy Manners, judged the world's most beautiful woman, reveals the ideal Youth-o-form figure. Her measurements are:—

Height	64 1/2 in.	Hips	34 in.
Weight	84 lb.	Thigh	19 in.
Bust	33 in.	Calf	13 in.
Waist	25 in.	Neck	12 1/2 in.

GET YOUR TAPE MEASURE

and compare your own figure, and if during the winter ugly rolls of fat have come round waist, hips, or bust, to hide the beauty of your body, go to your chemist, and get a 5/6 carton of Youth-o-Farm Tonic Reducing Capsules, and begin taking just one capsule each day at bedtime.

DOCTORS PRESCRIBE YOUTH-O-FORM

Doctors know that Youth-o-Farm is prepared by highly qualified chemists from the most scientifically balanced formula in the world, and prescribe it as the most effective treatment in ridding the body of ugly, ageing fat, effectively, harmlessly, and permanently, leaving no wrinkles or sagging flesh, and acting as a tonic, too.

A VALUABLE MEDICINE.

Youth-o-Farm is taken at intervals by thousands of people, not only to reduce ugly fat, but to banish High Blood Pressure, Chronic Rheumatism, Constipation, and indigestion. People of all ages from 18 to 80 take Youth-o-Farm, and this report from one of our clients is interesting:—

TAKES CORSETS 4 SIZES SMALLER.

"I have reduced from 12 1/2 to 11 1/2, in six weeks, without diet or exercise," she says. "I feel wonderfully well, and, though 60 years of age, I feel 30 years younger. I take corsets four sizes smaller now than I did before. Gratefully yours, L.W."

EVERYONE CAN AFFORD YOUTH-O-FORM, for you can get the full six weeks' treatment for 3/6, which is enough to show definite results, or the trial carton for 8/6, from all leading chemists in Australia. The rate of reduction varies from two pounds to eight pounds weekly—the fattest parts reducing first.

BE SURE TO GET GENUINE YOUTH-O-FORM, less or because they give more profit to the one who tries to push them on to you. There are so many imitations of Youth-o-Farm that you must refuse substitutes offered to you, because they cost a little. If you are not near a chemist, just pin a postal note to this advertisement, with your name and address. Send it to W. James Rogers, Chemist, Dept. 3, 385 George Street, Sydney. C. F. Lloyd and Co., McEwan House, 743 Little Collins Street, Melbourne; D. Maclean and Co., Perry House, Elizabeth Street, Brisbane; and Youth-o-Farm will reach you, plainly wrapped, with full directions, by return post.***

Thrill of a Golden Tan

Instead of the Pain & Ugliness of Inflamed Red Skin

Sun-TAN is Nature's way of protecting the body; it is the dark pigment of your skin, its purpose being to resist the action of powerful sunshine. Sun-BURN results from light, not from heat. It causes severe skin irritation, inflammation, peeling, scarring—it can even endanger life!

A scientific skin cream now exists that cuts off the light rays that cause sunburn and increases the influence that brings about a perfect TAN. Its name is 'Cooltan'. The use of 'Cooltan' by men, women, or children, guarantees summer comfort, health and shining appearance. Nothing looks better than a rich, deep, sunny tan, unmarred by blisters, cracks or peeling skin, and 'Cooltan' assures you these things. A large tube of 'Cooltan' costs only 2/- of all Chemists and Stores, but make sure you get genuine 'Cooltan', the one preparation that does not tan quickly, that does prevent Sunburn, the cream that is effective in the weakest or the strongest sunlight—the one absolutely reliable Summer Cream that Doctors and the wives and children of Doctors themselves use.

Only 'COOLTAN' gives a PERFECT Tan!

NOTE TO GIRLS—If you want to know how to keep your powder and rouge on all day unaffected by soft water, just use 'Cooltan' Moist Range and 'Australis Tan' Powder on top of 'Cooltan'. You'll be amazed at the marvellous results! Try it this Week-end!



So They Say

Readers' Opinions on
All Topics

MAKE FLIRTING ILLEGAL

FLIRTING by married men with women is a crime under the new penal code in Germany. Berlin is evidently striving to keep the home fires burning brightly, and in this respect, at least, Australia could well and truly follow her example.

That the sanctity of marriage is recklessly disregarded by many of both sexes in Australia is only too apparent, and in this respect the female of the species is the greater culprit.

11 to Mrs. Kathleen Leaver, 17 Dargan Street, Crown Nest, Sydney.

CONFUSING FOR SAVAGES

TWO startling points emerge from your articles, "A Bride Faces Life Among Savages," and "Bare-skinned Savage England."

One of the earliest steps taken to stimulate the self-respect of the "abject half-caste" is to provide her with clothes. She whose forbears have roamed beneath the sun in unclothed simplicity for generations, is given an all enveloping frock.

On the other hand the English girl, clothed to the eyebrows for centuries, has suddenly discovered the sun, and to celebrate goes all native in brassiere and shorts.

11 to Miss S. Hyde, "Weeroona," Parnell Street, Strathfield, N.S.W.

WOMEN AND POLITICS

I DO not agree with the contributor (September 30), who says that women are not interested in politics. The improved conditions of women and children to-day, as regards social services, general health, etc., are directly attributable to the fact that women are taking an increased and creditable interest in public affairs. Let them carry on with the good work and show the men the way. The general tone of the Australian Women's Weekly is a decided help in this direction.

11 to Mrs. V. Cantwell, Wattle Flat, via Ballarat, Vic.

SPIRIT OF PEACE

I FULLY agree with the point of view expressed by A.S. regarding the very pleasing non-political attitude of The Australian Women's Weekly, and would like also to call attention to another feature.

At the present time so much war propaganda and depressing forebodings on this subject make one reluctant sometimes to open a paper.

I was deeply impressed by an anti-war editorial in a recent edition of our Weekly, and I believe that, in fostering this spirit of peace, The Australian Women's Weekly is doing a noble work for which we women of Australia are heartily grateful.

11 to Mrs. W. H. Elliott, "Benburb," 189 Storey Street, Maresfield, N.S.W.

IF WOMEN STOPPED WORK

SUPPOSING that all the women who are earning their living at men's work should give up their jobs and stay at home, who would support them? There would certainly be more bullets for men, but would these men be earning enough to keep themselves, their mothers, and their sisters, and their cousins, and their aunts?

11 to Miss U. M. Hancock, Francis Street, Clayton, Vic.

A PLEA FOR NAGGERS

IT'S all very well for L. W. Lower to blame the women for nagging. But men nag just as much and with a vengeance. Ask your husband to go into the kitchen and see where acquiring domestic bliss comes in. A wife generally knows a certain amount of her time is spent in the kitchen, without being ordered into it, like a slave of olden times. I uphold women who do a share of nagging—who makes them nag? Women, be modern and nag!

11 to Mrs. G. M. Finlay, "Elmatta," 8 Kennedy Street, Fairfield, Victoria.

MOTHERS WOULD END WAR

I AGREE with Mrs. Edith Glanville that, if women had taken an equal part with men in peace and disarmament conferences, armaments would have been abolished. I would go further and say that if the women of the nations who are mothers had the power, there would be no more war.

11 to Mrs. E. Stevens, 369 Murray Road, West Preston, N.I.R. Vic.

BOX NUMBERS FOR ADVERTISERS

MISS FRANCIS ("So They Say," 30/9/33) must have been unfortunate in her experiences. One has only to read the papers to see what happens when advertisers give their names and addresses. In nine cases out of ten it results in a mild riot, and the police have to be called. Recently a crowd of boys, waiting to be interviewed, forced the doors of a motor show-room and caused considerable damage to the cars on exhibition.

11 to Mrs. T. H. Wrightson, 11 Downey Street, Boxley, N.S.W.

DO THEY LOOK NICE?



THESE GIRLS look all right in their shorts, but would all girls look as nice?

SLACKS AND SHORTS

SLACKS and shorts threaten to invade the tennis court this season, as they have done the beach.

For the girl or woman they suit, the coolness of shorts, or the freedom of slacks for outdoor occasions, is undoubted. But alas! Unlike a frock, they emphasise, rather than disguise, figure faults. And, since the wrong people will wear these garments, the ridicule begins.

11 to Annie Elisabeth Christie, "Orange Grove," Lower Portland, Hawkesbury River, N.S.W.

MOTHER OF FOUR

WHY are most people so uncharitable in their remarks about mothers who have more than one or two children? It is difficult enough nowadays to provide for any more without being hurt by the adverse criticism received (either to one's face or behind one's back).

P.S.—Thank you for the invitation to "air a grouch," even if it does end up in the wastepaper basket. P.P.S.—I have four children!

11 to Mrs. M. C. Murray, Railway Street, Liverpool, N.S.W.

IS ALUMINIUM SAFE?

WITH all the different articles being manufactured of aluminium and half the hospitals using it, I wish some-

£10 FOR LETTERS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY sincerely thanks the hundreds of readers who have sent letters of appreciation.

21 prizes are to be won each week by the best short letters, about 50-100 words, sent to "So They Say"—an "S" coupon from the competition entry form on Page 43 must be attached to each entry.

one who really knows would step up and tell us if it is actually safe to use it.

Some doctors tell one that it is even poisonous when certain foods are cooked in it and produce statistics showing illnesses which have been caused through it, and yet again others will point to the fact that it is now used in numerous hospitals throughout the State. Which is correct?

11 to Mrs. J. Henry, Lake Vista, Belmont, N.S.W.

THAT MONKEY AGAIN

YOUR correspondent who objects to a child being brought up with a chimpanzee looks only on the surface.

Why should a child be taught to shrink from the ugly things of life? Surely a more Christ-like policy would be to rear all children with a love for the repulsive as well as the beautiful. If we were not trained to avoid hideous things we would not see them as such.

11 to Miss H. E. Taylor, 41 Glen Iris Road, Camberwell E6, Victoria.

ANGUS CASE ECHO

WHAT a pity the "Angus case" was ever allowed to become public property. It has done more harm to the religious life of Australia than anything else. It has created a doubt in the minds of old Christians, and has made religion practically a laughing stock by the younger generation.

11 to Mrs. J. Nimmo, Nelson's Bay, via Newcastle.

POST HOLEBOOK says: Spread Hollyhock Anchovy Paste on hot buttered toast. Remove crust, cut into strips. Ah! how tasty!!!



Don't gamble with your health by purchasing medicines from anyone but a trained pharmacist. Because of his years of training and experience your chemist is the only retail trader qualified to advise you in medicinal matters. Whether you need an urgent prescription made up, or some household requirement or toilet requisite, buy from your chemist—for safety's sake.

SOLYPTOL SOAP

Get a Cake To-day!

The genuine germicidal soap with the delightful perfume. Curative and emollient. A PAULDING product. Ask your chemist. 10d

MERCOLIZED WAX

Clears the Skin

Do you bury skin blemishes beneath a film of face cream, or entirely remove them with Mercolized Wax? One clogs, the other clears the skin. Mercolized Wax gently frees the pores from all impurities. Ask your chemist.

DENTALUX TOOTH BRUSHES

There is a Dentalux "Addis" Tooth Brush for every need. Strong, sterilised bristles make for service and safety. Guaranteed by the oldest firm of toothbrush manufacturers in the world. 1/6 to 2/6

GARGLE LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

Every two hours when you have a cold or sore throat. Repeated tests show that Listerine Antiseptic reduces mouth germs by 98 per cent. Non-poisonous, absolutely safe, actually healing to tissue, and deodorizing. 3oz., 7oz., 14oz. bottles.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

For White Teeth

Both dentists and chemists recommend Ipana Tooth Paste. It keeps the teeth perfectly clean and makes them brilliantly white. 1/- 2/- a super-size tube. Trial size

MIRPIL

Makes Rough Hands Smooth

Soft hands are not only more comfortable, but denote refinement. Keep your hands and skin generally free from roughness by using 2/6 Mirpil. Price, per bottle

CEREBOS HEALTH SALINE

Keeps You Fit

Try the effect of a teaspoonful of Cerebos Health Saline in half a glass of water every morning. You'll find it tones the system, keeps your spirits up. Pleasant to drink, too. 3/-

VINCENT'S A.P.C. STOPS FLU

To stop flu or a bad cold, take a genuine Vincent's A.P.C. Powder or Tablet with a hot lemon drink before retiring—as recommended by doctors, chemists, and nurses. Used successfully in influenza epidemics. 12 for 1/6; 24 for 2/6.

PARKE-DAVIS "NEKO"

(The Original and Genuine Germicidal Soap) Wash with "Neko" wherever there is risk of infection of any sort. You'll feel safer, too, when you have it always at hand, ready for immediate use. Try it for dandruff. 1/6 a cake, from chemists only. 1/6

Public Notice

From Mondays to Thursdays your Chemist is open until 1.30 p.m.; on Fridays until 5 p.m. On Saturdays opened until 1 p.m. and from 7 to 9 p.m. Your chemist's stocks of proprietary medicines and toilet requisites are always complete. There is no need to wait the doctor—for substitution.

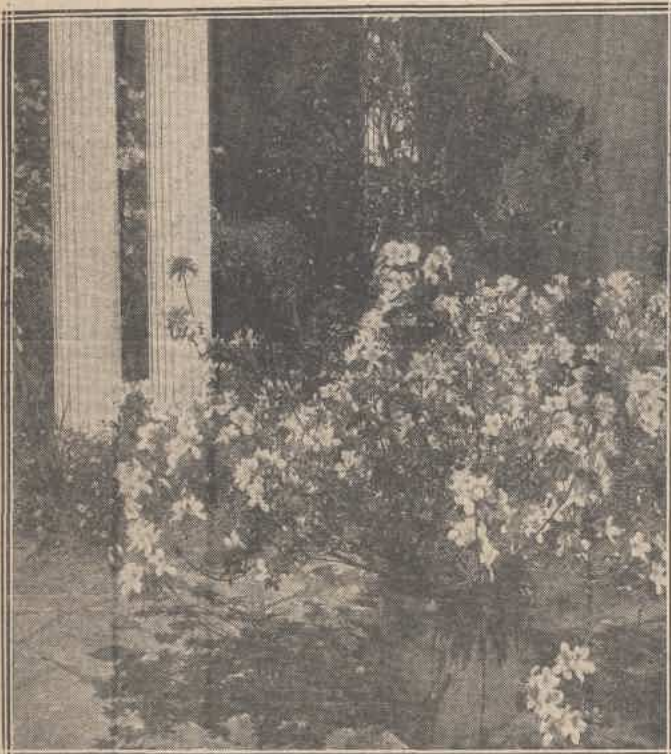
NOTE: Prices in this advertisement apply to the metropolitan area.

FOR SAFETY'S SAKE
buy from your
CHEMIST

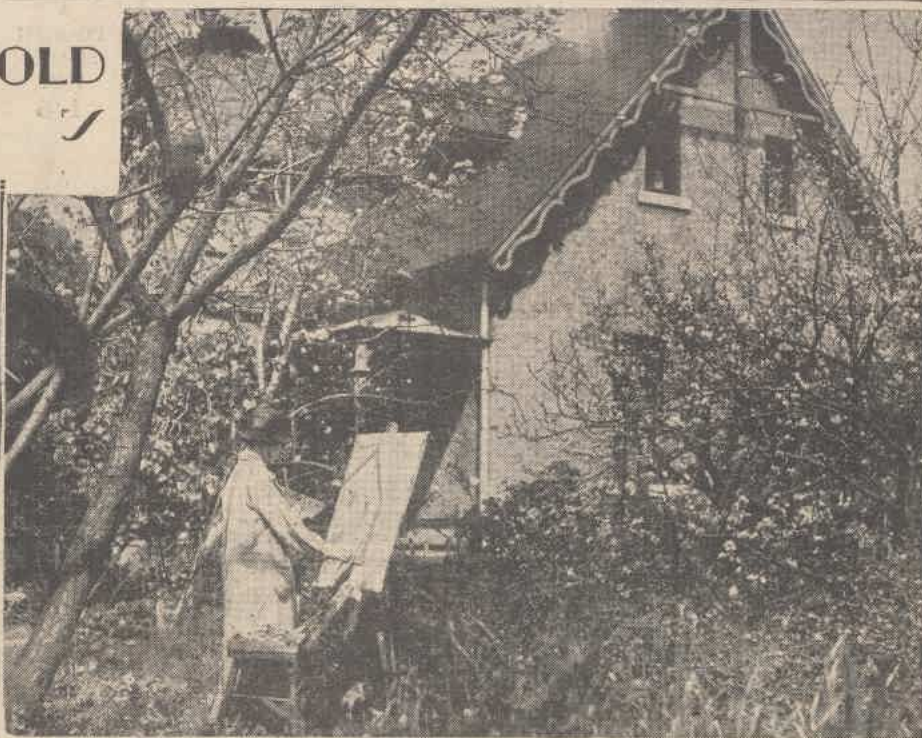
Authorised by a Joint Committee of the Pharmaceutical Society of New South Wales and the

Federated Pharmaceutical Service Guild of Australia (N.E.W. branch).

WOMEN'S NEWS AS TOLD BY THE CAMERA



SPRING IN THREE CAPITALS: Left: Azaleas in the courtyard of Professor E. J. Waterhouse, McIntosh Road, Gordon. (Cazneau photo.) Above: Mrs. Percival Serle, President of the Melbourne Society of Women Painters, working on a picture in her old world garden. Right: Peach trees in bloom outside Federal Parliament House, Canberra.



TO STRENGTHEN FINGERS: This old Chinese custom of strengthening the fingers by gripping in the hand two walnuts is adopted by Madame Masson, the Victorian pianist, who arrived in Sydney by the "Mariposa" this week under engagement to the Broadcasting Commission. (Above), The hands of Madame Masson. . . (In Circle), Madame Masson.



JUK PAPER GOES FAR AND FAST: Since the Australian Women's Weekly has an all Australian character special arrangements have to be made to ensure the speedy delivery of the paper to all points. This picture shows the Southern Cross being loaded with a batch of papers for outback.



Left: Mrs. Fearnley Whittingstall introduced a new tennis fashion at Lady Crossfield's "Little Wimbledon" afternoon held at her home at Highgate.

(Above): A young flying enthusiast about to launch his model aeroplane. This sport has become very popular in Australia recently.

CRAVING FOR DRINK DESTROYED

EUCRASY Banishes all Desire for Drink.

It is a priceless boon to all who use it, for their relatives or friends. If you suffer in any way through the liquor habit, let the voluntary testimonials of actual users convince you that EUCRASY will soon sober the drinker and make you happy. EUCRASY is guaranteed harmless, and can be given SECRETLY or VOLUNTARILY. NOT COERCIVELY. Call or write to-day for FREE SAMPLE Booklet and Testimonials.

Dept. B, The Eucrasia Co., 257 ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY. Established 25 Years.

VAREX Ensures Permanent Healing For Bad Legs

Bad legs and various ulcers can be permanently cured by the Varez Treatment.

The treatment requires only one dressing a week, and, above all, there is no need to go to bed.

Call at the Treatment Rooms and consult the nurse in charge, or write for FREE Booklet of valuable information.

ROBERT HEALEY, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Varez Ltd., 100, George Street (between Lovers and Angus & Co.'s), Sydney. 222

4 ONE-FIFTH SHARES IN DIFFERENT LOTTERIES FOR 5/6

THE BLACK CAT LOTTERY SYNDICATES

ROOM 7, 2nd FLOOR, BISHOPSGATE, CHURCH ST., SYDNEY

(Entrance in Dalwood Arcade)



A FOURTH SHARE FOR 1/6

A SIXTH SHARE FOR 1/-

IF YOUR NUMBER IS ONE OFF A PRIZE, A FREE SHARE IN ANOTHER LOTTERY WILL BE SENT TO YOU UPON APPLICATION.

Since the dawn of history the Black Cat has been the symbol of good luck in the eyes of all nations, and this ancient belief has certainly been justified by the phenomenal luck of the Black Cat Syndicates in the N.S.W. State Lottery, including second prize in the 1931, it is now possible for YOU to share in this continual good luck by taking shares in the Black Cat Syndicates on terms which are ABSOLUTELY UNEQUALLED by any other syndicate. The Black Cat Syndicates are registered and your money is ABSOLUTELY SAFE. All receipts and tickets are supervised by a Justice of the Peace and checked by a certified auditor. Payments guaranteed immediately. Tickets by return. All you have to do is to cut out and fill in the attached coupon, if you want a fourth share enclose postal note for 1/6, a sixth share 1/-, four one-fifth shares 5/6. NO STAMPS. You must enclose stamped envelope with your name and address for return. If in the city, call at our office and save postage.

NAME
ADDRESS
.....
TO THE BLACK CAT SYNDICATES, BOX 2044, G.P.O., SYDNEY, N.S.W.

LOCATING the ACES In SLAM CALLS

Contract Bridge By Frank Cayley

ALL slams must be declared if they are to obtain any special bonus in contract bridge. A grand slam is worth 2250 points if the declarer is vulnerable, and 1500 points if his side has not won a game. Small slams are worth 750 and 500 points respectively.

Slam bidding in contract bridge without some method of locating aces would be a hazardous undertaking, but fortunately there is a reliable way of doing this.

Two new "forcing bids" have recently been introduced to assist brave and reliable callers. These are the bids of "Four no trumps" and "Five no trumps."

Both are "conventional" and unconditionally demand responses from the partner.

What "Four No Trump" Means

Any "four no trump" bid is forcing for one round, provided one or other of the partners has opened the bidding.

It shows either: (a) Three aces, or (b)

two aces and the king of some suit which has been named by the partnership.

In addition to these honor values, the hand must contain sufficient distributed strength to guarantee a "five" contract in one of the earlier declarations. Do not imagine that you can use the new bids every time you see the necessary high cards.

Partner's Responses

- (1) If holding two aces, he must call "five no trumps."
- (2) Lacking two aces, but holding one ace and definite reserve strength, he must call the small slam in one of the previously mentioned suits.
- (3) Lacking two aces and having no reserve values, he must "sign off" with a "five" call in one of the suits.

A pass is never permissible. The following is an example showing how two players were saved from declaring an unmakeable grand slam:—

S: A Q J 5 4			
H: Q			
D: K Q 9 6			
C: K 8 2			
S: 9 8 7			
H: A 10 8	N.		
D: J 10 8 7	W.	E.	
C: 9 7 3	S.		
S: K 6			
H: K J 7 4 2			
D: A			
C: A Q 6 5 4			

Both sides vulnerable, South deals.
South. West. North. East.
1 H (1) No bid. 2 S (2) No bid.
3 C (3) " 3 S (4) "
4 N.T. (5) " 6 C (6) "
No bid.

NOTES ABOUT THE CALLING

- (1) Correctly showing the higher ranking of two suits which are of equal length.
 - (2) The "forcing take-out" guaranteeing game and indicating about three and a half honor tricks.
 - (3) Showing a new suit and honor values in excess of the original two and a half. Lacking a reserve honor trick, the response would be "Two no trumps." The suit could then be shown on the next round.
 - (4) Re-bidding to show length and strength in spade suit.
 - (5) Showing ace of clubs, ace of diamonds, and king of spades; i.e., two aces and the king of a bid suit. The question is asked, "Partner, have you got the remaining ace?"
 - (6) Lacking one of the missing aces, North is unable to say "Five no trumps." He could "sign off" with "Five clubs," but it is so easy to visualize South's hand that he should call the small slam confidently. North always has the option of reverting to "Six spades."
- If North had held ace of hearts instead of king and queen of diamonds he would have called "Five no trumps" after South's slam invitation to indicate the remaining ace. The grand slam would then have been bid and made against any defence.
- (Further details of the new conventions will be given in subsequent articles.)

HOLLYWOOD AT LAST!

Given Munro and Brian Norman, the Australian winners of the Women's Weekly-Paramount "Search for Beauty" Contest, had an enjoyable, busy time, on their voyage to Hollywood.

BOTH were careful to watch their diets, in spite of the many tempting dishes offered by the "Monterey's" chef, and they worked from three to four hours daily in the ship's gymnasium, so as to be in the absolute "pink" of condition upon arrival at the Paramount Studios.

Fortunately, Brian Norman proved an excellent sailor on his first sea voyage, and, despite rough weather, carried out a daily system of intensive training.

Upon arrival in Auckland, the Australian winners were again subjected to a hectic round of social and official activities, including a civic reception by the Lord Mayor of Auckland at the Town Hall, at which a tremendous crowd gathered. After an official luncheon, where they were formally introduced to the New Zealand winners, Miss Joyce Nielsen and Mr. Colin Tapley, they appeared on the stage of the Regent Theatre.

At Suva the day was spent touring by car the beautiful plantation district on the south-east side of the island, and in inspecting the native quarter of the town.

They arrived in Hollywood last week.



CHECKS BODY ODOURS!



REDUCES WEIGHT!



CLEAR COMPLEXIONS!



SOOTHES ACHING FEET!



RELIEVES TIRED BODIES!

There's only one thing better than One packet of Radox—and that's Two!

Do you know this luxurious, delicately perfumed, beautifying magic, that puts a sparkle in the bath . . . that banishes excess flesh . . . that soothes aching feet . . . that brings rest and refreshment to tired bodies—Do you yet know this RADOX?

This Radox—that, in warm water, releases active oxygen that seeps down into every pore, removing dust and excess oil; toning, re-vitalising! This Radox—that reduces weight safely, by oxidising unwanted fat that underlies the skin! This Radox—that takes the weariness out of your body and keeps your skin fresh and fragrant and satin-smooth for hours and hours!

If this Radox is a luxury as yet unknown to you, make acquaintance with it NOW. Buy one packet; the price is 2/6, and get one of the same full size, FREE!

All the best chemists sell Radox to all the best people.

Go to your Chemist Give him this Coupon —but don't delay!

When you get home, fagged, after a strenuous day—take a Radox bath! Once submerged in the silky-soft water, with the active oxygen in Radox giving new life to your muscles, you'll forget your weariness. Truly, a Radox bath is a luxury to linger over!

THIS COUPON ENTITLES ME TO ONE FULL SIZE PACKET OF RADOX—FREE. Please give me this FREE packet now—with the packet I now pay for. My Name and Address is:

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W.W. 1-483

PARTNERS

VERY QUIETLY, Jim McCoy pushed open the cabin door. Ratling was sitting at the table. His big shoulders were hunched. He was picking up slices of meat and eating them off the edge of the knife he held.

McCoy stood in the doorway, watching him. Ratling hadn't heard the door open. He did not know that Jim McCoy was standing there, just behind him—Jim McCoy, his partner, Jim McCoy, just let out of the penitentiary. Jim McCoy, who had done time for both of them.

And McCoy was thinking. Thinking of many things. Of Howes, the man who had been put in the cell next his own. Thinking of what Howes had said that night, sneering at Jim McCoy through the bars of the "cage."

McCoy's hand moved slowly to his hip, where a loaded gun was strapped. He had bought that gun immediately after he had let him out of the penitentiary. Not that McCoy really believed that he would need it. Yet Howes' jeering words still rang in his ears. He could not shut them out of his mind, somehow. That night, if McCoy had been able to get at Howes, he would have smashed the sneering face between the iron bars.

Of course, Howes was a liar. A filthy, dirty liar. At the back of his mind, McCoy felt pretty sure of that.

He and Joe Ratling had always been the best of pals. There was nothing he could have refused to do for Joe's sake. Joe was a decent sort. He'd always acted fair and square enough. Always. And yet—

McCoy's deep blue eyes flickered across those hunched shoulders and rested on the low, wood-framed bed which stood in the corner near the window. There was a peculiar expression in McCoy's eyes.

Ratling was still feeding himself off the edge of the knife. His face was turned away from McCoy.

Suddenly the latter spoke:

"Hello, partner."

Ratling stopped eating. The knife fell with an odd little clinking sound across the table. He turned slowly in his seat, staring towards the door. Next instant he was on his feet, his hand outstretched, his face beaming.

"Goah, Jim, you gave me a start! I didn't expect—"

Quietly, looking into Ratling's eyes, McCoy returned the warm, friendly hand-clasp.

"You didn't expect I'd been out quite so soon, eh?" he smiled. "You see, Joe, I've been on my best behaviour, so they showed their appreciation by giving me a short remission of the sentence."

Joe flinched slightly. His eyes fell swiftly, but not before McCoy had seen the look of shame in them.

"I reckon you must think me a pretty low-down kind of a cur, Jim. I ought to have gone 'inside' with you. I've had it on my mind all the time while you— you've been away. We did it together, Jim. It's only fair that I should have paid along with you. I feel a skunk."

McCoy laughed softly. He was glad to know that Joe felt like that. In that moment, he felt more certain than ever that Howes was just a dirty bar.

"Nonsense, Joe! Where's the sense of thinking that way about it? Your luck was in. Mine wasn't. That's all there is to be said."

Still smiling faintly, McCoy flung his broad-rimmed hat across the cabin. It fell on the bed. For some reason the smile went from McCoy's face. He began to frown.

Walking to the window, he looked out. The Northland looked beautiful that morning, he thought. Now the summer had come early. The buds had already burst, bright and green. The sun shone above. The skies were clear and blue.

His gaze drifted into the distance. By the creek stood Father Lamache's tiny brown cabin. The smoke rose quietly above it, straight up into the blue. McCoy's expression changed again, then, swiftly, strangely. A look of tenderness came into the deep blue eyes. Beyond the creek, under the new green boughs of the trees, stood the cabin he had built a year ago for himself—and Milly.

Milly... his wife...

He thought of her as he had thought many times while he had been "inside"—slim and beautifully made, with the hands and feet of a child. Milly, his wife... God, how he loved her!

He swung round.

"Joe, I reckon you're glad to see me, eh?"

"Glad?" Joe Ratling laughed exuberantly. "I should say I am that, Jim!"

"Partners, eh?" Howes had sneered. "Well, maybe him and your wife are what you'd call sleeping partners!"

"Milly'll be glad, too, I reckon. 'Sure,' laughed Joe quickly. 'Oh, sure!'"

"It must have been pretty lonely for her while I've been away."

Joe Ratling had walked to the open door. He stood staring out, his hands jammed in his pockets.

"Pretty lonely, I guess, Jim."

"I—I suppose you've seen her pretty often?"

Joe Ratling didn't turn his head. His gaze seemed to be curiously fixed somewhere.

"Why, sure, Jim—sure! Pretty often."

"I'm glad. She needed someone to cheer her up." McCoy lounged across the cabin. "She came to see me twice, you know, Joe."

"Yes," nodded Joe. "She told me."

McCoy seemed to hesitate. Then:

"Why didn't you come and see me, Joe?"

The big man turned slowly, but his eyes did not meet McCoy's straight stare.

"I—I reckon I just couldn't do it, Jim. I'm thinking how I was free, able to do just as I liked, while you—"

"I see," McCoy nodded understandingly. "But you needn't have kept away because of that, Joe. I was glad to know you'd got away with it. After all, we've been good pals together, haven't we?" Joe was silent.

"Haven't we?" McCoy insisted.

"Why, sure!" agreed the big man. "Sure, Jim, we've been good pals together! No man could ever have wanted a better partner than you. No man!"

"Good pals," said McCoy thoughtfully, "good partners, Joe. Each one trusting the other all the time. That's why I felt glad when I knew you'd got away with it, Joe. Because I knew you'd feel just the same if you were in my place."

McCoy stood there a moment, as if waiting for the other man to say something, but Joe's stare was still fixed. McCoy walked back to the table and sat down. He drew out his tobacco-pouch, filled his pipe and began to smoke. Leaning back, his blue eyes fixed on the clouds of smoke drifting ceilingwards, he thought again of the night he and Joe had robbed the store over at Christchurch Mills. What

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In and Out of Society

By WEP

WHAT DOES MOTHER'S LITTLE DARLING WANT NOW, EH?



WANT TO SEE THE BIG ROOM, PLEASE MRS. PHIPSY, WHERE'S THE BIG ROOM?



WHAT BIG ROOM EVER, MY LITTLE MAN?



THE BIG ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT, MUMMY SAYS YOU HAVE IN THIS PLACE



Things That Happen

Cheek Does It

WHILE strolling home in the twilight one evening last summer I was beckoned by an approaching motorist. Thinking he wanted some directions about the road, I hastened over to him, to be met with a request to "switch on the tail light."

I was so dumbfounded that I did so—"Gee," Diamond Creek, Vic.

Surpassed Himself

MY father had a dog which he taught to perform tricks and to bring things to him.

One day dad was inspecting some boots that were hanging outside a city shop (Sydney).

He moved on, and, after going some distance, he heard a commotion behind him. Looking round, he saw the dog running up to him, dragging boots, and the owner of the shop close behind.

The dog gave the boots to dad, who in turn gave them back to the owner.—Mrs. R. Barton, Manly, N.S.W.

How Did It End?

STANDING near me in a shop was a woman giving the address for delivery of a parcel.

The man looked up quickly and said in a low voice, "Did you say, Curry, madam?"

"Yes!" said the woman.

"Excuse me, but I can't resist telling you my name is Rice."

And then they laughed, and later, after a talk, I heard her invite him to visit her. She was young and pretty and he was very handsome. How did it end?—"Z.Z.Z." Balgowlah, N.S.W.

Telepathy v. Telegraphy

ON my way to business one morning I found that I had reached the city rather early, so I strolled along Swanston Street (Melbourne) to look at a window display. I had just arrived at the spot when I was greeted by a friend whom I believed to be in New Zealand.

To my amazement she told me she was on her way to Europe, and on the previous day had sent me a telegram asking me to meet her at the exact window and at the very time at which I had reached this place. My address had been given her by telephone, and she had mistaken the name of the street where I live, Argyle Street, for Carlisle Street—"J.W." Vic.

The Sink Was Full

WHILE walking across Grey Street Bridge, Brisbane, one day, my niece, aged a little over two, was very excited at seeing so many boats in the water at the same time.

Evidently so much water was too much for her, for suddenly she said, "Is the plug in?"—Miss Mac, North Ipswich, Q.

Please Read These Rules

ALL incidents sent to Things That Happen must bear short titles, giving a clue to what the story is about. Items must be true and must not have been published before, or have been submitted to other journals. A prize of £1 will be paid for the best entry each week, and others used will be paid for at our usual rates.

A Convenient Arrest

DURING a visit to a local police station I heard the sergeant in charge asking another caller if he would be seeing a certain member of the community within a day or two.

The caller replied that he would, and asked if he could deliver any message.

"Yes," replied the sergeant; "tell him I want to see him. Let me see, this is Thursday. Ask him to call here at 10 o'clock on Saturday morning. I want to arrest him, and that will give him time to put his things in order!"

At first I thought the sergeant was joking, but learned later that the defendant duly arrived and was arrested. He had been convicted some time previously and had failed to pay the fine.—"Driss," Darra, Qld.

Enterprise

AN enterprising Australian girl with four young children and a husband who is away looking for work, refuses State help, saying she is quite willing to work until better times come.

Every week, from Monday to Friday, this young mother can be seen pushing her pram, filled with hot meat pies and four flasks of hot tea, down to the local school. The pies are sold to the children at twopence each, and a cup of hot tea for one penny.

In this way enough money is made to enable the family to retain their independence.—"Clare," Ararat, Vic.

Vengeance

IN a tree near my home a magpie had built her nest, and the young boys of the district were always disturbing it.

One day when the boys were coming from school the magpie popped out from a nearby tree and landed on the head of one of the boys, not only taking a piece out of his cap, but also out of his head.

It certainly taught the boys a lesson, as they did not attempt to disturb her again.—Miss B. Henderson, Newcastle, N.S.W.

The Shower

WHEN I waken in the morning, and the light is grey and dim, And the clock is chiming out an early hour, I hear a hurried footstep and I see a colored kim, And I know Miranda's off to take her shower.

She is standing in the bathroom, slim and beautifully brown, Her face uplifted, like a dew-drenched flower. Oh, I shiver in the bedclothes as the water splashes down, And I'm glad that it's Miranda 'neath the shower.

I know her eyes are glowing, and her breast is firm and round, And the water drops like pearls upon her knees. I'd like to say "Good Morning," but I mustn't make a sound, Or she might think showers are good for Pekinese.

So I shiver in the dawning when the light is cold and grey, And deeper in my little bed I cower. I put my paws together and most earnestly do pray, That Miranda never takes me to the shower.

—Pixie O'Harris.

8 DAY...

Frock Sale!

FINISHES ON SATURDAY

Maids' Frocks—Third Floor.



Snappy Linen Sports Frock with drawn thread work and pleated skirt. In white, blue, green, string and pink. Lengths: Shoulder to hem, 45in. and 47in. Sale Price ... 17/11

Jaunty Check Gingham Frock with white Pique Collar and tie belt. In red, green, blue and mustard. Lengths: Shoulder to hem, 43, 45 and 47 inches. Usually 13/11. Sale Price 12/11

Attractive Frock in Dark Beige Pebble Crepe with hand fag-goting to match. Usually 69/11. NOW ... 56/-

Frock in Floral Cambric trimmed Organdie. In green, blue and lemon. Lengths, 43, 45 and 47 inches. Usually 9/11. Special Price ... 8/11

Women's Frocks—Second Floor.



Dreary Maroon Frock in midnight blue tonings. The yoke and sleeve trimmings are of parchment tinted lace. F.W. fitting. Usually priced at 25/9/6. Sale Price ... 14/7/6

Smart ensemble suit in Black Maroon. The yoke and sleeves of frock are of rose-beige trimmed with black eyelets. W. fitting. Usual Price, 25/15/6. Sale Price ... 14/12/6

A rack of plain and floral frocks in a varied assortment of styles and colors. In S.W. and W. fittings. Usually from 65/- to 75/-. Now 59/6. Illustration is a parchment Floral Satin.

Practical Silk Ensemble as illustrated above, in plain and floral effects in red, blue and green tonings. S.W. and W. fittings. Usually priced at 35/-. Sale Price ... 29/11

HORDERN BROTHERS

MUSIC



Conducted by Robert McCall

RADIO

NEXT Week's GRAND Opera

Giuseppe Verdi wrote operas for more than sixty years, and of all his works none has won such world-wide popularity as "Rigoletto," even though some of the others are musically its superior.

"Rigoletto" is the third opera on the Broadcasting Commission's roster of 26 national opera productions, and is to be transmitted from Sydney next Friday evening, October 20.

WITH a libretto adapted by Piave from Victor Hugo's play, "Le Roi S'Amuse," Verdi's opera had its premiere—and a brilliant one—at Venice in 1851.

The ABC production will be fortunate in its cast. Nora Hill, the young Sydney soprano who sang and acted so successfully in "Rigoletto" during the recent J. C. Williamson opera season, will be the Gilda. Lionello Cecil will be the Duke, and Franco Izal the hunchback. Other roles will be taken by Evelyn Hall (Maddalena), A. E. Y. Benham (Sparafucile), and Reginald Hood (Montenero). The performance will be under the direction of Wando Aldrovandi.

Victor Hugo's play concerns a king, Verdi found it necessary to change this somewhat licentious hero to a Duke in deference to the scruples of the monarchist Austrian authorities who, at that time, governed Venice. And so it is a Duke of Mantua who flaunts his dubious affairs in the face of an obsequious court. Rigoletto, the hunchback jester, encourages and approves his master's behaviour until it touches the honor of his own daughter, Gilda.

The hunchback for long has kept the secret of his daughter's existence from the Court, and is overwhelmed with grief and rage when the girl is abducted by the Duke's followers. Seeking revenge he enlists the aid of the assassin Sparafucile, but Gilda, genuinely enamored of the dashing young Duke, hastens to the inn where the deed is to be committed. She learns of the plan and, disguised, enters the inn yard to receive the dagger in her own heart.

Rigoletto arrives at the inn to gloat over the body of the murdered Duke. He is horrified and stricken to discover that the daughter whom he idolises has been the victim.

"Ship of Heaven"

Alfred Hill's music for the "Ship of Heaven," now being performed at the Sydney Savoy on Saturday nights, is frankly melodious and unpretentious. It does not so much underline and emphasise the stage action as provide a pleasant background.

One would expect a modern musician to enter more freely into the spirit of the fantastic when clothing a piece like "The Ship of Heaven" with music.

The text provides innumerable opportunities for bizarre themes and their appropriate treatment in the orchestra. Mr. Hill, however, is content to work along more orthodox lines. Probably the audience is the better pleased for this, since the score is undeniably attractive.

The tenor monopolises the vocal music and has several little songs so charming that they could stand effectively as individual concert numbers. Robert Scott as Pierrot sang them admirably.—Robert C. McCall.

LITTLE THEATRES

DORIS FITTON is once more to be congratulated on her artistry in production, "The Ship of Heaven," presented for the first time at the Savoy on Saturday, being highly successful. The musical side is another feather in Alfred Hill's cap, but the libretto is not so satisfying.

Described as a "Fantasy in Three Acts, and an Interlude," it seemed to us that only the first act and Misha Burakoff's interlude, were in any way connected with the "Ship of Heaven." After that came a Pierrot and Columbine plot pure and not so simple, for we didn't grasp that either, sometimes suspecting a morality, parody, or other intention, but continually being eluded.

Sometimes, too, the words had high literary value, while at other times the level sank considerably.

ANOTHER Australian play is to be produced in Sydney during October, for Scott Alexander presents at the Repertory Theatre T. Stuart Gurr's "Snake-woman" this Saturday, and announces an extended season.

The "Snake-woman" is a Brahmin child widow adopted by missionaries and selected on account of her ability and personality to attack the Hindu caste system, as it applies to women. Nancy Gurr will play the "Snake-woman," and May Baker, William Gates, and G. Unsworth are included in the cast.

Clement Williams

I'm glad to see that Sydney's artistic baritone, Clement Williams, is giving us a group of Michael Head's songs in the national relay on Friday of this week. He sings them exquisitely, as you will find when you hear, for instance, the "Nocturne" from the cycle "Over the Rim of the Moon."

Radio Drama

The increasing popularity of drama, operetta, and revue on the air evidently has spurred the programme-makers to special efforts to satiate the "24 bobbers," for there is scarcely a night this week which does not feature some work in one or other histrionic classification. Leon Stark has prepared "Don Caesar de Bajan" for national transmission on Sunday night. It was written early in the last century by the French dramatists Dumanols and Dennehy, and, one might say, is as much a pioneer of the swashbuckling play as "Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street," is a pioneer of melodrama. Wallace's popular opera, "Maritana," of course is based on "Don Caesar."

Wagner Broadcasts

Wagner transmissions are under preparation in the Melbourne studios.

There will be six national programmes between October 24 and November 4, the Wagner productions including: the third acts of "The Valkyries" and "The Flying Dutchman," and the "Grail Scene" from "Parsifal."

On most of these Wagner evenings it is intended to devote the remaining half of the programmes to Brahms music—a worthy arrangement since 1933 happens to be the 100th anniversary of Brahms' birthday, and the 50th anniversary of Wagner's death. The Brahms offerings will include the piano concerto, to play which Isador Goodman will go to Melbourne, and the violin concerto, which possibly may have Tossy Spivakovsky as soloist.

A Negro Soprano

Talking of opera reminds me of an interesting event in the New York news. A performance of "Aida" was given with a negro soprano in the title role. Perhaps this was the first time that the proper Ethiopian tint was not artificially achieved in the heroine. Incidentally, the singer had been trained in Italy. A colored Aida, however, would not be such a curious sight as occurred when another much-admired negro soprano, Lillian Evans, recently sang the role of the consumptive Parisian heroine in "Traviata."

The Foundations of Many FORTUNES



The Famous Lucky Jim

All eyes are on this miracle man, people all over Australia are depending on the FAMOUS LUCKY JIM, and he never disappoints them. Why is it so many are joining his syndicates? Isn't it proof that practical folks and shrewd critics of value turn to LUCKY JIM, knowing that they are getting a better and cheaper way to win a big prize?

have been laid to the ability of—
The Famous LUCKY JIM
Wins Huge Amounts for Clients
12 First Prizes £60,000 worth
Second Prizes £20,000 worth
Third Prizes £25,000 worth
Tens of Thousands of Pounds in Smaller Prizes.

A Marvellous Achievement

The FAMOUS LUCKY JIM tops the record winning amount by a wide margin. Compare his colossal winnings to others, it's mighty convincing proof that he is the outstanding lucky man of Australia. They call him the miracle man, and it's no wonder ... hasn't he justly earned it with his record of winning £110,400 for his clients?

Why Watch Fortunes Go By.....
£5000 Would Give You Everything in Life Worth While.

WHAT IS AHEAD OF YOU
Life is a game of chance, and all that sort of thing. If people try to tell you there's no such thing as luck, don't you believe them. ... Life's built on luck and chance, and always has been. It's all luck. Some are born poor and become rich, others never get the chance. ... Life's funny. It's a lucky bag. You dip and win or dip and lose. ... But there's plenty of BIG PRIZES in the lucky bag, providing you dip into the FAMOUS LUCKY JIM'S bag. ... Fortunes. There's fortunes for everyone.

THE WISHING TREE CHARM
Another amazing fact is that LUCKY JIM owes a great deal of his luck to his own Wishing Tree charm, which he has by request had fashioned in silver and maroon enamel to enable his many clients to share in some of his amazing luck. Send for a Wishing Tree and you will be successful in everything you do. Wear it ... Wish ... and WIN.

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY
Your Interests are Safe
The Famous LUCKY JIM has deposited £5000 at the Bank of N.S.W. for the purpose of paying all prize money won by his Syndicates the SAME DAY as Lottery is drawn.

Interstate Clients—Enclose an additional self-addressed stamped envelope for Receipt Slip if required.

DON'T HESITATE—WIN A BIG FORTUNE.
Let the Biggest Prize-Winner, THE FAMOUS LUCKY JIM, Win For You.
FILL IN COUPON AND POST NOW.

A FORTUNE FOR YOU IN ONE OF THESE SYNDICATES.
This series of Syndicates has been arranged to suit everybody's requirements, and gives you a better chance to win a BIGGER range of Prizes in THE N.S.W. STATE LOTTERY.
ONE-SEVENTH SHARE IN STATE LOT-1/-
This can win you £214 or any one of 813 prizes.
ONE-FIFTH SHARE IN STATE LOT-1/6
This can win you £1000 or any one of 813 prizes.
ONE-FIFTH AND ONE-SEVENTH SHARE IN DIFFERENT LOTTERY 2/6
TICKETS FOR ...

THE FAMOUS LUCKY JIM WISHING TREE
One-Fifth Share and Wishing Tree Charm for ... 2/6
One-Seventh Share and Wishing Tree Charm for ... 2/-

4 One-fifth Shares in different Lottery Tickets, 5/6
This means you have four big chances to win £1000.

1 one-fifth in different Lottery Tickets for ... 18/-
11 one-fifths in different Lottery Tickets for ... 20/-
21 one-sevenths in different Lottery Tickets for ... 25/-
Whole Ticket in N.S.W. State Lottery 5/6
In every case always enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope for return. Remit by Postal Note, not Stamp.

NAME
ADDRESS
W.W.
A. J. Howard, Box 2833,
G.P.O., Sydney.



PATIENT: I feel very sick, doctor. Do you think I will get well?
DOCTOR: My dear sir, you will get well if it costs you £100!

MARRY HIM, HE'S PERFECT!

WHAT are the qualifications desired in a husband? Every woman has her own idea of what the man in the house should be able to do, and how he should conduct himself.

Rose Henniker Heaton, the famous English authoress, considers that a husband should be able to do the following:—

- Repair the electric light when it fuses.
- Put a new washer on a leaky tap.
- Mend the electric bells and anything else that gets out of order.
- Mark out the tennis court.

WHAT IS the MATTER With the CHURCH?

Striking Methodist Statement

That the Church is falling down on its job is suggested in an unusually frank article by Mr. A. B. Lachere, honorary Superintendent of the Methodist Unemployment Relief Fund Department, in the official organ of the Methodist Church, N.S.W. branch.

"OUR Church membership does not seem to be increasing," he says, "and moreover, the statistics which are issued do not give a correct picture. There is hardly a Church membership roll anywhere that does not carry as adult members a large percentage of people who are no longer active."

"As Christian churches, we do too much that begins and ends with ourselves. Apart from a limited number of activities, such as the work of our missions (and the support these receive is shockingly meagre), the Church is rigid, and we seem to lack the broadened outlook which is so necessary in the life of to-day."

Make excuses for you (not to you) over the telephone.
Plan a perfect garden.
And, above all, be nice when you have made a perfect fool of yourself.

HOST HOLBROOK says: My Worcestershire Sauce will favour the Soup, Season the Gravy, make the simplest meal appetising ***

"Many sermons are offered on 'What is the matter with the Church?' and kindred subjects. At our conferences and like meetings we talk solemnly and sometimes pompously of 'the grievous situation that demands attention,' of 'the materialistic age,' of 'what Methodism should do'—but we rarely do anything very daring or effective."

"Every year one or another of the churches seeks by means, original or otherwise, to put life into its services and general affairs. These efforts are not a sustained success. Among the ministers there is considerable talk of a religious revival, a new statement of religion, a fresh interpretation that will stretch out and grip the modern man, woman, and youth. But little is done."

"In these days thousands of the population have their whole thought and energy absorbed in the difficult problem of how they can keep body and soul together, and we are not concerned in a practical way to minister to their needs."

"I repeat that the Church is not sufficiently interested in the great world outside its doors."

WHEN NATURE needs Only a gentle NUDGE!

A LAXATIVE that gets its results through a violent purging of the intestines such as salts and pills, is worse than no laxative at all, for that is too big a price to pay for temporary relief from CONSTIPATION. Such cathartics disturb digestion—they upset the stomach, they shock the nervous system. Salts re-crystallise in the blood. They are not good for you!

What the Doctor Looks for

Before the Doctor approves a Laxative, he demands that it:—

- Should be a lubricant.
- Should be mild and gentle, yet effective.
- Should not rush food through the stomach.
- Should not disturb, but aid digestion.
- Should not gripe.
- Should not be habit forming.

On each of these points LUBRI-LAX gets a perfect score.

Doctors approve Lubri-Lax way

It checks on every point they look for in a Laxative. LUBRI-LAX gently stimulates the bowels to action. It simply gives Nature a gentle "Nudge" when action is delayed.

Doctors agree . . .

LUBRI-LAX is simply a Scientific Combination Lubricating Laxative of Agar Agar Phenolphthalein and Petrolatum of the right quality in the right well-balanced proportions, and the right dose will "Nudge" Nature without exception every time she fails you.

Prove it yourself . . .

There is only one way to know that LUBRI-LAX is better than any other Laxative that has failed you, and that is to find out for yourself. Take a dose before retiring, and to-morrow you will know why LUBRI-LAX is all that is claimed for it.

Remember—that Gentle "Nudge" affects the most obstinate case.

In two sizes, 2/- and 2/9.
Double Strength 3/6.

If unobtainable from your chemist, send direct to Box 1436JJ, G.P.O., SYDNEY.

'FLU' RELAPSE STOP IT WITH 'ASPRO'

DON'T DELAY get your 'ASPRO' TO-DAY

IN cases of 'Flu, a relapse is always serious, as it may involve the sufferer in dangerous complications. There is still a lot of the recurring type of 'Flu about, and a second attack nearly always means lying up in bed, unemployment and much inconvenience. The safest thing to do for 'Flu is to immediately take 'ASPRO' when the symptoms of a first attack or relapse appear. Take two to three 'ASPRO' tablets at once, and two tablets every three hours afterwards, taking a hot lemon drink with the last dose before going to bed. Keep warm and out of draughts. Follow these directions with 'ASPRO' to smash Cold and 'Flu attacks in 24 hours. 'ASPRO' won't fail you. It is safe, sure and certain. It does not harm the heart or the stomach, and gives quick results.

ALWAYS KEEP A PACKET IN THE HOUSE.

Recurring Attacks of 'Flu Beaten — 'ASPRO' as a Family Medicine

Dear Sirs,
128 President Avenue, Brighton-Le-Sands, N.S.W.
I am writing this testimonial in praise of your wonderful 'ASPRO' Tablets. Since the War I have suffered periodically from recurring attacks of INFLUENZA, and although I have had medical attention, the results have not been satisfactory. I was advised to take 'ASPRO' in future at the first sign of an attack of INFLUENZA, and I am happy to say that the result has been marvellous. In a comparatively short time the temperature has returned to normal.
A few days ago my daughter, aged 16 years, was very sick, and also had a very HIGH TEMPERATURE. I gave her two 'ASPRO' Tablets with a hot lemon drink, and in a short time her temperature was down to normal, and she was feeling very much better.
I am satisfied that as a FAMILY MEDICINE 'ASPRO' is very hard to beat, and I wish you every success.
Yours faithfully, JAMES F. EDGAR (GdL).

Use 'ASPRO' For these Complaints:

HEADACHE
RHEUMATISM
NEURITIS
SLEEPLESSNESS
TOOTHACHE
EARACHE
NEURALGIA
COLDS
INFLUENZA
FEVERISHNESS
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS.
TEMPERATURE
MALARIA
DENGUE
SCIATICA
GOUT
LUMBAGO
SORE THROAT
ASTHMA
HAY FEVER
IRRITABILITY

Obtainable in packets of 3, 9, 1 1/3, 4.

and keep regular with... LUBRI-LAX

£55 MUST BE WON!

If you would like further details, send a penny stamped addressed envelope to the Natural Remedy Coy., Box 1436 JJ, G.P.O., Sydney, and they will send you a little book entitled: "Seven Aids to Health." On the cover of this booklet there is a number. To the holders of the numbers corresponding with the winners of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th prizes in the 170th Lottery, prizes of £25, £15, £10, and £5, respectively, will be given. . . . There are no obligations or restrictions to this offer—all it costs you is a stamped addressed envelope.

THIS COSTS YOU NOTHING BUT THE STAMP—FILL IN THE COUPON.

TO THE NATURAL REMEDY COY.
G.P.O. BOX 1436 JJ, SYDNEY.

Kindly send me your booklet: "Seven Aids to Health," free, for which I enclose one penny stamped addressed envelope. In the event of the number printed on the cover of the book being identical with the winning numbers of the 170th drawing of the N.S.W. State Lottery, I am to receive a prize as outlined above!

NAME
ADDRESS
STATE
A.W.W.

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

WRINKLES tell of Worry ... oftener than Age!

Look in your mirror now.
Does it reflect smooth,
pleasing contours, or...?

[By
EVELYN]

WHAT do wrinkles tell?
Not your age, certainly, for different people
wrinkle at different ages. Usually wrinkles
tell the tale of increasing worries or an increasing tendency
to worry, rather than increasing years. But you can, if you
make up your mind, overcome worry... you can, with
consistent care, eliminate tell-tale lines.

Of course there is a lot in the type
of skin you have to influence your
wrinkles. The face with a rather
heavy skin, not very thin, usually
wrinkles less than the very thin face
with fine skin. You can't do much about
that, you will say, for that is inherent.
But you can!

And you can do a lot about worrying.
You can really form the habit of not
worrying—at least not very much.
Worrying doesn't do any good. And we
usually worry about the things over
which we have no control. It is a wasted
physical and emotional exercise.

Active interests help keep us from
worrying. A pleasant social life helps.
Sometimes bad eyesight brings on lots
of wrinkles. If we are fitted to good
glasses these wrinkles gradually disap-
pear.

The habit of screwing the face up as
we talk or as we look at things also de-
velops wrinkles. Watch some women as
they work—they telephone with their
faces all screwed up, they grimace when
they call out to their children, they
pucker their mouths when they think,
they crinkle up their eyes when they
sew. Whatever they do, they wrinkle
their faces over it. And after a while
their wrinkles become deep-seated and
permanent.

Try to keep the face smooth and at
ease, and your wrinkles won't develop.

And if there are wrinkles, then work at
massage to smooth them out.

Massage This Way!

FOR up-and-down wrinkles between
the eyes, the thumbs should be
placed beneath the chin and the first
two fingers of both hands, with a little
cold cream, should be rubbed back and
forth across these wrinkles.

The forehead should be very
thoroughly washed each night with soap
and water, and then massaged. In the
morning it should be patted with an
astringent.

For crosswise wrinkles on the forehead
the thumbs should be placed at the sides
of the head, just in front of the ears,
and the wrinkles should be massaged
with the fingertips, crosswise of the
wrinkles.

Persistent massage will help do away
with even deep wrinkles on the fore-
head. But these wrinkles should not be
formed. Self-control and good glasses
will keep them from forming. Don't
screw, don't screw the eyes up. If you
can't see without doing that, buy new
glasses.

Simple Rotary Movement

INTELLIGENT use of these movements
will remove lines at the side of the
mouth and nose:

Dip the first three fingers of both
hands in the cream or skin food and

**STUDIED
CHARM!** Not
so easy to ac-
quire, but careful
curling and in-
visible hairpins
work wonders...
A back view of the
new "Helen of Troy"
coiffure. If you're
right type, try it for new
charm and individuality.

commence massage with a rotary motion
at the corner of the mouth, working up-
wards to the jawbone beneath the ear.
Keep the fingers well below cheekbone.
Now massage the side of the nose below
the hollow of the eye, across the cheek
and temple. Carry on beyond the hair
line.

Massage is a great help to beauty. It
is also tonic in its effect on the nervous
system. How many women have ban-
ished headaches, caused by worry and
strain, by gently massaging the scalp,
and felt younger and fresher after a
face massage!

It is magical in its effect on tired
skins and nerves!

Some Tips For Those On Slimming Bent

POTATOES contain only 14 per cent.
of fattening starch; but white bread
contains 75 per cent. So potatoes will
fatten you far less than white bread.

Brown sugar is more easily assimilated
than white, is less fattening, and less in-
digestible.

Honey is packed full of food value, is
easily digested, is non-fattening, and is
excellent for cleansing the entire sys-
tem of all poisons and harmful waste
products. It can be used with marvel-
lous results, in all instances in which
sugar is generally used.

COMPACTS!

BATHE YOUR eyes night and morn-
ing with an eye-bath to keep them
youthful and clear. And to rest tired
eyelids, dip soft pads into a lotion—
which you can make yourself by mixing
together equal quantities of very strong
cold tea, rose-water and witch hazel—
and press very gently over the eyes.
Follow by bathing them in clear, cold
water.

SOFT COTTON pads soaked in witch
hazel and milk, and laid on the eyes for
half an hour daily will help to relieve
puffiness under the eyes.

PERFUMES are so exquisite now that
it seems worth while to be a little bit
subtle about applying them. Have you
ever tried spraying a little on your arms
and shoulders directly after your bath?
Of course you need a perfume spray if
you are to do it right. Then a faint
spray on your lingerie as it goes on.
Then the finishing touches on hair, the
lobes of the ears, and hands.

THE VERY sensible plan of using the
same scent in bath salts, soaps, talcum
powder, sachets for the underclothes,
and all the way up to face powder and
perfume, is being more widely adopted
by our up-to-date girls. You'll agree
that nothing could be more charming
than to have a lovely fragrance always
associated with your personality.



Inspired by the fair women of
Greece—the "Helen of Troy" coif-
fure is fascinating in its unstudied
grace as worn by that exquisite
blonde, Shirley Grey, Paramount
player. The hair is widely waved
directly off the forehead and ears,
while the ends of the bob are curled
upward and very high at the back. The
curls do not show at the sides—only a
tendrils or two—and reach up to the crown
of the head in true Grecian manner.

WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME BY A DOCTOR

Goitre and Its Causes

What is a goitre?

A GOITRE is a swelling in
front of the neck, caused
by an enlargement of the
thyroid gland.

The thyroid gland is one of those
glands whose function is connected with
physical and intellectual development
and it is situated between the skin and
the windpipe just below the Adam's
apple.

Normally the gland is liable to fluc-
tuation in size; it enlarges a little dur-
ing pregnancy as a rule, with the re-
sult that the neck becomes fuller. How-
ever, for some reasons that are not
thoroughly understood, though un-
doubtedly lack of iodine in the drink-
ing water is a fac-
tor, at times this
gland becomes very
enlarged, forming
a noticeable swell-
ing. This swelling
may or may not be
accompanied by
signs of thyroid
overaction or
underaction.

Goitre is usually
found in mountain-
ous districts and,
indeed, in some dis-
tricts a considerable
proportion of the
population is af-
fected. Changing
the water supply
has often resulted
in a decrease in the
number of cases.

In certain of the
United States of
America it is com-
pulsory by law to
sell only a table
salt that contains a
certain amount of
iodine.

Goitre is often
improved if not
cured by a change
of diet; it is
usually treated
by giving the
affected person
a regular amount of iodine daily, though
sometimes a surgical
operation is neces-
sary.

Goitres accompanied by symptoms of
deranged action of the thyroid gland
need special treatment.

An Impossible Ideal

Will there ever be a universal
remedy for disease?

THIS would be a happy and
much to be desired state of
affairs; the possibility of it was
mentioned in the cables the other day.
But desirable as it would be, it is an
ideal impossible of achievement, for the
causes of disease differ so much.

There may one day be a remedy which,
taken internally, would kill all germs in
the body; this is
quite conceivable,
and an end toward
which many
workers are striv-
ing.

But germs are by
no means the only
cause of disease.
Many germs only
seem to gain a hold
on people who are
weakened by lack
of proper food; on
strong, healthy,
people, such germs
seem quite innocu-
ous.

An example of
this may be seen
in the germ of
tuberculosis. Most
people have come
into contact with
the germ before
they are fifteen
years of age, but
only a few become
infected. Adequate
diet has a lot to do
with this. Then
again, some diseases
depend on a con-
genital weakness of
certain parts of the
body, and germs
have nothing to do
with the matter at
all. Other diseases depend on the im-
proper working of certain glands, for
what reason we cannot tell. Others de-
pend on the absence of vitamins in the
food.



Exercise For Beauty

Few women realise that in order to
preserve the youthful lines of the
figure all through life, it is most
necessary to cultivate a good car-
riage of the head and neck. Sitting,
or, better still, walking with a book
balanced on the head is a simple
means of doing this.

have nothing to do with the matter at
all. Other diseases depend on the im-
proper working of certain glands, for
what reason we cannot tell. Others de-
pend on the absence of vitamins in the
food.



MISS JEAN DUNCAN

The Beautiful Theatrical Star, now in "Music in the Air,"
at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, is another of the famous
stage beauties who use and recommend Mergolized Wax as
the ideal skin and complexion beautifier.

The loveliest use it

THE loveliest use Mergolized Wax to clear the skin, and to keep it clear.
They prefer it to gritty creams, for these are liable to clog the pores
and merely mask blemishes which should be removed. Mergolized Wax
absorbs impurities, and thus removes

all defects, such as freckles, moth-
patches, roughness, and accumulated
waste matter; it clears the skin thor-
oughly, leaves the pores free to breathe.
Follow the example of those lovely
clear-skinned girls who succeed in
keeping a clear, fresh skin always in
spite of summer sun and winter wind.
Begin to-night to use Mergolized Wax.
Watch the rapid improvement in the
health and beauty of your skin. This
new beauty will have come to stay if
you protect it always with daily use
of Mergolized Wax. It is undoubtedly
the perfect powder base, and stops
powder from clogging the pores.



AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES

Mergolized Wax

The Modern Skin Beautifier

Intimate Jottings

Did You Know That

PROFESSOR and Mrs. Fawsitt recently entertained Sir Philip and Lady Game with cream-cakes in the Senate room of the University.

Mrs. Laurie Foster has bought a Chinese jar, and also some land in Edgecliff, whereon to build a home for it?

Woodward Smith brightened Harry Dangar's party with a jade green shirt? "Giff's" many rare accomplishments include Gaelic, Chinese, and Dutch?

Willfrid Schuchard's star afterparty turn is, we hear, "The Little Red Home in the West"?

Veterinary Scientists Happy

Ordinary medicos who cure human ills may be up against it, but the veterinary scientists still have things all their own way. This little faculty can always find jobs for its graduates.

This year all were placed by February. As a result, the numbers have increased from the twenties to the sixties during the depression.

Pat, Littlejohn and Ann Flashman, the women students, hope for research jobs, but the men prefer the country, as a rule. Sid Hebdon, B.Vet.Sc., though, has remained in the city, and has a former Women's College student, Bonnie Howgate (sister of Mrs. Herbert Ross) as assistant. Bonnie prefers cat patients, but, after a rough and tumble tussle on the floor with an escaping Alsatian recently, feels capable of anything, if necessary.

Round of Parties

A much feted girl this week was Peggy Street, whose plans, starting with catching the train to Melbourne, went on to include marriage with Lieut. Commander D. H. Harries, of the Australian Navy, in London, sometime in December.

Every day this week, practically, Peggy has been "lunching with her aunt, Mrs. Willy Street," "dining with Mrs. Kenneth Street," or something.

Rival Travellers

Mr. J. A. Perkins, Minister of the Interior, is having a little rivalry in the matter of ground-covering, for Mrs. Perkins travelled over 800 miles last week, what with trips to Canberra, Moruya, and one thing and another.

Still, she has not yet found any place more intriguing than Central Australia. Motoring along among its desert wastes one day, she came upon a telegraph pole covered, all except the top foot, with sand.

"Why, whatever will happen?" said she.

"Oh, that's all right," was the reply, "to-morrow it will probably be quite bare again."

Wedding Overseas

A pretty country wedding in England, of a handsome girl and a good-looking naval lieutenant, which has just taken place, is of interest. The bridegroom, the son of Admiral Harrison Smith, was born at Government House, Sydney, and called Sydney as a result.

The bride, Diana Wyndham Bannerman, daughter of the late Mrs. Mary Cheeke (who, by the way, was born in Macleay Street, Sydney), has since her parents' death, lived with cousins, Colonel and Mrs. Lascelles. Colonel Lascelles is a cousin of Princess Mary's husband.

Had Diana been a boy, she would eventually have become a baronet, as her father was heir to one of England's oldest baronetcies.

Music and Milk Puddings

"A man can't know everything about Workers' Compensation and not be nourished. My husband never touches alcohol," says Mrs. Ingham, "so I seem to be always making milk puddings."

However, she considers that it is all in a good cause, and adds a vow that she will stay at home every second evening, at least, however much she is wanted for any musicale. Nowadays she will only sing for charity (anyway, it isn't done for a barrister's wife to accept money, and, if one doesn't require to be paid, hostesses are on one's tracks morning, noon, and night) and specialises in comic monologues.

Mrs. Ingham was the hit of the Pioneer Club's christening musicale recently in spite of a clock, which, she avers, is capable of striking three in one key, and then immediately striking twelve in another.

Preferred Her Bed

Mr. J. Mitchell, director of Burns Philp, and Mrs. Mitchell, who will return to Sydney in the next fortnight, found the London heat so trying that they tripped across to Norway, meeting angels, in the guise of friends who placed their car and chauffeur at their complete disposal. Mr. Mitchell, however, was the adventurous one. He would visit fish markets and whatnots rubbing shoulders, almost, with the King of Iraq in his before-breakfast explorations.

But Mrs. Mitchell took his word for it, staying tucked in bed until a more reasonable hour.

At a garden party at Buckingham Palace the travellers met Mrs. Bell, widow of a former Sydney American consul, and Mrs. McMillan, of the Sydney Women's Club.

Who Was He?

The University authorities are still looking for the "Mr. Charles Hardy" who last week telephoned the University to say would the messenger please tell the undergraduates concerned that the lecturer was ill, and there would be no history class that morning.

A simple little hoax which actually worked.

Alfred the Great

Ever since our little bird informed us that Alfred Hill used to do the orchestration when necessary during Verbrugghen's regime, we have suspected Alfred of Greatness.

At the first performance of his "Ship of Heaven" on Saturday, our suspicions were confirmed. During the first act he suffered the panning that had been erected behind the orchestra. But as soon as the interval came, he produced a hammer and, in supreme unself-consciousness, simply battered and thumped until he had reduced it to nothing.

Reminded us of Keith Kennedy's lecture to the Anthropological Society. His evening collar and tie becoming too much for him, Keith ripped them off and for half the evening spoke in comfort.

Starting Off

"I intended to go next year, but thought I would change it to this year, and then I thought: Well, why not now?" is Diana Herring's explanation of her departure to England planned for Saturday.

She is not, as many think, going to study dramatic art, but, being musical, like her mother, plans to have singing lessons abroad. Otherwise, her arrangements are vague.



MARRIAGE PROVERBS
YOU DON'T know the girl until you know her mother.

History Lessons Abroad

Mrs. Cholmondeley Darvall, wife of the new general manager of the Commercial Banking Co., Sydney, says that, since her husband has been so terribly busy, and she has had two young boys to bring up, she has had to give up everything in the way of outdoor sports, and bridge, although there is no knowing where she may break out later.

She and her husband are both Queenslanders, but recently lived in London for three years. So, although Australia comes first in most things, she thinks that, with all the historical material they unconsciously absorb, history lessons abroad are far less trying on schoolchildren—a truism, but then, "I have become a very homey, motherly woman!"

Our Eligible Medico

One of our most eligible bachelors, Dr. Peter Braddon, seems to get younger every day, although looking a trifle pale at present.

This, however, is merely due to the fact that pressure of work forbade the usual annual visit to Kosciusko. Too bad, for Peter is a splendid skier, if not quite so expert as friend Venn Wesene.

Still, he often manages to get away from the patients on Thursday afternoons, when a trip up the Hawkesbury is the bright idea. Last week he and the Billingtons (Billingsgates to him) and Joan Waddell left Bobbin Head in the launch and visited Sir Herbert Maitland's old home, seven miles from anywhere. They were torn in admiration between the view and the bananas.

Wedding Plans

Although they have been friends for ages, Lella Manning and her fiancé, Raymond Watson, only saw each other for about three days in Melbourne, and never managed to get a minute in private to discuss wedding plans. So, although officially going for the Cup, Lella left again on Friday last for Melbourne, to make arrangements for her wedding next year. As, however, she is to be one of Margery Halloran's bridesmaids on December 21st (with the reception at the Kirribilli Yacht Club), Margery says she won't be really happy until she sees Lella at home again.

Racing Whispers

The procession of bookmakers leaving Randwick on Saturday with empty bags was like a funeral. Four favorites won in a row, making four winning days for the public over the meeting.

After seeing Rogilla's performance on Saturday in the A.J.C. Plate, his Metropolitan backers just wondered.

Mrs. Spencer Brunton is not sending Gladwood to Melbourne. This handsome colt was very unlucky at his two starts at Randwick, but is the makings of a champion.

Queenslanders backed Lough Neagh in the Plate against Rogilla. Tanwan, the Brisbane jockey, rode one of his worst races on the Queensland horse, and they were unlucky to leave their money in Sydney.



Feminine trappings are out of place on a shooting range, and Mrs. C. R. Constable dressed in a business-like style, when she competed in the "King's" for the third time at the Liverpool (N.S.W.) range last week. She is a member of the Postal Institute Rifle Club, Melbourne, and makes the Liverpool meeting an annual holiday.



Choose YOUR HAT to Offset YOUR HAIR

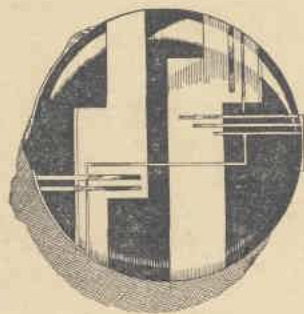
Photos
by
Broothorn

—Says Parisian Milliner



Showing
four dis-
tinctive
styles of hair-dressing with a different
hat chosen for each.

• PEGGY, at the top of the page, • L'ECOSSAIS was inspired by the
Scotch tam o' shanter. Its gay green
feather is curled to match the tight
little ringlets nestling beneath it.



The latest craze in
powder compacts...
The "FLAT FLAP," 12/6

Feminine approval has been granted to these
practical, colourful compacts! At Fairfax and
Roberts the very newest colours and designs are
being shown.

Special attention is drawn to the high-grade
workmanship and finish of these "Flat Flaps,"
which have a beautiful gilt finish metal base,
large bevelled mirror, strong hinge, and are
complete with sieve and puff.

These new compacts at Fairfax and Roberts
are of a quality you will appreciate, and at
the price quoted are exceptional value.

FAIRFAX & ROBERTS Ltd.

"The Oldest Jewellery House in Sydney,"
23-25 HUNTER STREET.



• PREMIER COURSE has a modish brim designed to shelter
a wayward coiffure.

• NITOUCHE (above) tilts demurely over the right eye to
reveal a coiffure that is softly waved.

In the book
of Fashion "In-
dividuality" is
the title of the
chapter which
tells of modes
for the coming season.

That's the Latest Straw for Your Coiffure

Marguerite Bastin, just ar-
rived in Melbourne from the
Rue St. Honore, Paris, to de-
sign for Myer's new French
millinery department, takes a
leaf from Fashion's book and
designs distinctive styles to
enhance four different coif-
fures.

"Cherchez la - chapeau,"
says Mademoiselle, for your
hat must match your hair.

Thus a chic little model of
stitched black taffeta has a
crown in six long ovals and a
brim turned up to reveal
points back and front. It is

chosen for long hair, sleekly
brushed to a coil behind each
ear. The hair is parted in the
centre and a tiny provocative
fringe softens the line across
the brow.

The tam o' shanter of the
Hie'land lassie inspired a
jaunty black taffeta, so closely
stitched in green, beige, and
black wool as to appear
closely woven. Its gay feather
of green is curled to match
the tight little rings that
nestle beneath. The hat is
tilted to one side, and the
rings, too, climb nearer to the
crown of the head on the left

mure coiffure. Of a crepey
straw of ciel blue, it is
trimmed with ribbons of navy
cord, and the soft, loose
waves of the hair cover the
ears so that an unsophisti-
cated air is expressed.

Premier Course, of natural
colored straw, is trimmed
with a darker panne velvet
ribbon. It has a wide and be-
coming brim to frame fluffy
tresses that must no longer be
"wind-blown." The dainty
fringe turns inward at each
side of the parting, and the
toute ensemble defines a
charming balance, with just
the tips of the ears revealed.

side than on
the right.

Nitouche tilts
shyly down
over the brow
to reveal a de-

THE FASHION PARADE

BY JESSIE TAIT...

Meet the HOT DAYS in Black Satin and Linens COTTON NET for Summer Wear!

EVEN in mid-summer, when days are hottest and we look out our thinnest organzas and our biggest hats, we will choose black frocks to wear some of the time.

IN Paris during the summer black was worn as much as pastel shades.

What could be cooler than black cotton net? Black linens and satins are equally popular, but more of them later.

Black Net For Day Wear

These little frocks of black net, whose transparency gives them a very cool look, are usually short sleeved, ruffled at the neck, with skirts eight inches off the ground. Underneath is worn a black crepe slip. With them one will wear small

net continues down to a point below the knees at the back, and finishes above the knees in front. From this tunic effect comes a pleated skirt of blue net. There are pleated frills of the blue net over the shoulders.

Plain black net dresses for evening are best over black satin when there is no other color.

Black Satin Steps In

Black satin is a very popular revival abroad. For the last year we have only been accustomed to wearing it for evening.

It now comes in all manner of daytime frocks and is used a very great deal for accessories and trimmings. It is used alone with frocks, or in combination with crepes, woolsens, and linens.

Miss Jessie Tait

well known for her dressing and designing of so many J. C. Williamson Ltd. shows, stands to-day as Australia's most practical authority on the question of women's clothes.

A garnet red crepe dress has sleeves, wide sash, and loose floppy neck trimming of shiny black satin. Light black wool looks particularly smart with black satin accessories.

Pastel-colored summer suits have black satin blouses and sheer crepes and chiffons are trimmed profusely with it. All black satin day dresses are plainly tailored and generally have short or three-quarter sleeves.

A well-made heavy black satin evening frock and coat will look distinguished for any night occasion.

●● A tailored afternoon frock of cotton net. It has four vertical pleats running from shoulder to hem. The drawstring neckline ties with a black satin bow. The sailor hat, gloves, and bag are black satin.

●● A frock of heavy black satin. Its only ornament is a large crystal clip. The square shoulders are suggested by folds. The hat is black satin and shiny twisted straw.

●● Black cotton net again, this time not so tailored. The bodice is trimmed with rows and rows of pleated white Valenciennes lace. The puff sleeves are made in to tiny cuffs. The cart-wheel hat is black organdie.

"Don't Dress"

For informal occasions, when your hostess says "Don't dress" a black frock seems the natural thing to turn to. These days of practical clothes it is comparatively easy to turn a dressy dance frock into an informal dinner-gown. Tie-on capes, little jackets, and clip-in sleeves make this possible.

One dress of black chiffon has a deep yoke and long, tight sleeves of fine black net, very transparent and alluring.

A black crepe dress has a tiny bolero to which are attached big puff sleeves of net. Another informal frock made completely of net has the bodice covered with tiny vertical pleated frills, and short puff sleeves trimmed with more frills. The skirt is tight to the knees, where it breaks out into flares.

Black Linen

Black linen is another popular summer material. A plain sleeveless dress of this has sets of white, pale pink, or blue accessories—it will also look well when

worn under bright colored jackets and coats.

Since Paris has recently said that we may wear black "for sports," these linens will do double duty.

For seaside wear we will don them with, perhaps, a black and white spotted scarf, or a wide white pique belt, white pumps, and sailor hat. For town wear we will dress them up with white organdie trimmings, white kid sandals and bag, stitched organdie hat.

Paris Favorite New Color—Orange

At the recent dress shows in Paris orange in all its tonings was voted the most dashing color to combine with greys and browns for the new clothes.

A gown of smoke grey in rough crepe or satin, with a burnt orange suede turban and burnt orange buckle on the belt, is one of the new offerings.

Vionnet shows a burnt orange silk crepe evening dress worn under a warm brown velvet coat. Another designer puts orange blouses under his beige and brown suits.

Our Paris SNAPSHOTS

PARIS is wearing velvet hats and velvet gloves or mitts in fruit shades with sheer white summer frocks.

THE 1908 silhouette is returning; with it come big hats trimmed with feathers, flowers, and tulle.

TAKE a length—say a yard and a half—of bright velvet, and drape it across your chest like a scarf-cape, with the ends falling down the back. This is a good substitute for an evening jacket.

A LONG, tight-fitting coat with full sleeves and a high neck is made of shiny black or white satin. It completely covers summer evening frocks.

THE last word in jewellery for summer is the heavy crystal ring set with pseudo rubies or emeralds.

ALTHOUGH fabric gloves are worn in quantities, the best dressed women here are apt to choose pale, white, or black suede for formal occasions.

FOR evening frocks lace rivals other fabrics. It packs easily and does not crush. Printed crepe-de-chine and chiffon come next. A dark evening frock, and one or two colored ones should be quite sufficient. A long velvet evening coat will be most acceptable on chilly nights.

HAIR is worn high off the neck. It is never brushed straight down. A swirl, the run of a wave, or the placing of curls, all serve to hide that straight look. See that your head looks as well from the sides and back as it does from the front.

and large black hats of stitched organdie, and small hats of satin or taffeta. A black net dress has hat, gloves, and bag and bow of shiny black crepe or taffeta. For luncheon, bridge, or cinema wear, these dresses should prove most popular in this hot climate.

For Evening

For hot summer nights sheer black is unsurpassed. Here, again, black net scores. An exquisite example is shown on this page, with its slender shirred body and lampshade cape.

Another model is made of coarse black net over a dirty pink satin slip with a sash of pink velvet ribbon. Another frock is black net over a turquoise crepe slip. The tight sheathlike top of the

●● A model dress of coarse black cotton net. The body part is tightly shirred down to the knees. The only color is a belt of emerald green velvet ribbon. The cape is of the fashionable "lamp-shade" style.

●● A dinner frock of black satin and black cotton net. The satin is cut very décolleté back and front; the net yoke which forms sleeves is high in front.



FARMER'S

P.O. Box 497AA - Phone M2405



Worth 18/11

ANOTHER RELEASE!
200 more FROCKS
in Printed Silk Rayon
and variety of styles

Repeated to meet amazing demands. Last Friday it seemed that everyone in Sydney wanted one. Styles vanished in no time, four ranges collapsed under the demand. How Farmer's managed to secure more is a secret and a triumph. New styles have been added and the "best sellers" repeated. Only 200 this time! Be early! 34, 36, 38 ins. busts. Many styles, many colours, many designs in Printed Silk Rayon.

Popular Salon, on Second Floor. Lay-By if you prefer.

9/11

Ready-made with valance in cream or beige with a net border, good for bedrooms. Usual price 13/6



Bordered Net to be cleared!

M20—Special purchase! Manufacturers' clearing lines of Bordered Curtain Net; wonderful quality; self colours of cream, biscuit, beige; for long curtains, 96 inches. Special Price, 1/- 46 ins. Us., 2/11. Spec., 2/3; 40 ins. 3/3. Sp., 2/6. Furnishings note on First Floor, Market Street.

Business Girls' Luncheon

each Wednesday

Each Wednesday, prominent people whose ideas are abreast of the times will be guests of honour—and will speak in bright strain. Lunch will be served from 1 o'clock.

"Butterick" and "Home Journal" Patterns, western wall, First Floor, Pitt St.

WOMAN & HER WORK

Women Oppose

New Divorce Grounds

THE bill to amend the divorce legislation of New South Wales by adding two additional grounds—insanity and seven years' separation—of divorce, is far from the stage when it will be added to the Statute Book.

Following the protest of the six bishops of the Church of England last week, and a spirited attack on the measure by Dr. Norton, Roman Catholic Bishop of Bathurst, a deputation of women representing the seven dioceses of New South Wales interviewed the Minister for Justice, Mr. Martin, on Tuesday to enter a protest against the proposed legislation.

Mr. Foster, M.L.A., who introduced the deputation, pointed out that the new Divorce Bill was not a Government measure, and was certain to be defeated on the floor of the House.

Mrs. Hey Sharpe, president of the Mothers' Union, said that her association regarded marriage as an indissoluble union of one man with one woman to the exclusion of all others.

The Minister for Justice, Mr. Martin, in his reply, said that the Government was impressed with the tremendous interest the new legislation had created, and added that nothing would be done without the fullest opportunity being given for everyone to put forth their views. He was not prepared, however, to make any statement until his Cabinet had considered the matter.



NURSE MARY WATKINS, hon. organiser of St. Vincent's Hospital nurses' annual At Home, to be held at the Wentworth on October 18.

—Dayne.

Helping City Mission

WITH the advent of sunny days, garden parties are becoming more numerous and many are being arranged to assist charity funds.

One such is fixed for October 14, Mrs. C. H. Hoskins (president of the Women's Committee of the Sydney City Mission) having issued invitations. It is to be held at the home of Mrs. J. M. Derrin, and among the features of the afternoon are tennis and croquet competitions. Lady Harvey is to perform the opening ceremony.

The motive in this case is the endowment of a cot at the City Mission's home for under-nourished boys at Springwood.

But this is not the only work which this energetic band of 30 women perform. All the winter they have been busy making clothes for folk in slum areas, and these were distributed by the 13 district missionaries.

Christian Endeavor

BATHURST ST. Baptist Church was chosen as the scene of the opening of the State Christian Endeavor Conference on October 11, when the deputy National president (Rev. S. Varcoe Cockle) was listed to speak on "Truth About Christian Endeavor Principles."

The conference is to continue until October 14, when a great junior and intermediate rally and a consecration service will be held in the Sydney Town Hall.

President Returning

DR. GEORGINA SWEET, Australian president of the Pan-Pacific Women's Committee, and of the Y.W.C.A., who has been to America mainly for a health trip, is returning by the "Monterey" due in Sydney on November 6.

The N.S.W. Pan-Pacific Committee, of which Mrs. Emily Bennett is president, will entertain Dr. Sweet while she is in Sydney.

Guiders' Training

TO be a real Girl Guide one must be efficiently trained, and with this object in mind the Girl Guide Association of N.S.W. opened the Gungahy Training Centre at Turramurra last year.

Since then many Guiders have issued from the two training colleges there and gone forth to train others.

Recently a new hut, the gift of Miss Margaret Radford, who is leaving the State, was added to the centre, and on October 21 the hut is to be dedicated at an impressive public ceremony.

National Council of Women

CHILDREN'S playgrounds were the most discussed subject at the recent executive meeting of the National Council of Women, and the council has decided to request the Minister for Education (Mr. Drummond) to provide supervisors for them in some of the congested suburbs.

Following its fixed principle that a woman should be included in the personnel of all boards and commissions, the council will protest to the Minister for Customs (Mr. White) on the question of a woman to the Books' Censorship Committee. It is also recommending to the Aborigines Protection Board that a woman should be appointed to the board when a vacancy occurs.

The Boys' Brigade

A WORK that goes on steadily from year to year is that done by the Boys' Brigade at its two branches, Pyrmont and Surry Hills.

The Brigade cares for all boys who are deprived of the amenities of healthy home life, and trains them in many useful crafts, sport, and gymnastics, as well as providing entertainment.

The attendance last financial year totalled 54,127, being an increase of 1898 on last year.

The Sydney Needlework Guild made its annual gift of new clothing, which was distributed among the boys.

Moving picture entertainments are very popular at the Brigade, and attendances at these functions last year totalled 15,483. The apparatus at the Brigade is of the "silent" type, and with the dimming supply of suitable films for the machine, the problem of installing a "sound" equipment is becoming urgent. Efforts are being made to acquire funds for this purpose.

Don't Forget

MRS. B. A. B. STEVENS will open the flower show and fair in the Malvern Hall Methodist Church on October 15.

THE box plan for the "Snappy Sydney" revue—which will take place at the Savoy Theatre on October 17, 18, and 19, for the Women's Hospital, Crown Street—is open at Faling's.

IN aid of the Royal Alexandra Hospital for children, and the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Institution for Children, Darlington, Grace Bros. Ltd. employees will hold their annual ball at the Palais on October 24.

THE Governor-General, the State Governor and Lady Game have extended their patronage to, and will be present at the New South Wales Bowling Association annual ball, to be held in David Jones on October 25.

Debutantes will be presented to their Excellencies during the evening. In aid of the Limbless Soldiers' Club, Yanderra, and Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Institution, Darlington.

A TOUR Through Queensland will be undertaken by the Girl Progressives Club, Denyer House, 257 George St., Sydney, on the evening of October 16. A nominal charge of 6d will be made to defray expenses.

LADY GAME will open a garden fête at "Bendona," March Street, Redfern Hill, on October 26, in aid of Canon Hammond's Xmas appeal. Preliminary functions include a tennis tournament at the home of Mrs. K. W. Crouch, bridge party at Secondary Schools' Club, and a bridge party arranged by Mrs. Dixon-Hughes at her home on October 18.

MISS SARAH GERDES, one of the committee members working for the success of the Sydney Girls' High School Jubilee Garden Party on October 14.

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HOPEWOOD House, at Darling Point, is to be the scene of a garden party on November 4, as a preliminary function for Red Cross Day. Lady Huxtable is president of the committee arranging bridge and outdoor entertainments.

HOT HOLBROOK says: My Anchovy Paste is sold in little glass jars. Dainty sandwiches can be quickly made.



Four 1st Prizes

£100's, £50's, £40's, Etc.,
IN EVERY LOTTERY

LUCKY FRED, who has no rival for luck in the N.S.W. State Lottery, has won FOUR FIRST PRIZES and has won two of them recently, in the 148th and 152nd Lotteries.

For a great number of Lotteries now Fred has not once missed winning £100 as well as £50's, £40's, £30's, £20's, and hundreds of £10's and £5's prizes.

His wins over the past ten Lotteries are many thousands of pounds in advance of any other syndicate. His total winnings are approximately FOUR TIMES GREATER THAN ANY OTHER SYNDICATE, and there is not a Lottery record which is not held by Lucky Fred.

Between 300 and 350 clients collect Lottery cash in every Lottery, and it is only a matter of a short time before Lucky Fred will announce his fifth win of £5000. In the 157th Lottery, drawn last Friday, Fred won another £100 with ticket No. 10599, and three £40's, with ticket numbers 48078, 58396, and 10757, as well as four £20's, and numerous £10's and £5's prizes.

SPECIAL OFFER.

FOUR FIFTH SHARES IN DIFFERENT TICKETS FOR 5/6.

All the people who share Fred's four first prizes had only one share each, so to give you a still greater chance, Lucky Fred offers you FOUR ONE FIFTH SHARES in different tickets in the next State Lottery to be drawn for 5/6. This gives you more chances than when you own one whole ticket.

PRIZE MONEY PAID IN FULL, SAME DAY SERVICE.

Lucky Fred wants it clearly understood that all prize money is paid in full, and under no circumstances are there any deductions.

LUCKY FRED'S SAME-DAY SERVICE.

Lucky Fred has proved his same-day service by paying £5000 in the 148th Lottery and £5000 in the 152nd Lottery to his shareholders an hour after the Lottery was drawn.

Fred writes and tells you at once if your share wins a prize, so if you have not a result slip handy you always know if you have won a prize in Lucky Fred's Syndicates. Change your Lottery Luck before Christmas, and enjoy yourself with a big win. Money won "is the sweetest money of all."

COUPON.
A CHARM AND SHARE FOR 5/6.
A FIFTH SHARE FOR 1/6.
OR 4 FIFTH SHARES FOR 5/6.

How to Send in Simply clip out this Coupon, and if you would like a Lucky Charm, as well as a Fifth Share, send a Postal Note for 2/6; but for a Fifth Share only, send a Postal Note for 1/6; for four Fifth Shares in different tickets a Postal Note for 5/6, and please do not forget to enclose a stamped envelope bearing your own name and address. Lucky Fred's Syndicates are guaranteed, and are the luckiest Syndicates you can join. Results prove that so while you feel lucky, send to Fred! You know the address—

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BRUSHES ARE WRONG THE NADA TOOTHBRUSH is scientifically correct. It is small, arched brush with every pointed bristle shaped to clean every tooth and every crevice. ALL CHEMISTS will give you a beautiful NADA Toothbrush FREE with every purchase of two NADA TOOTHBRUSHES (1/9 each or 2 for 7/6).

Free! with 2 NADA brushes

NADA TOOTHBRUSHES DENTISTS' DESIGNED 2 for 3/3 HOLDER FREE

MOTHERS' Clubs

Help Education Department

The Victorian Federation of Mothers' Clubs will celebrate its 8th birthday on October 23. Clubs affiliated, in town and country, number 184 with a membership of more than 7000.

MORE than £46,000 has been raised for school purposes to supplement the work of the Education Department with extras like playgrounds, pianos, pictures, furniture, and this amount is by no means the total as many clubs have handed their funds direct to the school committees without recording amounts.

In addition a tremendous amount of relief work, the value of which cannot be estimated, has been carried out. Mothers have fitted into their day's work daily attendance at the schools, preparing lunches and making and giving out cocoa. One club in Footscray has dealt with 600 youngsters daily.

A big grant from the Government for the supply of milk has lightened the burden of the clubs.

Eight dentists have volunteered their services for treatment in the schools, and there is controversy as to whether the work should be carried out partly by women dental nurses or solely by dentists.

THE federation has protested against the raising of High School fees, reduction in the number of scholarships, early commencement of school Christmas vacation, and the sales tax and primage duty on books which have been removed.

Mental Defectives

One of the Federation's biggest achievements is the establishment by the Government in February of the Travancore residential school for mentally defective children. The affiliated clubs have subscribed £364 towards the new wing which will accommodate 35 boys. The home's capacity is 75 children, and fees are paid according to parents' income. All the kiddies are capable of being educated and stay there until they are 12 years old.

THE Federation is pressing for extension of the Bundoora Adult College so that there will be somewhere for the children to pass on to and their early education will not be wasted.

"Some of them," the president of the Federation, Mrs. M. A. McColl, says, "will become partly or wholly self-supporting, but most of them will always need institutional care. At present, apart from the limited accommodation at Bundoora, there is nothing between Travancore and an asylum."

"At Bundoora the inmates work under supervision. They are practically self-supporting and protected. Outside there is always someone willing to prey upon them, and, of course, some of them may become a menace in the community."

THE Education Department established two subnormal schools at Montague and Footscray, but experience proved that children went back so far after leaving school, and especially during holidays, that the resident school seemed the only solution of the problem.

"Personally, I am strongly an advocate for sterilisation of the mentally unfit, but the Federation has not expressed an opinion on this question officially."

The Premier, Sir Stanley Argyle, has stated that mental defectives in Australia number 22,000, so they are a section of the population that need our deepest consideration."

MRS McCOLL has been with the Federation since it began. She is a vice-president of the School Committees' Association, secretary of the Children's Cinema Council, special magistrate in the Children's Court, and president of the Federation of Mothers' Clubs.



MRS. McCOLL.—Brothorn.

Pride in AGE

Australia's Oldest Mayoress

Pride in youth is equalled by pride in old age. To the latter may be added the rich store of experience, and a diary of helpful service to others.

Mrs. J. Lapish, Mayoress of Ashfield, Sydney, takes pride in her 79 years, and of being the oldest Mayoress in the Commonwealth.

MANY years of this fine old lady's life have been spent in easing the miseries and trials of others; and now at her advanced age, instead of relaxing her commendable activities, she is busier than ever.

For thirty years she has worked earnestly for the Ashfield Benevolent Society, of which she is president; she has also been the president of the Millewa Boys' Home for thirteen years, and belongs to the committees of the Crippled Children's League, the Ashfield Infants' Home, and Western Suburbs Hospital.

From morning till night she is busy all over the neighborhood of Ashfield, Summer Hill, and Croydon. Every time she leaves her home, a large basket or parcel is always in her hands. She carries the basket more easily when she returns home. The parcels never return.

Recently she wanted some perambulators for poor mothers, who could not afford to purchase them. An appealing advertisement appeared in several papers, and her backyard resembled a perambulator factory. But they did not remain there long.

LEAVING her home in Yorkshire fifty years ago, Mrs. Lapish came to Australia. She recalls old memories of steam trains travelling up and down George St., bullock teams plodding along the dusty streets, and scrubby stretches of land now worth thousands of pounds, grazing grounds for cows and goats.

"I have only three children left out of my ten," she said wistfully. "My youngest boy was killed at the war." Then an expression of pleasure chased the sorrow from her eyes.

"But there are many, many boys living in this district who fought with my son, and they are mostly in distressing circumstances. They'll never want for a feed while I'm alive," she added.

"Of course, I'm past the age of dancing, but I must attend almost every dance in the district. The young men tease me and tell me I'd make a good fox-trotter—whatever in the world that is—but I'm up to their little jokes."

"I'm very proud of being the oldest Lady Mayoress in the Commonwealth, although for many years I threatened to desert my husband if he became a mayor. However, I don't think he took me seriously, for he's in that position despite my threat."

Since her arrival from Yorkshire, a cottage in Park Avenue, Ashfield, has been the home of Mrs. Lapish.

"Fifty years is a long time to live in the one house, and I'm still here," she remarked, anxiously looking at the clock, and wondering what poor family she had visited an hour before.



MRS. J. LAPISH, Australia's Oldest Mayoress

The VOICE of the HOUSEWIFE

Watch Dogs of Food Supplies

FOUNDED in Victoria in 1915, the Housewives' Association now musters about 70,000 members in Australia, whose concerted action has made itself felt on numerous occasions in political and economic questions involving the future of the home.

The work is similar in every State.



Mrs. A. Thomas, Federal president and president of the Victorian Association.

—Ronald Koler.

At Left: Members of the N.S.W. Association (with the president, Miss Geach, second from the left) inspecting vegetables at City Markets.

THE Victorian Association now has a membership of 30,000.

ITS first work was an educative economy campaign to increase production and prevent waste; to assist women in branching out in remunerative industry; to check soaring prices and assist with capital through the Co-operative Credit Bank.

The N.S.W. branch was formed five months later, the Queensland in 1920, South Australia in 1926, and a similar association in Great Britain in 1926.

A SUCCESSFUL scheme for direct supply of berry fruits has proved a boon for growers and housewives in Victoria, and the association has been instrumental in establishing a number of kerb markets in the suburbs and in a campaign for cheaper fish.

Mrs. Glencross was the first president of the Federal Association, which was formed at an interstate meeting in 1923, and served two terms as Victorian president.

Wide Battlefield

The association has fought for heavier sentences for criminal offences against children, a lower price for gas, and the retention of privately conducted motor bus services.

Since its inception it has worked for the inclusion of women on boards and tribunals with some success—Mrs. Glencross on the Royal Commission dealing with the high cost of living, Dr. Vera Scantlebury on the Milk Board, Dr. Jean Greig on the Female Health Board, and Mrs. Bernard Muscio on the Child Endowment Commission.

No battle the association takes up is allowed to be lost. The housewives fight on doggedly.

WHEN meat is dear a pledge is made to use less meat till the prices come down; when eggs rise in price, housewives agree not to use them if the price goes above 3/- a dozen; to protest against duties on gloves, they were boycotted for three months; and when bread prices were too high they learned to make bread themselves.

OWING to increase of membership, extension in country branches, and the number of addresses and demonstrations arranged every month, the Victorian Association has moved to Howey Court, where, besides offices, there is a large, comfortable club-room.

Mrs. Alice Thomas has been president of the Victorian Association for three years and a member of the association since it was formed, and is now Federal president. Miss Rachel Robinson is the organising secretary.

Kindred Objects

THE New South Wales branch, which changed its name about five years ago to The Housewives' Progressive Association, is equally successful in its ac-

tivities, with Miss Portia Geach as the president and Mrs. M. Mathieson as secretary for the last fourteen years. It has a membership of about 12,000.

The association endeavors to teach members the economy of basic foods, to watch the interests of householders in regard to the food supply, to encourage thrift, simplicity in the home, interchange of ideas, and to advocate women's equal legal status; to work for reforms and representation on all boards dealing with food supplies, the latest activity being in connection with the restrictions placed on the sale of certain vegetables on street barrows.

THROUGH the ceaseless activities of the association in New South Wales the price of eggs was lowered, and they were stamped and graded in 1930, bread, sugar, and milk were reduced several times, supervisors were appointed on Sydney playgrounds, wine-bars were slightly improved, and more women's conveniences established at Taronga Park.

THE association has been untiring in its efforts to get lower steps on tram, and this improvement will be found on the new trams in the city. Through the indefatigable work of the

association woollen manufacturers agreed to make single-bed blankets nine inches longer, so that no one would have their feet protruding into the cold air on winter nights.

Even this does not conclude their long list of good deeds, for at present they are also running a boys' physical culture club at Redfern, and for three years supplied free luncheons for the children at Blackfriars' Free Kindergarten.

In Queensland

THE Queensland Association, with Mrs. H. Spurgin as president and Mrs. T. Craddock as secretary, is rather smaller as regards numbers, although its objectives are just as high as those of other States.

It aims at a reduction in the cost of living, bread and sugar being special items in review; the prevention of profiteering, and the advocating of the manufacturing and purchase of all Australian goods.

For years, too, the Queensland Association has urged the abolition of meter rents and the reduction of gas and electric light charges. Members are keenly looking forward to the passing of the measure concerning this, which is before the Queensland State Parliament at present.

GIRL OF 20 WHO WEIGHED 14 st.

Tells How She Took 50 lbs. Off

AND IMPROVED HER COMPLEXION

Are you the young lady of whom people are remarking, "How she is filling out!"? (That's a good-natured way of saying "getting fat.") If fat is slyly and stealthily distorting your youthful figure, you should grapple with it at once. At 20 years of age this girl was in its toils. Read how she unburdened her young body of 50 superfluous pounds.

"About 12 months ago I was considerably overweight, being on the small side and weighing nearly 14 st. at twenty years of age. I was also troubled with headaches and pains in the small of the back; heaviness on rising, with a very poor complexion which broke out in spots every so often. Since taking Kruschen Salts all these conditions have disappeared. I have now gone down to normal weight, being 10 st. 6 lbs., have a lovely complexion, and rise in the morning with no heaviness whatever." (Miss H. P.)

The formula of Kruschen represents the residual salts of those famous European Spas whose waters have been taken from time immemorial for excess fat. These salts ensure a perfectly natural clearance of undigested food substances and all

excessive watery waste matter. When this wastage is allowed to accumulate, the body's chemistry is liable to store it up out of the way in the form of fatty tissue. Once Kruschen gets into your blood, disfiguring fat commences to melt away from your ankles and calves; your double chin commences to vanish, hips become slender; you won't lose 4 or 5 lbs. a day or anything foolish like that, but almost before you realise it pound by pound disappears—until you finally have the fashionable figure you have always desired.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 2/6 per bottle.





Miles of Smiles

A happy smile means glowing health—for a system clogged with poisons must subconsciously show misery even in a smile.

Constipation more than anything else is the cause of most ill health. It results in an accumulation of poisons in the system, which sap the energy, dim the eye and mar the complexion.

Just as carbon in the cylinders of a motor slows down pace, so constipation slows down the pace of the human machine and results in an accumulation of Uric Acid—a potent enemy to health and happy smiles.

A small dose of CARLISTA every day will keep you free from Constipation and Uric Acid, and their attendant ills and sets you on the road to permanent, glowing good health. There are at least 64 average doses in every jar.

CARLISTA
is ideal in the
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Sluggish Liver,
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Bad Hair,
Eczema,
Itch,
Pimples,
etc.



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OBTAINABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES
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160 Pitt Street, Sydney, and Branches

LARGE JAR

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Write for Free Sample.

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CATARRH REMEDY

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Prepared only by

F. BOWEN, Chemist

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PIX CATARRH REMEDY

A scientific compound, prepared from the formula of a prominent specialist.

EVERY WOMAN ENTITLED TO GOOD HEALTH

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SPORTS FROCKS made from 10/6	Cut, Tack, and Fit	6/6
AFTERNOON FROCKS	"	16/6
DAY & EVENING WEAR	"	27/6

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WOMEN Want POSITIONS In PUBLIC Life

Protection In Industry

The power of women to undersell men and take their jobs should be restricted if the family is to endure as a basis for civilisation, said Mrs. Pankhurst Walsh at the concluding sessions of the weekly conferences organised by the Australian Federation of Women Voters in Sydney on Monday.

DECIDED opinions, which often clashed, were expressed by the speakers at Monday's meetings. Miss M. M. Simpson presided at the morning session, when the need for women in public life was discussed.

The afternoon was devoted to reviewing the situation as regards "Protective Legislation for Women in Industry," when Mrs. Jessie Street occupied the chair.

In Public Life

IT is many years now since women entered the arena of public life. Bitter was the prejudice and keen the opposition against them, but they have been undeterred, and, while gaining a little ground at a time, they have planned further ways and means of gaining their objectives.

The one point which was stressed several times by all speakers and particularly those with political experience, at the opening session of the conference, was that in order to enter Parliament a woman candidate needed not only the support of a women's party, but more importantly that of her own political party.

Mrs. Eva Seery, who stood for Parliament in 1917, and was defeated by 2000 votes, was of this opinion. She had faithfully supported her party since she was 16 years old, she said. The party system had such a firm hold in Australia that a candidate could not hope to succeed without it, and should cling to his or her party, in spite of some of its defects.

Mrs. Glencross held the same ideas and agreed that Parliament was the keynote to women obtaining public appointments. Women in Victoria were admitted to councils of men, and she herself had been the first to take a seat on the bench in the Court of Petty Sessions, but women in N.S.W., she felt, were not "politically-minded," as a whole, and were not as well organised as in Victoria.

"So long as women are content to be used as money collectors or leaflet distributors only, so long will they remain unrepresented in the councils, boards, parliaments, etc., for which they work," Mrs. Littlejohn stated. She urged that women should make a point of having a say in the disbursement of the money which they collected for different public causes.

that some legislation was in reality arranged to eliminate women.

Prohibition of nightwork for women frequently prevented them earning higher wages, and as in the case of telephone operators, gave them the hardest work, which was in the daytime.

If a prospective mother could have the option of leave on full pay for a month before and after the birth of her child, she would be better off than being forced to resign and receive no money when she needed it most.

The system of so-called protection, Mrs. Littlejohn maintained, shut the woman worker out of many classes of employment, and flung her back into overcrowded and underpaid callings. "Adequate supervision of all workers in industrial establishments is the remedy!" Mrs. Littlejohn concluded.

MISS M. SWAIN, B.E.C., briefly outlined the way in which protective legislation trailed behind changes in economic.

Production on a large scale was not to be confined with mass production, the speaker pointed out, for mass production passed on all the economies of the new processes to the consumer, and protective legislation had to change correspondingly.

THE reservation of a sphere for men in industry was Mrs. Pankhurst Walsh's suggestion for alleviation of the trouble due to the employment of women.

There were two chief motives in protective legislation, the first being to protect women from long hours and dangerous and fatiguing work, and the second being their removal from an environment injurious to their morals and sentiments.

Replying to Mrs. Rischbieth's question as to whether she accepted the principle of the economic independence of the wife, Mrs. Walsh stated that she considered husbands were no more economically independent than their wives as their earnings could be claimed by their legal dependents.

Miss M. M. Simpson showed how unfairly women were treated in the educational world as regards pay, in spite of the fact that they had training experience and qualifications equal to those of men.

President Flies to Conference

Mrs. B. Rischbieth, president of the Australian Federation of Women Voters, who has been in Brisbane for the past week, flew to Sydney by plane in order to attend the afternoon session of the conference.

national world as regards pay, in spite of the fact that they had training experience and qualifications equal to those of men.

Women in Industry

THAT protective legislation should be based on the nature of the work, and not on the sex, was the main thought of most of the speakers at the afternoon session of the Federation of Women Voters, when the subject under discussion was "Protective Legislation for Women in Industry."

MRS. LITTLEJOHN dealt fully with the outstanding protections afforded women, as regards (1) dangerous and unhealthy trades; (2) night work; (3) women working before and after childbirth; (4) minimum wage for women only.

She showed that if legislation in the first of these protected all workers it would automatically protect women, but

Catholic Mission Sisters

THREE sisters of the Servants of the Holy Ghost congregation have recently arrived in Sydney from America, to found in the Roman Catholic archdiocese of Sydney a number of homes for aged women and men of limited means who cannot afford the more expensive fees and are shy of living in the charity of the Little Sisters of the Poor.

The Catholic Women's Association Hostel has hitherto done what it could to meet this need, and its energetic president, Mrs. John Barlow, and kindly manageress, Miss O'Shaunnessy, are interesting themselves practically in the work of the newly-arrived sisters, whose order in America is well established and widely known.

THE MIRROR OF SOCIETY



WITH the return of race frolics and feminine visions, our rediscovery of the beaches and just Spring in general, we are experiencing the usual annual wobbly effect upon our scale of values.

One quite realises that for every advantage there is a corresponding disadvantage, likewise that in the end everything cancels out against everything else, but all the same one does tend to consider the lilies, also the grievances of the office typist.

"There is something wrong somewhere," she keeps fretting, "when it is paradise outside, yet here am I shut up all day just so I can buy clothes that are fashionable, but not really half as attractive as hula!"

THERE has, however, been no end to idle pleasure with all the race frolics in full swing. Private parties have been mainly of the cocktail, or musicale variety—no hostess would be thanked for anything so dull as bridge. Starting with the Fairfax's musicale, developing through the David Cohens, Mrs. George Armstrong, "Elwatan," and other gorgeousness, with R. R. Dangar, Percy Hardy, and H.M.A.S. Canberra officers, the climax will be reached with Lady Game's musicale at G.H. this Saturday.

Restaurants, too, have naturally been packed. But how one does wish that someone would tell the proprietors, in most instances, that music should be a charming, far-off background to encourage conversation, not a horrid noise to drown it!



BACK FROM many years spent in America is Mrs. J. J. Keegan, with her two sons. Mrs. Keegan was formerly Miss Eileen King, and one of her sisters married Charles Waldron, who is now acting with K. Connell in America.

presented the mess room. Lady Isaacs was presented with a bouquet of Royal Artillery regimental colors, red and blue, with a toy soldier on top. As she was wearing blue, and her daughter, Mrs. David Cohen, red, the color scheme was complete.

General Bruche, there on a visit, stayed in his old quarters for the night, as the bungalow always houses the commandant.

THOUGH not perhaps so wholeheartedly enthusiastic as Mrs. Herbert Douglas, who, when Chatham romped home, clapped her hands until her gloves burst, good weather, good finishes, and popular wins found last

Saturday's racegoers far cheerier than the sedate Mrs. Blair, who merely remarked, "I am glad that Dad has had a win."

One woman certainly was bemoaning the fact that after painstakingly sidestepping the 5 to 4 man, for the 6 to 4 one, she found that Rogilla was odds-on, not against, but she was only one.

Every second woman wore a white hat, white shoes, and gaily-colored frock. Mrs. F. Learoyd, Mrs. Budge, and Sadie and Elsie, Mrs. W. Owen, and Lady Murray were among the devotees of the summer's fashionable color, blue.

FOLLOWING the Continental idea, Mrs. Hall planned to erect a sun-canopy upon the lawn of 11 Onslow Av. for Saturday's 4.30-7.0 race tea. Unfortunately, the weather turned the canopy into a marquee, with carpet over the grass, although nobody seemed to mind. Everything was red-hot by 6.30, a little stray black kitten being pounced upon with joy and given place of honor in a drawing room. Honor Wilson, Allison Dent, Claude Beazley, and Maisie Williams, in checked gingham and linens, with white hats, looked as cool and lovely as anybody. Joan Waddell, Joan Inglis, and Jean Kennedy were also white-hatters, while everybody crowded around Molly Williamson with condolences. This time last year Molly was in a motor accident, necessitating five stitches over her eye, and on Friday, when en route to the Picnic Place, was again a victim, and acquired a nasty black eye.

RACE week's final flutter, however, took place at the Golf Club on Saturday evening, where, for the first time, the lighting was overhead. The centre lights, too, were shaded with



As well as sport Norma Carpenter takes an interest in her studies, and has returned to "Doone" to study German. Miss Carpenter is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Carpenter, Cremorne.

flowers, a mode sponsored at the Australian Club, when the tables held electric bulbs shrouded in tulle, and pansies. Tulips for buttonholes, too, were another new note. With gaily-tinted chiffon handkerchiefs to dangle over their partner's shoulders, they seem the newest craze, superseding flapjacks.

Esmé Burdett's giant organdie rose caused a debate as to whether it was as large as a dinner plate. Mrs. Bernard's carved jade earrings were much admired, as were Mrs. Colin MacKellar's brooch and earrings, formerly Nellie Stewart's.

Clare Lyle, daughter of Sir Thomas, over from Melbourne, accompanied Elizabeth Robinson, who was a picture in lemon chiffon, with taffeta slip to rustle when she moved; and "Cliff" arrived late, having first attended the "Good Companions."

COMING on top of mere frivolous frolics, a ball in aid of the Women's Hospital, Crown Street, may sound a bit austere, but that at Hopewood House was anything but. The moon was full, and the weather mild, so that time and again the band played to an almost empty room, for everyone

—: By Jane Anne Seymour :—

was wandering in the gardens. Lady Waley was unfortunately absent on account of her daughter, Mrs. Neville Hall's, illness, but the Maple-Brown's director, J. Dyneley Fell (with newly-acquired fiancée, Miss Beresford Grant),

IT is always exciting to go to a ball in aid of the Treadmill Homes, for, in spite of this charity's rather bread-and-butter sound, the committee always manages to have somebody very topical and thrilling as guest of honor. At their



MRS. A. MOORE, formerly Margaret Fairfax, who is visiting her parents, Dr. and Mrs. E. W. Fairfax, Sydney. Mrs. Moore will return to her home in Ceylon shortly.

Lady Harvey, Mrs. Maurice Gibson, Mrs. James Dickson, and countless doctors were present.

TWO entirely different conceptions of the Australian countryside have been on show in Sydney in the past week. Harry Dangar's attractively cool and delicate landscapes, with a total omission of all red tones, have presented a very washed-clean collection of drawings, restful in the extreme. Rex Battarbee and John Gardner, on the other hand, have been showing at the Arts Club their idea of the Central Australian wilderness of color effects, with red tones predominating.

Apart from their value as pioneers, Battarbee and Gardner are to be congratulated on their work, in their use of color and choice of subject matter, to gain the best effect. Their "atmosphere" is so convincing that one becomes quite Central Australia-sick, and can well understand how the wealthy owner of the homestead depicted in "The Glen Run" prefers to live in his beautiful solitude, only varied by trips round the world from time to time.

THE most representative and most important of all Sydney social functions, the United Service ball, was arranged for Thursday at the Wentworth. A blue ensign and a white one, relics of the old "Australia," were decorations of historical interest to be draped behind the official desk. June Lloyd, daughter of General H. W. Lloyd, was the only girl who entered her name in the Debutante Stakes.

first effort, the "Cricketers' Ball," the body-liners were fawcatted; then came the "Wanganella" party, at which Frances Wink was the centre of attraction. Now they have achieved their crowning glory by roping in the international tennis players for a "Welcome Home." No special decorations or sale of novelties were arranged, the committee pessimistically, but perhaps truly, thinking that nobody would have any money left after the races. Most well-known tennis enthusiasts planned parties, including Mrs. Frank Peach, Mrs. G. S. Warburton, Mrs. G. H. McElhone, Marie de Launay, and Thelma Martineer, while other notables included the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, Lady Butters, Mrs. Edmond Gates, Inky Carpenter, Eileen Cusick, and Norma Fyffe-Henderson.

THE Alumni, really the sporting side of the old G.P.S. Club, with which it is affiliated, had distinguished visitors who are all the same not dead-weights at a party, at their ball at the Blackland Galleries on Monday.

There was Mr. Dettmann as sole official representative of the G.P. schools, and Mr. Parkhill and Brigadier-General "Bertie" Lloyd, who take a great interest in the Alumni Surf Club at Mona Vale. "Bertie" has always been a good dance guest. One evening, when he was A.D.C. to the Duke of York, a dance was given at Government House, nominally for Elaine de Chair but really to entertain the Royal visitors. "Aren't there some good dancers at the Ambassadors?" asked the Duke. So "Bertie" jumped into a car and went off to fetch the Randalls. After their turn: "Aren't there some clever fellows at the Tivoli?" asked the Duke. Once more "Bertie" jumped into a car, this time returning with Olsen and Johnson.

ROSE DAY seems to have been very successful, but rather shattered us. After giving a box-shaker her reward, buying a lot of flowers, and inspecting a few non-working chocolate wheels on Friday morning, we found ourselves becoming quite demoralised by refusing box-shaker after box-shaker, and, in desperation, plunged into the surging mob, remembering nothing until several hours later, when we escaped to totter, drooping, home.



MRS. A. FOOTT (Melbourne) who visited Sydney for the racing festivities. Mrs. Foott is the daughter of General A. T. Anderson (Private Secretary to the Governor, Sir Philip Game), and Mrs. Anderson.

—Women's Weekly photo.

Gordon's "Ladder to Fame" exhibition at Grace Buildings, York St., quite the most attractive charity appeal for ages (it is to aid St. John Ambulance Association), has quite destroyed all that.

John Fairfax's red house nestling among green trees, and what appealed to our lazy mind, surrounded by plenty of space, we feel sure, if presented to the Royal Academy, would be welcomed with open arms and excited comments on its "sheer delicacy." J. Boulton's "Pots and Things," too, we considered delightfully debonaire—and how easy.

More subtle were Mrs. Littlejohn's cubist acrobat, and Mr. T. H. Kelly's "Neo-Vorticist Study of the Economic Disintegration of Disequilibrium." Mr. Hector Clayton, too, should have very good grounds for divorce in Mrs. Hector Clayton's picture of a man, entitled "The Horror of My Mirror," while Lady Game's pale koala on a pink cushion was a dear little thing.

THE "Amateur Painters" section seemed so correct after all this, although, when we looked more closely, it was very worth while indeed. We were devastated to learn that Mrs. Stuart Osborne, whose entry—a white girl—was so outstandingly beautiful, had had a picture accepted in the Paris Salon, but, since her marriage, had let her painting lapse. Dr. Grant Lindeman had two fine exhibits, and Lucy Baker some silk and wool designs worked on satin.

May Hollingworth's "Impression of the Theatre To-day" depicted a skeleton in scarlet robes, and Mr. A. E. Thompson's "Little Albert's" golden hair would be very suspect if appearing on a flapper in a ballroom. Mr. Justice Campbell and L. Nott presented fine contributions.

MRS. HAROLD BELL, an old "Sydney High" girl, was caught looking out of the window at the clock opposite during her schooldays. "Were you looking at the time?" sweetly queried the teacher. "Yes," she answered, hoping all was well. "Six French verbs to be learnt by heart." Mrs. Bell never forgot them, and, when in Paris, thanked her lucky stars for her youthful idleness, so she remarked at the Girls' High School Jubilee dinner on Monday, Mrs. W. H. Read brought each speaker a bouquet constructed of sweets folded in tinsel papers the High School brown and yellow in color. Everyone, it seemed, who had ever been at the school, was either present or mentioned by name.

YOU can't turn in Sydney without hearing something about the "Snappy Sydney" revue. Lots of preliminary parties have been held, and among the latest a dance arranged by Audrey Peters and Miss Pam McPhillamy, who booked Elizabeth Bay House for the event. The revue will be staged at the Savoy on October 17, 18, and 19.

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Morning and evening, do this: Work a creamy, fine lather of Palmolive Soap into the skin of face, neck and shoulders. Rinse first with warm water, then with cold. See what this does to restore the natural freshness of your skin.

The girl at the left shows the exact amount of olive oil we put into each cake of Palmolive.

CHOOSING CHAIRS for COMFORT

Being the weekly
diary of Saide, a dis-
cerning shopper.

THE cordiality with which the invitation to "take a pew" is received depends largely on the nature of the accommodation offering. But, be it for bridge or for lounge lizard purposes, there are chairs ranging, like automobiles, from a dashing sports model to a luxuriously upholstered affair.

OUR grandmothers were seemingly quite uninformed as to the flexible qualities of the human spine. To them it apparently represented an irresistible force for which an immovable object in the shape of a chair provided acute discomfort. As an evidence of irreproachable upbringing they sat bolt upright, on furniture of equally forbidding structure.

Perhaps with the rush of progress the need for more comfortable relaxation has prompted the supply of chairs of more flexible mien. Certainly we can choose, whatever the subtleties or the shortcomings of our vertebrae, a chair that offers a maximum of ease after a long day's toil.



WITH equally decorative propensities there is a "bridge or occasional" model upholstered likewise in



Genoa velvet. It has a swivel back that enables one to lean back with the assumption of ease so essential to a pre-emptive bid at bridge or to sit up and take that notice equally essential in a game-winning finesse. The price is £1/9/6.

HERE is a chair that will afford an equally cordial invitation to every member of the family. For the head



UPHOLSTERED in Genoa velvet with a dark oak frame, a chair at £6/12/6 "shapes to the body" (I quote the maker's words) and it should undoubtedly engender the most docile moods for its springs are specially tempered. A very desirable addition it would be for the smoke or the lounge room, not only for the comfort it represents, but for its decorative appearance.

of the house when he takes his after-dinner smoke, or to the housewife, as a surcease from domestic cares. There are two models in this design, one at £4/10/-, and the other at £6/12/6.



THE Sleepy Hollow, the Squatter and the Morris chairs have combined in this model to give maximum comfort. You just lounge back luxuriously after a round of golf or an arduous day at the office. It's £3/3/- worth of complete ease.

The Lovers' HOUSE

(Continued from Page 12)

HE took a step forward again, but the same thing happened the moment his foot touched the boards of the hall. Something thrust him back relentlessly, out, out in the wind and rain, and the heavy door swung to with a crash.

Maurice Hardy strode away down the drive with uncontrollable panic in his eyes like a hunted thing.

After that, he told Diana that the house was impossible. He could not bring himself to tell her about the unseen hands that thrust him back, but he told her about the falling limb from the sentinel cedar.

"Every time I go there," he said irritably, "something happens to me. The beastly place is hostile to me, I tell you."

Diana was troubled. She was so troubled that she seized the first opportunity of going down to the house alone. Perhaps the queer old caretaker had been playing tricks with Maurice?

The sun was shining on the day

that Diana went alone to the old house. There was a scent of roses in the air. The house seemed to beckon her with its open windows and its patient trees.

The old caretaker smiled when she saw her. "Some of the furniture's come, Miss," she said. "And real grand it looks. . . . The old house is getting out of mourning."

Diana came into the wide hall and laid her hand lightly on the old woman's arm. "Make me some tea, and let me have it with you in your kitchen, Mrs. Carey," she said. "I want to talk to you."

"Very good, Miss, very good." The old woman shuffled away down the passage, and Diana followed her into the servants' quarters of the old house.

Mrs. Carey made tea and toast, and Diana sat back in a rickety old armchair and felt supremely at home. She wondered how she would frame the question she wanted to ask the old woman, but Mrs. Carey herself opened the subject.

(Please turn to Page 40)

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Comprising 4ft. 3in. WARDROBE, fitted 1-3rd Sliding Trays and 2-3rds full hanging space. 3ft. 3in. 3-drawer DRESSING TABLE and 3ft. LOUGHBOY fitted hanging space and Sliding Trays. VERY NICE APPEARANCE AND FINISH.

Usual Price, £14/10/-. **SPECIAL CLEARANCE PRICE: £8/19/6**

4ft. 6in. FULL PANELLED BEDSTEAD to match £1/19/6



Wonderful Value
**COMBINATION
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Well constructed of Oak, as illustrated, fitted with full hanging space, 3 large deep drawers and mirror.

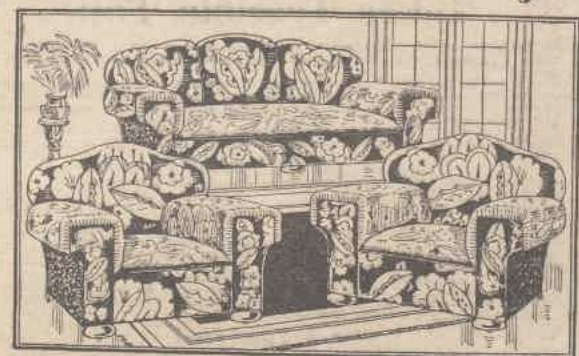


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Solidly constructed and well fitted with pullout rests for writing flaps, full length drawer and large cupboard space and finished in light or dark color.

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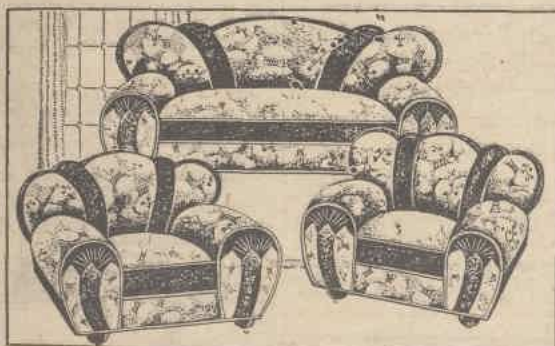


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Comprising spacious 6ft. SETTEE and 2 EASY CHAIRS. Very solidly constructed and well sprung and upholstered in a large range of Genoa Velvets.

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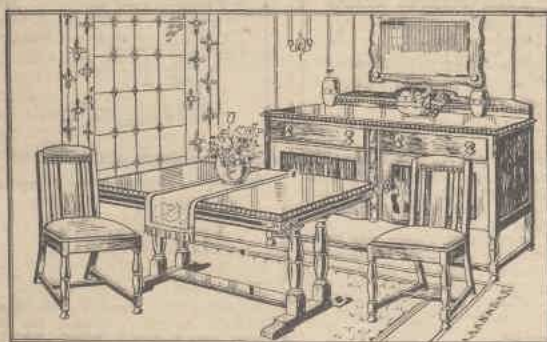
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The material is fashion's smartest and most serviceable. The set of the collar is just too comfort-creating. The cut of the back, with invisible pleats, gives the upper hand to freedom. The double yoke gives "strength" a good leg to stand on. And the colours include eight cool sweet shades. All fadeless. All pre-shrunk. Skip into your store and peep at the adorable dears. You'll find them excitable beyond your purse's resistance.

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HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE Takes Terrible Toll

THE Blood Pressure of Australians is higher than that of any of the World's peoples—higher than that of the American negro, whose blood pressure exceeds that of all peoples except ours.

It is a curious fact that the blood pressure of emigrants to Australia increases from the normal in their own countries, and Japanese and Chinese, whose blood pressures have been normal in the countries of their birth, have experienced an increase in pressure after living for years here—in the level of that of native-born Australians.

In one year no less than twelve thousand Australians died prematurely from the effects of High Blood Pressure, and included in that number were some of the Commonwealth's most valuable citizens.

Symptoms of High Blood Pressure

1. Headaches at the top and back of the head and above and behind the eyes.
2. Head noises.
3. Dizziness, fullness and heaviness of the head.
4. Flashes to head and throat.
5. Heart pain, shortness of breath.
6. Trembling and nervousness.
7. High Blood Pressure, like cancer, gives no early warning of its presence, and these symptoms occur when the blood pressure has been high for some time, so that immediate action must be taken to keep the pressure down to a safe level.
8. Loss of memory and power to concentrate.
9. Fear of impending disaster.
10. Irritability and depression.
11. Loss of will power.
12. Bladder weakness.
13. Drowsiness and loss of energy.

Watch Your Food

As we said before, High Blood Pressure is most frequently caused by toxins and poisons in the blood, and so it is important to cleanse the body of these poisons and to keep it free from them when this has been done.

Fortunately, this is easily accomplished by taking one Dr. Mackenzie's Menhaden occasionally after meals. Menhaden being a most powerful natural antiseptic medicine in convenient form, which neutralises and expels the toxins and poisons from the blood stream, and relieve the strain on the arteries and heart by bringing the Blood Pressure to normal.

For the average case a three months' treatment with Dr. Mackenzie's Menhaden is sufficient for this purpose.

Undoubtedly many people make mistakes with the food which they eat. Generally because they do not know that some foods are not good for them, and that other foods are actual poisons when disease is present.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menhaden are procurable from every chemist and store in Australia in packets of 30 Menhaden at 6/6 (sample packets of 30 at 2/6), with the diet chart in every packet.

If you are far from a chemist or store, just pin a postal note to this paper, with your name and address along the margin, and send it to W. James Rogers Ltd., Chemists, Dept. 3, 35 George Street, Sydney (opposite G.P.O.). or C. F. Lloyd and Co., 343 Little Collins Street, Melbourne; D. Maclean and Co., 255 Perry Street, Brisbane; and your Dr. Mackenzie's Menhaden will reach you by return mail complete with diet chart enclosed.

Be sure to get genuine Dr. Mackenzie's Menhaden in the green action, and refuse substitutes of this valuable natural medicine, which contains no drug.

The HALL... Is Your Guest's First Impression!



DIGNITY is conveyed by this hallway, with its well-spaced furniture and colorful rug.

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

A CHAIR moved here, a bowl of leaves placed there, the mat moved just a few inches forward this way or that to show its cleverly chosen colors—such an immense improvement can be effected made in the smallest hallway of the average home.

PERHAPS your home does not possess the small entrance hall. You have instead a long hall, narrow and inclined

View your hall from the standpoint of a visitor—the first glance through the open door reveals the measure of taste to be expected in your home—plan it for color and charm.

stance, a console table, ladder-back chair, and mirror would be charming. Too high a ceiling may be "brought down" by carrying the ceiling color down to the picture moulding.

A simple balanced arrangement of furnishings will give your hall a note of dignity, in addition to color and charm.—E.E.G.



A TIP for the "One-Room" GIRL

Here's an easy way to make a cretonne wardrobe for yourself.

If you are badly in need of closet space, or you are not lucky enough to have one in your room, this little suggestion will prove very satisfactory. Get two curtain rods, curved ones. You can buy them very cheaply.

Nail these to the back of your door, one at the top and one at the bottom. Measure the distance between these. Buy some pretty cretonne to match your color scheme. If you choose a 36-inch width, cut the length in two.

Ham both lengths, allow for a gathered margin at both ends, and stretch on the rods as you would casement curtains. For convenience, have the opening in the middle.

be dark, to contend with. But this can be made ever so cheerful and attractive by the skillful use of color and the correct choice and placing of furnishings.

Such a hall must look largely to its walls and floor for much of its effectiveness. To offset the darkness, use for the walls and woodwork luminous colors such as yellow, ivory, peach, rose, and salmon in pale tints. Blues, purples, some greens, and all dark colors should be avoided.

It is as well to remember that a smooth wall will reflect more light than a roughly finished one. Mirrors reflect light, add animation, and can create an illusion of greater width. They are invaluable in panels on doors or walls.

PAINTED furniture is to be recommended for the narrow hall, for it is lighter and gayer than the more sombre woods, but it must be small in scale.

Wallpaper may help counteract the bad proportions and add light. Landscape paper gives apparent width as well as light.

As regards furnishings, avoid overcrowding, emphasise horizontal lines where possible—group carefully. For in-

SUPER SPRING CLEANING

Comparisons sometimes help to make household tasks seem easier, and here is one for the women engaged in their spring cleaning.

When Buckingham Palace was spring cleaned recently—the task is undertaken in the summer when all the members of the Court are away at the same time—seven miles of carpet had to be re-laid and over two thousand pairs of curtains rehung.

Some suburban cottage.

ONE WOMAN TO ANOTHER...

"My dear, I saw just the daintiest little lipstick ever in the shop to-day—the very thing for my olivest—over—crowded—handbag—... Did I say it? ... My dear, when you told me it was Kathleen Court's latest from New York and only 1/6d. I took it like lightning—in case they found out they'd made a mistake! ... Oh, don't worry—Kathleen Court's New Wiglet Lipsticks actually use only 1/6d.—I got one myself yesterday, and mine's in that wonderful Orange-Champagne shade that won't come off until you wash!"



Clever IDEAS

UNIQUE FOOTSTOOLS may be made out of the single spring seats of an old motor car or chair. Cover the old seat with upholstery and attach castors at the four corners. This will give a comfortable bedside seat or footstool.—E. Page, Enmore, N.S.W.

TO PREVENT stockings from shrinking, cut a piece of cardboard, foot-shape, put it into a wet stocking, and hang in a breeze.

Stockings treated in this manner will not shrink.—Mrs. T. Craddock, Brisbane, Qld.

TO KEEP cold and pressed meats sweet, especially in hot weather, boil two tablespoonsful of lump sugar and two tablespoonsful of salt in a quart of vinegar for a few minutes.

Let it cool and brush the meat over with the liquid. This not only keeps the meat sweet and fresh, but improves the appearance and flavor, and prevents waste. Keep the liquid well corked and it can be used frequently.—Mrs. Mary St. Ledger, St. Kilda, Vic.

BEFORE LEAVING the beauty parlor with freshly marcelled hair, cover the head with tissue paper, and then the hat will not disturb the wave. The same applies to a re-set or water-wave.—"Esme," Lane Cove, N.S.W.

TO TRANSFORM an old, cracked, or otherwise disfigured jardiniere or vase into a thing of beauty, take a scrap of lace (enough to cover the article) and gum it all over and place round vase. When it is dry, paint with gold or silver paint.—"Fleur-de-Lys," Bowenfels, N.S.W.

CUT OUT the good part of an old tablecloth and dye it a pastel or any other shade. Bind it with bias binding to match and it will make an excellent cot cover.

A few amusing animal designs cut from the other odd pieces and dyed in a different color can be applied on the corners for decorations.—M. Fullerton, Rockhampton, Qld.

HARD BOILED eggs will make a novelty for a children's party. Dip the egg (after removing shell) in mayonnaise, to which a little liquid gelatin has been added to make it firm. Then decorate with pickles or olives to form funny faces.—Mrs. Gladys Miller, Melbourne, Vic.

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THE ACTUAL REFINERS. You will be pleasantly surprised with your transaction. Valuations free and replies by return to country clients.

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"CILRAG," which contains the essential oil of garlic is a powerful antiseptic. Therefore, let the powerful influence of "CILRAG" help you—it is the only logical way.

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Our FASHION Service & FREE Pattern



WX83.—Tailored frock of striped material with front shoulder yoke. Material required, four yards 36-inch. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, one and seven-eighths yard. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX84.—An attractive frock of linen with short sleeves and yoke with front opening. The front skirt features two inverted pleats. Material required, four yards 36-inch. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, two yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX85.—Flannel, linen, or pique coat with shoulder yoke cut in one with the sleeves. Material required, five and five-eighths yards 36-inch. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, one and three-quarter yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX86.—Frock of sheer nylon with scalloped double collar and puffed skirt flare. Material required, four and one-eighth yards 36-inch, and one and three-eighths yard 36-inch contrasting. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, three yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40-inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX91.—Maid's frock of pique with knife pleats back and front. Material required, three and seven-eighths yards 36-inch. To fit size 12-14 years. Other sizes, 8-10, 10-12, and 14-16 years. Sizes 8-10 and 10-12 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 9/4.** Sizes 12-14 and 14-16 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX88.—Frock with contrasting bodice pieces; sleeve box-pleated; plain skirt. Material required, four and three-eighths yards 36-inch and three-eighths yard contrasting. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, one and three-quarter yard. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

WX89.—Three-quarter length coat of tartan material with roll collar. Material required, four and one-eighth yards 36-inch. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, one and three-quarter yard. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

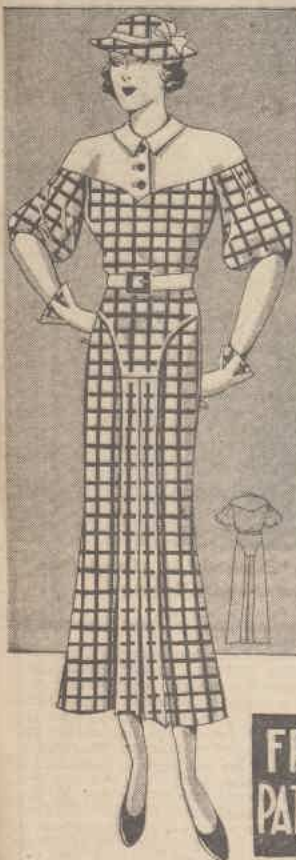
WX90.—Gored skirt of the same material as the coat with jumper with high neck and Peter Pan collar. Material required, one and seven-eighths yard 36-inch for jumper, and two and one-eighth yards 36-inch for skirt. To fit size 36-inch bust. Width at hem, one and three-quarter yard. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

SHOULDERS are still the centre of interest in the new summer modes, and our patterns this week give a delightful choice of treatment. Gloves continue to follow a variety of ideas, and to be really smart should match your frock.

Our free pattern is an ultra-smart model with its straight collar and puffed sleeves. It is cut to fit size 36in. bust. All seams and hems should be allowed for in cutting.

WX92.—Boy's cotton blouse and tweed trousers. Material required, three-quarter yard 36-inch for blouse, and one yard 36-inch for trousers. To fit size 4-6 years. Other sizes, 1-2, 2-4, and 6-8 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 9/4.**

WX93.—Small girl's party frock of flowered muslin with puff sleeves. Material required, two yards 36-inch and half a yard 36-inch contrasting. To fit size 4-6 years. Other sizes, 2-4 and 6-8 years. **PAPER PATTERN, 9/4.**



FREE PATTERN

All these patterns may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly at the prices indicated.

Personal inquiries regarding these patterns may be made at—

SYDNEY: Macdonell House, 221 Pitt Street.
MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 220 Collins Street.
BRISBANE: Shell House, Ann Street.

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When free patterns are required by post, forward this coupon and stamp for postage to the following address only:—
Pattern Dept., The Australian Women's Weekly, G.P.O. Box 4088W, Sydney.

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Address
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Name
Address



1. Marie Dressler, who takes a mischievous pride in reviewing the triumphs of a career in which men gave her jewels, "cotton, oil, and railroads."
2. Lionel Barrymore, who is faced with a financial debacle and wearied of his wife's social activities.
3. Wallace Beery, who is convinced that his President and his country need him, though wealth is his only asset.
4. Lee Tracy, whose diplomacy as a theatrical agent is unavailing against his client's overweening conceit.
5. Jean Harlow and John Barrymore, who, as a theatrical producer and performer respectively, treat one another with unveiled contempt.
6. Jean Harlow, late of the Hotentot Club down town, who has a clandestine love affair with her medico and a longing for exalted social circles.
7. Billie Burke, Louise Closser Hale and May Robson, who, as the harried hostess, poor relation and berated cook are vitally interested in the projected dinner.
8. Phillip Holmes and Madge Evans, a tragic end to whose engagement is averted by the timely suicide of the other man.
9. Karen Morley and Edmund Lowe, whose marriage has outlasted numerous affairs on the part of the latter.

FOURTEEN STARS in "DINNER at EIGHT"

By SAIDE PARKER

FOR a little over two hours I sat spellbound as one great artist succeeded another in a series of circumstances attendant on one event, a dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Jordan in honor of Lord and Lady Ferncliffe.

YET there is one thing only that challenges credulity, the uncanny intuition of the author, who has marshalled so many incidents into one continuous story. Each incident deals with the lives of the invited guests, and the finale takes them in to dinner, displaying that veneer of ease which commonly covers a multitude of irritations at a formal function.

As the hostess, Mrs. Oliver Jordan, Billie Burke encounters all manner of difficulties from inability to secure exactly the right people to meet English visitors possessed of the hall-mark so popular in that haunt of democracy, a title, to culinary catastrophes and uncontrolled domesticities. Such importance does she attach to social achievement that she is completely blinded to the condition of her husband, Lionel Barrymore, and that of their daughter, Paula (Madge Evans).

The former is suffering from serious heart trouble, resultant on financial

worry, and the latter has become enamored during her fiancé's absence of an actor, and is on the eve of breaking her engagement.

John Barrymore as the intervener, to use current legal phraseology, gives a powerful portrayal of an artist once world famous and thrice married. When his invitation arrives he is penniless. Refusing to recognise the fact that he is completely passe, he is drinking heavily. Those familiar with the career of this artist will recognise the gentle touch of satire aimed by the producer throughout at the famous Barrymore profile.

Wallace Beery and Jean Harlow give an inimitable performance as Mr. and Mrs. Dan Packard. The former is an entirely unpolished, but immensely wealthy, product of a Montana mining camp, and the latter an over-indulged and wilful beauty, whom he has taken from a down-town club. Their invitation precipitates a vulgar brawl, in which the lady, as is usual, has the final word.

"Among those present," too, are Edmund Lowe and Karen Morley, Dr. and Mrs. Talbot. The preview of these guests discloses the handsome medico as the perpetrator of a series of regrettable love affairs, and his ally, gentle, aristocratic wife as the disillusioned, yet still loving, spouse.

Expressing utter disbelief of his pro-

testations of innocence, she yet believes his profession of enduring affection for herself, affording an instance in which the inconstancy proverbially accredited to the sex can prove a blessing in disguise.

BUT, transcending all other players and each of her fellow guests, is Marie Dressler (Carlotta Vance).

Her egregious conceit of past exploits as the most famous star of the New York stage, and her trenchant humor, run through the entire film like a theme song in a musical comedy.

Above all she gives a convincing illustration of a noteworthy feature of this Hollywood production, a feature that attaches so consistently to British films, in many cases atoning for imperfections in technique, that of absolutely human portrayals.

One receives the impression that the make-up man is of very minor importance. From Marie Dressler, who appears in almost every scene, to Jean Harlow, who is only "on" for a few brief but dynamic moments, each artist takes the stage exactly as one imagines them to be in real life.

"I'll have my double chin in privacy," exclaims Marie Dressler, and gloriously and sinuously she parades her facial contours, unashamed and unadorned.

PRIVATE VIEWS

Films are seen by our critics at trade screenings arranged by film distributors. The reviews, therefore, sometimes appear on this page considerably in advance of releases in metropolitan theatres in the various States.

STORM AT DAYBREAK

THIS release is remarkable for its originality and settings, its characterization and realism. Featured performers are Walter Huston, Kay Francis, and Nils Asther. Starting with the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria in Sarajevo, just before the outbreak of the World War, it finishes with a climax in which Walter Huston settles the fate of his wife and her lover by driving himself to death over a steep embankment.

"Storm at Daybreak" is a military drama with many complications, due in no small degree to the fact that Kay Francis is already married. The picture provides excellent entertainment.

Phillips Holmes adds a touch of pathos. Others in the cast include Eugene Pallette, C. Henry Gordon, Louise Closser Hale, and Jean Parker.—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayor.

"PRIVATE LIVES"

HAVING heard the radio and the talkie version of "Private Lives," the stage presentation serves to strengthen one's conviction that the author is undoubtedly a courageous Coward. With unerring precision and candid speech, such as the censor must surely deplore, he proffers the audience some bitter pills to swallow, though so sugar-coated were they with brilliant humor, that the general bonhomie of first-nighters was in no way impaired at Sydney Criterion on Saturday last. As incident succeeds incident, recurrent bickering and tender reconciliation expose the skeletons on which so many matrimonial cupboards are kept closed and padlocked. Isobel Elsom, the English star, who is making her first appearance in Australia, as Amanda Fynde, though she gave the impression at the outset of training for effect, was utterly delightful in the stormy scenes of the second and third acts. George Barrand, with whom we have made previous acquaintance, both on stage and screen, was really excellent as Elvot Fynde, as were Charlotte Frances and Harvey Adams in their respective roles of deserted wife and husband.

THE STRANGER'S RETURN

PICTURESQUE and dramatic is the opening of "The Stranger's Return." Principals in the picture are Lionel Barrymore, Miriam Hopkins, and Franchot Tone.

Miriam Hopkins is the granddaughter of Lionel Barrymore, who, after being unhappily married, seeks his aid. She comes to Barrymore's home, a comedy and drama are fellow guests while she resides under the family roof-tree. A neighboring married farmer, Franchot Tone, falls deeply in love with her, but it is made quite clear to the audience that nothing can ever eventuate from their love.

Franchot Tone gives a very distinguished performance at the conclusion of the picture, when he goes from the country to the city to commence a new career—that of a teacher of agriculture—with no further thought of Miriam Hopkins. In this he wins the admiration of those who had begun by disliking him.

The pictorial beauty of the picture cannot be too greatly stressed. A number of the farm scenes are amazing in their sheer rural grandeur.

Stuart Erwin, Irene Harvey, Grant Mitchell, and Aileen Carlyle are also in the cast.—M.-G.-M.

CULINARILY SPEAKING

IF you are a student of domestic science, or more correctly one should say of gastronomic science, you will be interested and diverted at Una Merkel's attempt to cook a duck for a dyspeptic husband. Having achieved the most ap-

ADORABLE

WE hear that Janet Gaynor promises something very special in "Adorable." In frilly gowns and gorgeous settings she is a more sophisticated Janet than we are wont to expect, but, though she has discarded calico frocks, she retains the quaint sauciness that is essentially Janet. Henry Garat is her Prince Charming, and very handsome he looks in his regal attire. His name, in case you don't know, is pronounced Gar-rah.

There is a flavor of the time-honored tale of Cinderella in "Adorable," even to the lady's disappearance, though she is sufficiently modern to advance the hour from midnight to 2 a.m. It is a film that breathes romance in every scene, and that romance is set to music.

"Adorable" will follow "Good Companions" at the Sydney Prince Edward, and will be released immediately at Melbourne and Brisbane Regents respectively.

SHE'S "CURVACIOUS"

HOLLYWOOD has found a new sensation. It's Mae West, alias "Diamond Lil." This original young woman is one of the greatest stage successes of recent years, and "Diamond Lil" is the sobriquet by which she is best known. It was in the name part of this play that her stage career reached its zenith. Her first appearance on the screen was in "Night After Night," in which, although she had only a comparatively small part, she stole all the thunder. Her next appearance will be in "She Done Him Wrong," followed by "I'm No Angel," and both these films were written by this amazing girl herself.

She now enjoys conspicuous fame among so many men and women, to whom world plaudits are something in the nature of a commonplace, by her ability to unite plumpness with sex appeal. Basing her contentions on the fact that fashions have staged a comeback of the modes of 1900, she advocates a figure composed of pleasant curves such as were de rigueur with those fashions. And she herself affords a most striking argument in her own person and the popularity she has achieved. Stars who have followed a rigorous diet and indulged in regular and vigorous daily exercises are filled with dismay when they review all the energy and



MAE WEST, alias "Diamond Lil," of stage fame, is newest sensation at Hollywood.

self-denial that has been expended to no purpose.

palling confusion in her kitchen, she receives somewhat mysteriously the timely aid of a professional cook. Under his clever manipulations a dinner results that enables her husband to discard his aids to digestion. This film is a "short" on the same programme as "When Ladies Meet," now showing both in Melbourne and Sydney and due for immediate release in Brisbane. But don't be hungry when you go, for it would be tragic to have your appetite for more mundane things aroused when such excellent fare awaits one as that provided later by Ann Harding, Robert Montgomery, and Myrna Loy.

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IDENTIFY These VOICES Fascinating Talkie Competition

The release of the spectacular film, "Dinner at Eight," at St. James' Theatre on October 25, marks the beginning of the celebration of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Tenth Championship Year.

The Australian Women's Weekly invites you to join in the celebration by entering this entertaining contest, run in conjunction with M.G.M.'s First Championship picture.

IT'S delightfully simple and vastly entertaining. Every night from Monday next, 16th inst., until Saturday, 28th inst., inclusive, Station 2GB will broadcast ten of the stars from the cast of "Dinner at Eight," at approximately ten minutes to seven, with George Edwards at the microphone.

All you have to do is to listen-in for ten minutes and you will hear such artists as Marie Dressler, John Barrymore, Wallace Beery, speaking in your own lounge. In this amazing picture there are fourteen stars in all, including Marie Dressler, John Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Jean Harlow, Lionel Barrymore, Lee Tracy, Edmund Lowe, Billie Burke, Madge Evans, Jean Hersholt, Karen Morley, Louise Closser Hale, Phillip Holmes, and May Robson. Ten of these stars will speak during the broadcast, and there will be musical items interspersed throughout.

WHAT TO DO

Gather round your radio sets and identify each voice. You can discuss the voices while the music plays. If you miss it one night, listen-in the next. Then listen-in again to make sure you were right. Invite your friends in to hear it with you. You'll find it most exciting.

£25 in PRIZES

Voting coupons will be published in the next two issues of the Australian Women's Weekly. Fill one in in the order in which you hear the voices of the stars. You may submit as many entries as you wish, but remember, every entry must be accompanied by a coupon from the Australian Women's Weekly.

Address your entry:
"Dinner at Eight,"
Box 1551E, G.P.O.,
Sydney.

or deliver personally to Macdonell House, 321 Pitt Street.

There is no entrance fee. This competition represents entertainment that is absolutely free.

Prizes will be awarded as follows:—

First Prize, £20.
Five prizes at £1 each,
and six consolation prizes of six double tickets to "Dinner at Eight," at the St. James Theatre.

In the event of more than one correct solution being received, the £20 prize will be divided.

The decision of the Editor of the Australian Women's Weekly will be final.

Entries must be received on or before Thursday, November 2, and results will be published in the Australian Women's Weekly the following week.

Garden TERMS HULLO... it's Explained

Isn't it, Miss? Nothing but rain the last few days. Still, it does the garden good. Look at them zinnias, snap, and marigolds. It's surprising the way they come on once they start. You can almost see them growing.

Lend me that little fork you've got, and I'll show you how to work among them young plants.

NOW, about those plants, Miss, according to the term of their natural life, plants are classed as annuals, biennials, or perennials.

Annuals are those which bloom, produce their seed, and die in the same year that the seed is sown, and so last for one season only, such as sweetpeas, cornflowers, larkspur, poppies, mignonette, phlox, zinnias, cosmos, asters, and balsams, violas, pansies, godetia, and didiscus.

Biennials are those plants which last two seasons. It is usually two years before they come to maturity to produce their flowers and to ripen their seed. They then die.

We plant biennials in the spring. They grow all through the summer and winter and flower the following spring. Some of these are Brompton Stock, Foxglove, and Canterbury Bells.

All those double stock you have over there in that bed, Miss. Don't pull them up when they are done flowering. Just cut them back to a stump. They will shoot out again and give you a wonderful lot of flowers next year.

If you want that bed for something else, just lift them and plant them somewhere else.

By the
Old
Gardener

THOSE beds of wallflower and antirrhinums, don't hang on to them. Although they are plants that will also flower the second year, they are better grown from seed each season. The flowers are much more beautiful. Sow the seed in January, and transplant the young seedlings as soon as they are large enough to handle.

Perennials are those plants which last more than two seasons. Perennials are in two classes, herbaceous perennials and woody perennials.

The herbaceous perennial is one which is raised from seed, and after producing one or more crops of flowers, dies right down to the ground and leaves only a mass of roots or a crown. This goes on year after year, and if thoroughly cared for the plants last for many seasons. Yes, Miss, delphiniums are perennials, and so are Michaelmas daisies.

Woody perennials are those which are raised from flowering trees and shrubs and retain their growth above the ground permanently.

Perennial plants come under two classes—those which are evergreen, being in full leaf all the year round, and those which are deciduous, losing their leaves in the autumn.

Dearie me, Miss. I spoke too soon about the sun. It's starting to rain. You better go indoors.

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White is Style-right for Spring... the more you resemble a cool White cloud, the smarter you'll be. The Hub is ready for the Holiday whirl, with billowing, crisp White Organdi Neckwear that will captivate you with its variety of clever styles and cunning flattering effects.

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White Organdi Jackets for Day or Evening wear. This pretty garment features an extra large three-tier effect armhole, and shows a smart cross-over at waist. All sizes. Usually 12/11.
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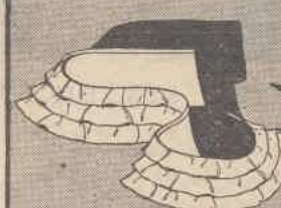


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Extra Large Flared Collar. Cleverly designed and showing a double flare which crosses at the waist and ties in pretty bow at back. Size, 10 x 40 ins.
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THE aged, "burnt out" appearance that
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Youth is thoughtless and the grey-haired
man, himself on the shelf and forgotten
in the social whirl. But in business it is
serious because their very subsistence is
jeopardized.

Particularly in three times of unemploy-
ment grey heads are finding it difficult to
keep their jobs, and at least 300 of them
are displaced every year by younger people.
This is tragic—unfair—but grey hair does
undoubtedly make one look old and worn
out, and there's no excuse for anyone to put
up with grey hair who doesn't want it to
be. It is so easy to bring back the natural
color by just brushing Haydine through the
hair two or three nights a week.

Thousands of people have proved this at-
tending, and the ease of this Haydine man is
interesting. He says: "My work as sales
manager takes a lot of nervous energy out
of me, and I suppose that caused me to go

grey. There's something pathetic about a grey-
haired man, so I took a friend's advice and
started on Haydine to get back the natural
color. I only used two lots of Haydine, and
my hair looks just as young now as ever it
did. It's marvellous all right, and so easy to
use."

Haydine is the new antiseptic which re-
stores grey hair to its natural color with-
out the use of dyes or stains.

Haydine restores the dye, paint, or stain,
so that it cannot stain your scalp, fingers,
or your linen.

Haydine begins with the hair-roots, invig-
orating them and cleansing the scalp of
dandruff and impurities that cause baldness,
and restores the natural color to every
strand of hair quickly and surely in a few
short weeks. You can wash your hair in the
usual way, because its color is permanent
and will not wash off or change in shade,
and the process cannot be detected by your
friends.

If you are grey, get a 2/6 box of Haydine
from your chemist, make it up at home your-
self, and watch the result in a week or two.

By James Rogers, Ltd., Chemists, Dept. J,
350 George St., Sydney (opposite G.P.O.).
C. F. Joyce and Co., Melbourne House, 243
Little Collins St., Melbourne; D. Matheson
and Co., Perry House, Elizabeth St., Bris-
bane &c.



EYESTRAIN causes

Headaches, inflamed lids, watery
eyes, glare intolerance, and may
lead to various nervous disorders.
Causes:

L. PARR & CO.,
H. G. PARR

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bers,
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Opticians
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We can assure you of Expert Optical
Service.

Louise Mack Advises



Visiting relations who upset the
household routine may be a nuisance,
but—

ONE of my correspondents
writes rather touchingly on
this matter. "We used to live
in Brisbane," she says, "but after the
depression we came to Sydney. We
thought it would be lovely to be near
our relations. But I soon found difficul-
ties arising. If we go to see them they
think we want something. We can see
it in their eyes. We are very poor. And
they suspect us of being after a meal
or something of other. That infuriates
my husband. After several doses of their
cold suspicious receptions we keep away.
The next thing is our relatives are angry
with us for never going to see them. And
they say so. They all run us down on
that account. We are covered with re-
proaches. Other relatives repeat to us
the nasty little things they say about us.
What would you advise? Would you
keep away from them altogether?"

No, you can't do that!
I should simply study how to give and
take.

Strange Aspects

The depression has revealed many
strange aspects of the question of re-
latives.

Some of these aspects are very noble,
very beautiful. Such as when one
struggling family squeezes itself into
a couple of rooms, and forgoes peace
and comfort to make room for a home-
less crowd of relatives.

That has happened many a time in
Australia lately.

Well, whenever that happens the true
significance of relatives is revealed, the
blood-tie, binding hearts to hearts, with
love in it somewhere, no matter how
circumstances and dispositions conceal
the lovingness.

Necessary Evils

The thing about our relatives is that
we can't do without them.

All sage people realise that these blood
ties are absolutely necessary to our joy
and security in such a silly old cruel
world as the one we have to live in,
full of chests, politicians, usurers, and
poverty and sickness and death.

Study the great, or study the humble.
Study the royalties and the aristocrats.
Or study those at the other parts of

We CAN'T do without OUR RELATIONS

... and there's only one
way to get on with them

Do you get on with your relations? Or are you at
sixes and sevens?

There is absolutely only one way to get on with
your family connections.

If you don't know the secret, the sooner you learn it the
better. It is, to give and take.

the scale. Study the black people, the
yellow people, the white people. Study
whom you please, and where you please,
and always you find the same condi-
tion. People cannot do without their
relations.

Is there such a thing as a necessary
evil? If so, then that's what relatives
are.

But that means they are a good thing,
too.

Well, so they are. Plato's "There is a
soul of good in all things evil" might
have been said about our relatives, yours
and mine, and everybody's.

Why not make a point of always tell-
ing them instantly you arrive, "We have
just had dinner."

If your relatives are really mean
people that would please them and all
would be well.

And if they are not exactly mean,
that would make them a bit afraid that
you might have imagined they were
mean, so they'll be extra nice to you,
just to show you what nice people they
really are.

Give and Take!

When you ask them to visit you, don't
eat until they arrive and make them
welcome at your table, no matter how
poor and simple is your fare. The poorer
and simpler it is the better.

You will then be in the position of
giving and they of taking.

Royal Relatives

Royalties are always peculiarly careful
about rapprochements with their re-
latives, perhaps because royalties' friends
must be, to a certain extent,
ever kept at a distance.

King George and Queen Mary gather
their children and grandchildren to-
gether as often as possible. They en-
courage visiting among their nieces, and
nephews, and cousins. They acquaint
themselves intimately with every detail
concerning the lives of their own crowd.
They never get out of touch with any of
them.

A Business Girl's Relations

This week my letter bag discloses
another letter that approaches the re-
latives problem from a different angle.
"I work for my own living!" writes
Thelma. "So don't you think I ought
to have some say in my own life? I'm

24. Yet my relatives are always at me.
There's Thelma with a new hat! or,
"Why, Thelma, are those new shoes
you're wearing? I thought you got a
pair last month!" My mother never
criticises me like this. I board with
mother and pay her 30/- a week. Yet
I sometimes feel afraid to put on any-
thing new. It's my relations that worry
me, especially my married sisters and
my cousins. Would you advise me to
stand up to them?"

Ah, Thelma, my dear, yours is an
age-old problem.

A finger in the pie is a weakness of
all families.

I can only advise you to give and
take.

Let them say what they like. If

ETIQUETTE



Toothpicks are provided for a pur-
pose—don't chew them after use.

they say, "Is that a new hat?" say,
"Yes." Give them their heads. But you
take your own way, notwithstanding.

Believe me, they will eventually let
you alone because you have placed your-
self in the one impregnable position for
one relative to another—the position
where you give and take.

And the reason that position is so
good is that it leaves nothing to be
said. It cuts the ground from under
their feet. And that's what we have
all got to do, with our relatives some
time or other, God bless them!

For YOUNG WIVES and MOTHERS

How Science and Nature Meet the
Problem of the Childless Woman.

— By —

M. Truby King

(Daughter of the World-Renowned
Authority on Baby Welfare).

The subject of sterility is a very big one, and no
attempt can be made here to deal with it fully. The
best means of promoting pregnancy is essentially a mat-
ter for a skilled gynaecologist. Both husband and wife
should submit themselves for thorough examination, as
the fault by no means always rests with the wife.

EXAMINATION of the woman has
undergone considerable advance in
the past five years or so. She presents
two problems, that of congenital sterility
and that of acquired sterility. Most of
the work done in this connection has
been to overcome any mechanical ob-
struction to the union of the sperm and
the ovum. A leading Sydney gynaeco-
logist affirms that there is a reason-
able chance of curing 60 per cent. of
those presenting themselves for ex-
amination and treatment.

From the mothercraft aspect, one is
glad to be able to assure women that
the lapse of a few years of childless mar-
riage is no ground whatever for giving
up hope.

Let me cite the cases of two of my
personal friends. Each had been
married about five years and had given
up all hope of pregnancy when their
husbands had to leave home to take
part in the Great War. Their wives ac-
companied them to England, where each
undertook hard, open-air work in the
country, as "Land Girls." One became
a milker on a dairy farm and the other
set to work in the north of England
tending to horses at the end of the day,
scrubbing them down, feeding them, etc.,
like any ordinary farm laborer.

Within a year of the time when these

two women rejoined their husbands
after the war, each of these women
commenced to have babies regularly
every 18 months or two years, until one
had a family of five and the other six.



Mother's Pride and Joy.

Ideally healthy children — entirely
breast-fed in each case for nine months.

Such cases were quite common as the
outcome of the Great War. The moral
is obvious.

On general grounds, the surest way
to promote conception and pregnancy is
to get back as close to nature as your
circumstances and conditions of life
permit.

We cannot all go on the land, but we
can most of us tune up our bodies by
special exercises, more frequent outings
in the fresh air, more nourishing food

to eat, and greater attention to our
bodily functions. The special exercises
recommended on page 13 of Sir Truby
King's book, "The Expectant Mother
and Baby's First Months," are designed
to promote the growth and strength of
the abdominal muscles and to tone up
the internal organs.

A regular, daily walk for an hour is
strongly advised, whether wet or fine.
Shoes should be comfortable and heels
low enough to allow you to walk with
pleasure. A maximum of fresh air and
sunshine should be sought, and the bed-
room windows kept wide open at night.

In April, 1931, the above advice was
given to a woman in Victoria who had
a son of four years, and greatly desired
another child. When she wrote she
said she was just about giving up hope.

A letter recently came to hand telling
me she had had the most delightful
surprise of a wee daughter, born in
July, 1933. She weighed 8lb 12oz at
birth, and was a perfectly normal,
healthy baby. Let me quote the mother
herself: "I took up walking for exercise
after I received your letter," she wrote,
"and up until the night before M. was
born I could walk four miles, comfort-
ably, and never felt tired. I find a nor-
mal confinement, and no stitches
(though with my little boy I had a
teen stitches), and have felt splendid
since coming home."

CORRESPONDENCE

Any inquiries for information on
mothercraft subjects should be ad-
dressed to: The Sister in Charge,
Mothercraft Society, 283 Elizabeth
Street, Sydney.

CRISP, Springtime SALADS

NO longer a blushing beetroot peeping from a lettuce leaf—salads to-day spell more of adventure, of delightful originality, combined with a wealth of health-giving goodness.

Housewives should serve salads at least once a day, as they are so necessary to a well-balanced diet.

What a welcome change from winter desserts are the tender young greens of spring combined with fresh carrots, tomatoes, and fruits! And how they improve, with their stimulating color, the appearance of the table!

By
MARGARET
SHEPHERD

Grapefruit nestling on crisp lettuce with cherry decoration.

WIN £5 IN
Exciting
CONTEST

GOOD cooks everywhere! Day after day readers' favorite recipes, in fascinating variety, are received by The Australian Women's Weekly. They come from town and country in hundreds, setting a prodigious but most interesting task for the judges.

Here are this week's winners:

Kinfauns Delight

One pint packet of cherry jelly, 1 pint of hot water, 2 yolks of eggs, 1½ gills of milk, 1 oz. of castor sugar, 1 oz. of almonds, 2 oz. of white grapes or seeded raisins, or 2 oz. of crystallized cherries, 1 large or 2 small bananas, vanilla flavoring.

£5 For Readers

IT COSTS NOTHING TO ENTER

IT'S a simple matter to choose your best recipe and send it to us. Five minutes or less of your time may win you one of the five £1 prizes.

No trinkets, no entry fee. Just clip the necessary competition form from Page 43, attach it to your recipe, written clearly, or typewritten, and address to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney, marked "Best Recipe Competition."

Dissolve jelly in hot water and leave until cool. Wash the grapes, peel the sliced bananas, and add to the jelly; leave until set. Blanch the almonds and chop them roughly. Beat up the yolks and add the milk. Pour into a jug. Stand in a saucepan of water and stir over the fire until custard thickens. Do not let it boil or it will curdle. Remove from saucepan and add sugar and vanilla. Leave until cold. Break up the jelly into rough pieces and pile it up in the centre of a glass dish. Sprinkle the top with the chopped almonds and pour round the custard. £1 prize to Mrs. Lillian A. Parkin, 54 Oakwood Avenue, North Brighton, Melbourne, S. Aust. Vic.

Shredded Cabbage, With Tomato Sauce

By shredding cabbage and cooking it very quickly in boiling water an apparently new vegetable results.

Choose a fresh cabbage with a firm heart.

When Salt is a Poison

Who would have thought that ordinary table salt, that commonest of articles in the family kitchen, is actually a poison in cases of High Blood Pressure and diseases of the heart, brain, and kidneys? The question of diet is most important in diseases because often the treatment and medicine are made useless by the food the patient eats, for after all food affects the body in just the same way as medicines do. That is why doctors prohibit ordinary table salt in the diet of patients suffering from these diseases, for salt raises the blood pressure and damages an already diseased heart, brain, and kidneys.

It is difficult for most people to avoid salt when it is used in the kitchen in cooking of the food, for salt is an ingredient in almost every dish, and food without salt is tasteless and unappealing. Every person who suffers from High Blood Pressure, or Heart, Kidney, or Brain diseases should never use ordinary salt at table because ordinary salt raises the already High Blood Pressure and causes extra strain on the kidneys and heart when they are already weakened by disease. You can get a special medicated salt called PRESOR-SALT for your own use at table, which neutralizes the effects of ordinary salt used in the cooking of your food, which will not raise the blood pressure or affect the heart, and has a beneficial effect on the kidneys.

You can buy Presor-Salt in green pourer-top flasks for 3/6 at all chemists and stores in Australia, or a postal note for 3/6 to the well-known chemist, W. JAMES ROGERS, LTD., Dept. 3, 395 George Street, Sydney (opp. G.P.O.); C. F. Lloyd and Co., Melbourne House, 341, Collins St., Melbourne; D. Maclean and Co., Perry House, Elizabeth St., Brisbane, will bring your Presor-salt by return mail.

If you would like a copy of the diet chart, ask them to send you one free also.***

Remarkable Advertising Offer

One pair best quality "OSMAN" hemstitched sheets, 90in. x 90in., 29/6. Six best quality "OSMAN" Pillowcases, 19in. x 39in., 17/6.

Reduced to TWO GUINEAS

Solely to advertise these goods, ONE out of every FIVE purchasers will be presented with an additional pair of sheets and six Pillowcases, the same as above.

£4/14/6 value

for only £2/2/-

Every purchaser has an equal chance of being selected to receive this present.

This offer is limited, so order NOW.

L.C., Box 2111L, G.P.O., Sydney.

THERE are a few points to be considered when making salads. Always see that the lettuce, cress, or other greens are well washed and drained. And chill for crispness. When fruits are combined, serve a simple French dressing. When salads are served as the main course at luncheon or tea, combine with cheese, nuts, and a heavier dressing.

Never add the dressing to salads until the last minute. If allowed to stand, the leaves wilt. When adding oil and vinegar to lettuce, remember to add the oil first, and just sufficient to flavor. There should never be any liquid at the bottom of the dish.

Below are given a few salads that are easy to prepare at short notice, commencing with "dressings."

MAYONNAISE

One egg, 1 teaspoon sugar, salt, mustard and vinegar, a pinch of pepper, and a dash of cayenne, 3 tablespoons olive oil salad oil.

Put the egg into a deep basin, add the sugar, salt, mustard, and vinegar; also pepper and cayenne. Beat well, then add the salad oil—a dessert-spoonful at a time, beating well. Lastly, 2 tablespoons lemon juice or vinegar. Beat until the mixture is thick and fluffy.

SHARP FRENCH DRESSING

Two tablespoons lemon juice or vinegar, 5 tablespoons salad oil, clove, garlic, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, and pepper.

Cut the clove of garlic and rub a bowl

with it. Chill the oil and lemon juice. Put in the bowl and whip until creamy.

Veal Fricandeau

Take 2 or 3 lb. cushion veal, pare off the skin, and trim the veal into oval shape. Cover closely with strips of fat bacon dipped into seasoning of spice, pepper, and salt. Put in a stew pan on a bed of sliced carrots, onions, and celery; add a small bunch of herbs (tied together) and enough stock to half-cover veal. Cover the whole with buttered paper and stew slowly for 1½ hours. Baste carefully about every 10 minutes. When done, place the veal on a baking dish, and pour the stock into a saucepan. To glaze the veal, strain the stock, free it from grease with paper, and boil it down to half glass. Take the veal from the oven, brush it over with glaze, set on entree dish, cut it across into thin slices, garnish with spinach, and pour the glaze around.

£1 prize to Mrs. C. M. Skinner, 60 Kensington Road, Kensington, N.S.W.

Pineapple Pudding

Beat 1 tablespoonful of butter and ¼ cup of sugar to a cream, add 1 egg, and beat well. Then mix in ¾ cup self-raising flour. Roll out and line a deep pie plate, and bake in a fairly slow oven about 7 minutes. Have prepared beforehand this pineapple mixture—Grate up a small pineapple and stew with sugar to taste. Separate the yolks of 3 eggs from the whites. Beat up the yolks and mix in 2 dessert-spoonfuls of butter, stir into the cooked pineapple, and allow to heat a few minutes. Keep it hot. When pastry is cooked put in pineapple mixture, beat up the whites of the egg to a stiff froth, add ¼ cup sugar, and spread over. Put in the oven to brown. This is delicious with cream or boiled custard.

£1 prize to Mrs. H. Kerwin, Acacia Street, Naracoole, Qld.

Rainbow Sandwich Strips

Butter thinly a slice of bread, spread with finely cut beetroot pickles, then another buttered slice with ham paste, another with tomato, pepper, and salt, another with finely chopped celery, another with cheese, and, finally, place a buttered slice on top. Press tightly. Cut crusts off, then cut in strips. This has a rainbow effect, and is a delicious savory for suppers, etc.

£1 prize to Miss M. Rowlands, c/o C. W. Ward, Stanhope, Vic.



SALADS of a kind that give zest to one's appetite as well as supplying tonics for the body.—Carrot and delicious orange and nut salads are shown above.

VEGETABLE SALAD

1½ cups of cooked and well-drained Lima beans, 4 oz. cheese cut into dice (celery cheese is very nice with this), 1 lettuce, 1 doz. olives, 1 teaspoon onion juice, mayonnaise.

Drain the beans and season well. Mix with the cheese, onion juice, and chopped olives. Blend with the mayonnaise, and serve on lettuce leaves.

GRAPEFRUIT SALAD

One grapefruit for each person, shredded lettuce or watercress, 1 tablespoon grated celery cheese for each person, cherries, oil, and vinegar.

Wash and dry lettuce, shred finely. Arrange on plates, sprinkle with oil and vinegar. Peel grapefruit, divide into segments, taking care to remove all the pith. Arrange on lettuce or watercress in the form of spokes of a wheel. Pile the grated cheese lightly in the centre, top with a cherry.

CARROT SALAD

One cup raw carrots, 1 cup raw cabbage or lettuce, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 2 tablespoons whipped cream, 2 tablespoons mayonnaise.

Choose fresh young carrots and cabbage. Allow them to stand in iced water until crisp. Drain cabbage well, shred finely, add vinegar and allow to chill 15 minutes. Drain and dry carrots. Cut in fine strips. Combine, and toss lightly together with mayonnaise to which cream has been added. Line a salad bowl with crisp lettuce leaves, arrange the carrot salad in the centre, cover with some of the mayonnaise, and garnish with parsley.

GRAPEFRUIT AND SHRIMP SALAD

Two grapefruit, 20 shrimps, cooked and chilled, mayonnaise. Peel grapefruit, divide into sections, and remove membrane. Arrange on a bed of crisp lettuce or watercress. Then place shrimps on grapefruit. Top with mayonnaise, and garnish with watercress.

CUCUMBER AND SARDINE SALAD

One tin sardines, 1 teaspoon Worcester sauce, salt to taste, tomato sauce, 2 large cucumbers, 1 head lettuce.

Make a paste by mixing the sardines with a fork, adding the Worcester and tomato sauce, salt. Shape into small balls and serve these on thick slices of cucumber, which have been marinated in oil and vinegar for half an hour. Arrange on a salad plate lined with lettuce leaves.

PINEAPPLE AND STRAWBERRY SALAD

Half a pint strawberries, 1 dessert-spoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon castor sugar, 1 cup fresh pineapple (diced and sweetened), 2 tablespoons whipped cream, 3 tablespoons whipped mayonnaise. Sprinkle berries with lemon juice and sugar. Add the pineapple. Arrange on crisp lettuce leaves. Serve with a dressing made by folding into whipped cream the mayonnaise. Sprinkle with finely chopped walnuts.

SPRING RADISH SALAD

Finely slice the radishes and marinate in the French dressing with the ends of eschallots. Remove the eschallots, and arrange the radishes on the hearts



of crisp lettuces. Sprinkle generously with the French dressing.

POTATO SALAD

While the potatoes are still warm cut them into cubes and marinate with the French salad dressing.

Stand aside until cold. Then add 1 cup finely-diced sweet pickle, 1 cup diced celery, 1 medium size onion, and 3 hard-boiled eggs, cut into slices. Salt to taste. Blend with mayonnaise, and garnish with watercress.

"It takes Clements to make one feel really well!"



DAY after day Clements Tonic brings new life to men and women who are "run down," nervy and fatigued. After the first bottle there is a feeling of renewed strength, a better appetite and sounder sleep. Colour returns to pale cheeks, and troubles are forgotten. For Clements Tonic brings renewed health by fortifying the blood and feeding the nervous system. It is a natural restorative, free from drugs and injurious stimulants. Here are two of the many letters received from grateful users:

"Nerves Just Danced"

South Broken Hill.
"I suffer from dreadful headaches. My nerves just dance; in fact it is sometimes impossible for me to see out of my eyes. I take your tonic regularly for a month or perhaps more until I feel well again. Then I do not take any more, perhaps for a couple of months, so you see it does me a lot of good."

(Mrs.) D.J.B.

"Insomnia Disappeared"

Stanmore, N.S.W., 10th Feb., 1933.
"I feel I must let you know what Clements Tonic has done for me. I have been suffering from Insomnia for a considerable time. A friend advised me to take Clements Tonic. I have only taken three bottles and the result is wonderful. I feel altogether a different woman."

(Mrs.) E.O.S.

(Original letters on file for inspection)
Prices at Chemists and Stores in Capital Cities in the Commonwealth, 3/- and 5/3 a bottle.



CLEMENTS TONIC

"Gives you nerves of steel"

White



Rinsing does more than anything else to get things really white. Keeping the copper water clear, drying out of doors—these help to get things clean. But it's the rinse in blue water that gives them that glorious whiteness.

Reckitt's BLUE
Remember! Out of the blue comes the whitest wash!

You can make this NEAPOLITAN MOULD from Elizabeth Craig's Custard Book

Elizabeth Craig, Britain's foremost cookery expert, is a great believer in custard. She thinks that housewives could make very much more use of this wholesome, nutritious dish, and has compiled recipes for many delightful ways of using it. For all these dishes she recommends you to use Foster Clark's Creamy Custard, because it is made of the purest and finest ingredients and is so wonderfully economical.



Foster Clark's
creamy CUSTARD

"When I use a custard powder, I always choose Foster Clark's Creamy Custard, because I know how pure and wholesome it is, and I think it's delicious—don't you?"
Elizabeth Craig



FREE Recipe Book

To FOSTER CLARK (Australia) LTD.,
Dept. H.H.
Bridport, N.H. Wales.

Please send me a free copy of Elizabeth Craig's Custard Book.

Name _____

Address _____

Enclose a 10 stamp for postage

BILL was a slight man of uncertain age, with a good skin and the loose shoulders of a golf player. He had a cynical humor and a good heart. He had his secrets—who didn't? He loved Van Gogh, Stendahl and a red-headed girl in San Francisco, whom he hadn't married. His office had just been refurnished with steel furniture in the new style that had overwhelmed the sybaritic citizens of Hollywood. Next to his table were two giant antique silver church candle-holders with immense thick beeswax candles that had been dripping for two hundred years. When Bill was worried by weighty problems, he was in the habit of scratching delicately into the soft wax, an operation that almost loosened something in his brain and made it pliant.

That morning he played with the wax for several minutes; then he called Messrs. Houston, Hopkins and Erbacher into his office. They came hurriedly, though they gave themselves the appearance of just strolling in, and greeted their chief with that loud respectfulness to which Bill had educated them. Then they reached for cigarettes and sat down on the steel chairs, leaving free space in the centre of the room for Bill, who always walked up and down during conferences. Hopkins and Houston were influential and important men in the organisation of the Phoenix Pictures. They were argumentative fellows: Sam Houston tall, heavy, but light on his feet; Stewart E., as Hopkins was called, well-mannered, soft-spoken and diplomatic; Erbacher was less important, and younger. Although he was a good man, he suffered from a bad conscience.

He had much to hide: he was a Ph.D. graduate from a German University; he read Greek fluently—Plato was his favorite author; he was the author of two highly literary plays that had been produced in Europe; he was always in danger of being considered a highbrow, a bad reputation in Hollywood. It meant education, lack of clarity, impracticalness, spiritual pride. Though Erbacher had stripped himself of his doctor's title and had hidden his Plato, and denied his literary ability, and had reorganised the scenario department, there was still something suspicious about him. He sat on the edge of the chair, watching himself; his upper lip was bedewed with small drops of sweat, like a window in an over-heated room.

"Boys," Bill said enthusiastically, walking up and down. "Next on the table is 'Progress.' You should have started to shoot on the tenth. Isn't it the tenth? The tenth of June, I mean. We have got to postpone that. . . . Just a moment, Sam. There's the story with Ria Nara."

Stewart E. made a face as if to say: "What's up?"

"Yeah," Bill went on without waiting for any questioning. "Ria is on the warpath. We had to expect that, considering how we cut her yesterday. We did cut her. I cut her myself. And I know what I'm doing. I think she was lousy in 'Harden'—absolutely lousy and affected! And the public has got enough of her. We have an option on her at five thousand a week. But I'm not at all anxious to pay five thousand for that played-out phonograph record! . . . She called me up this morning at home."

"Did she?" Sam cried out, for Bill's privacy wasn't to be disturbed for anybody.

"She did that. She complained of nerves—didn't know if she'd be able to work with Oliver or not. I consoled her. The devil only wants her to work with Oliver! I don't. She is thirty-five now. When she is alone, she can pass for—say twenty-seven. But when she is standing next to Oliver she looks like sixty-two! We will get Peggy for 'Progress.'"

"That baby?"
"Just so. That baby. When they are young, they know nothing. When they begin to know something, they've got old. Can't change that. She will have to be polished up a little, drilled, spiced with a little publicity. I think I can make something out of her in four weeks, and shorten her part, and make something big out of her in the future. Let Oliver carry 'Progress'! Oliver is the trump-card. Oliver—big. . . . Did you say something, Sam?"

"Do you mean to say that Oliver is to stroll around another four weeks? Say, you've got to put Oliver in harness right away. He's had too long a vacation already. Vacations don't do him any good."

"Don't do him any good? Well, why don't you go with the Morescu to an island, and see what good it will do you!"

"What I meant was, Oliver must drink less."

"Sh!" Bill shushed, and looked around as if public opinion could pierce through into the holy seclusion of the conference-room. "Oh, Oliver doesn't drink at all. If his hands tremble occasionally, it's because it rains too hard. We know that."

"I've had an interesting discussion with Oliver Dent," Erbacher interrupted here. "He is too naive to ex-

FALLING STAR

(Continued from Page 6)

press himself, but under this brilliant surface there is something very tired in him, something broken. When he drinks, he drinks to give himself courage. He is young, and he has had too much of everything: Too much success, too much love, and too much pleasure. He is so satiated that it has become almost a disease with him."

An uncomfortable pause ensued, as when something very uncomfortable is said. Then Bill went on:

"Well, then, boys, we will continue without paying any attention to what Erbacher, here, has just said. First thing, we have to produce something very sensational within the next four weeks. We have got to top 'Harden'! We have got to top it. What can we do?"

"Sensations, unfortunately, don't grow on the flats of the hands," remarked Stewart E., looking at his palms as if he really expected that something should grow out of them.

"I think Bill has a sensation prepared in the background," Sam murmured. "But have you a film for Donca?"

Bill looked at him with hurt eyes, angry that this old fighting comrade should have stolen his thunder.

"I imagined that you would help me

going to be a big production," Bill shut him up.

Erbacher, who knew by heart the wandering story, began to tell the story.

"Tatiana is the young wife of the horrible and brutal Prince Gregorvitch, the chief of Petersburg's secret police."

"How old is she?" Stewart E. questioned.

"When the Prince is called to Petersburg at the time that the fire of the revolution have first broken out, Tatiana remains alone in the small summer castle not far from the town. Then the Neva River, birches, terraces and so on. At night a pursued man hides in her room—a revolutionist who has escaped from gaol. When the police have traced him, Tatiana, overcome by a sudden feeling of pity, hides him in her bedroom. While she is detaining the police outside, the young man—Akim, I think is his name—shaves off his beard and puts on one of the Prince's own dressing-gowns. Aided by Tatiana, he dupes the police. Great passion seizes the two young people. Then there is a love night."

"The hell there is! What about censorship?" Sam Houston interrupted.

"In the morning Akim leaves, but gives Tatiana a ring that has a secret sign which will protect her, should the

revolution break out. Life continues. Petersburg society is dancing on a volcano—the revolution. During a magnificent feast, revolutionists break into the house. The Prince and his wife are taken prisoners and condemned to death. And then," said Erbacher, "and then—"

And becoming suddenly disgusted by the thickly laid-on melodrama of the story, Erbacher cried out:

"And from then on, you can do with it what you want! Akim finds her in her cell. Or she goes to him and he saves her. Or they both flee. Or he stops the execution at the last moment. You can make a happy ending and send them over the border. Or you



"What do you think of your new baby sister?"
"Aw, Ma says she's lovely; sis says she's cute, but I reckon we got stung!"

in that," he said, speaking to his waxen candles. "I've asked Donca to be here at two o'clock. I would like to make a few tests," he added, and began to play with the wax. His worries were deeper than he made believe.

And then happened the thing that happened at all conferences: The three men sank their heads in their hands or scratched on paper corners or played with their belt-buckles. From time to time one of them yawned, another said a few broken words, but withdrew his motion before he had made it. Bill, standing at the window, listened patiently.

"Can any one of you still remember anything about the Russian thing, 'Night of Fate'?" he finally inquired.

Erbacher knew everything that was going on in his department. He gave a short synopsis of the story, and informed them that some Russian was working on it, and even pronounced the name of the unfortunate. "Quaschenko is his name."

"I've got the synopsis here," Bill said negligently. "I ploughed through this last night. If we should not be capable writer on it—say, James Timmons—he could turn out a working script in seventy-two hours. I think it's the right stuff. It's Russian stuff. Donca will be able to use an accent and sing in low voice as long as her heart desires."

Erbacher arose and grabbed the type-written pages that his chief held in his hands. He spread the pages on his knees and looked at them. "I will see whether Timmons is home," he said soberly.

James Timmons was the most talented but the laziest ant of the hill in the writers' department.

"Wasn't that the mush we dished out last year for Whitting Whipple?" Sam Houston asked. "There wasn't any decent female part in it!" he remonstrated.

"Timmons will have to build a female part, a Morescu part, into it. I still think it's wonderful stuff."

"I think it's just terrible! But if you are thinking of Donca, maybe! Donca in saffles, Donca in headkerchief, Donca in high boots, Donca in a castle, Donca on the barricades. Wasn't it something like that, Erbacher?"

"Yes, it's high time that you know something about it—because you are going to supervise the production. It's

can make a sad ending and both of them are shot down, or only she is shot down, or only he is shot down. Or she may give birth to a child—that means Akim's child—a great scene for the Morescu. All these endings I have just told you have been worked out in detail—"

He interrupted himself, and daubed his wet upper lip with his perfumed handkerchief. He was always ashamed and bored whenever he had to tell a film story.

"I think it's damn' good stuff," Stewart E. finally said.

Bill, seemingly without hearing what he said, spoke into the office phone: "I want to see Mr. Timmons."

"Mr. Timmons isn't home," the office phone answered a moment later. Erbacher sighed. Bill looked at his wrist-watch.

"When the Morescu arrives, in twenty minutes, I must have at least one good scene from the story. I must work her up and then make a test right away."

ERBACHER drew his fountain pen and began without further ado to sketch a dialogue on the yellow paper on the desk. His eyes twitched, for he was short-sighted, but he avoided glasses, lest he look too much the intellectual.

"What's the name of that person that is playing around with the manuscript?" Bill asked impatiently.

"Quaschenko, a beginner. His manuscript is in Russian," Erbacher informed the chief rather downheartedly.

"That's O.K.," said Bill Turner the terrible. "Send him in with his script. I know Russian better than English."

That was the end of James Timmons' career, and the beginning of Peter Quaschenko's career. It was also the birth of the superfilm, "The Night of Fate," with Donca Morescu as the great star.

NEXT WEEK:

—You will read how Donca commenced work on the new film, and the strange effect it had on Oliver—

EMBROIDERY and MONOGRAMS

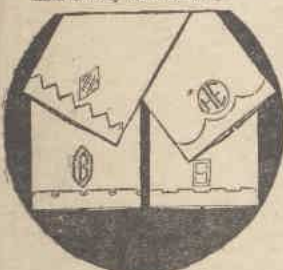
Embroider
LINEN
This
Way
for
Distinction!



MARK
Your
SCARF
for
Chic
Individuality

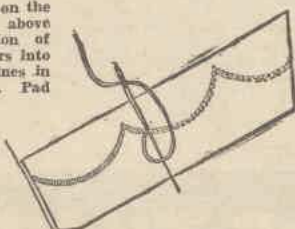
Shown below: Oversewing the padded outline of scalloped sheet border. Work guest towels, pillow cases, and kerchiefs the same way.

Embroidered hems are effective, and a small initial or monogram in the corner of your sheets is charming and immediately distinctive.



Scarf Monogram

The monogram showing on the charming scarf pictured above is simply a combination of initials. Tack the letters into position and work outlines in small, running stitches. Pad the space between with lengthways stitches, to give a rich, raised effect when the satin stitch is worked over it. For the thin lines use overcast stitch.



There is something definitely attractive about marking your own possessions. . . . The practical, as well as smart, woman of to-day realises the blessing of a distinguishing mark for her house linen, lingerie, etc., and an embroidered initial or monogram speaks of fashion as well as possession.

EVERY woman loves a well-stocked linen chest. She does not display it with the ingenuous pride of her grandmother but she is certainly not proof against the flattery of her friends' envious remarks of, "Oh, my dear, wherever did you get this?" or "I can't think how you can possibly afford it."

Very few of us, nowadays, can afford the sort of things which make our friends envious, unless we make them ourselves. But who's going to notice things unless they are quite out of the ordinary?

But just try your hand at one of the very newest sheets illustrated here. It doesn't matter how much of an amateur you are, you can carry them out, and, what's more, finish them long before you have had time to get tired of the work.

Making the Design

YOU first fold the hem over on to the right side, and then stamp the design an inch from the raw edge. You can either use one of the designs shown in the sketches or devise an original one of your own. The amount of material which should be turned back for the hem depends on the design; the scalloped and pointed designs requiring a wider hem than the flat one. Roughly speaking, about 4-5 inches should be turned over, one inch of which projects below the design.

Mark your design in pencil, using a ruler for straight lines, and a plate or a large compass for circular ones, and be careful to make the design

exactly fit the width of the sheet. The design for the monogram can be drawn later.

Use a firm, strong and not too thick embroidery thread—Pari-Lusia "Convent" Cotton No. 16 is very suitable—and run the hem to the material beneath along the exact outline of the design. Then run four more rows close up against the first row, so that the work stands up in a little ridge. Now oversew the whole of the design, as shown in the diagram. Your stitches must be very upright, placed very close together, and pulled fairly tightly, and the work will stand up in a hard ridge.

Cutting Away the Hems

NOW you come to the ticklish part of the work—the cutting away of the spare inch of hem right up to the edge of the embroidery. This needs very careful handling, as you must go close up to the embroidery for neatness, and yet never by any chance let the scissors slip and cut the thread.

If you pull them in and out and make detached snips, you will get an ugly, uneven edge, but if you cut with the hinge part of the scissors—embroidery scissors, of course—keeping the points well up in the air all the time, and turning with the hinge, you will find that you sail along quite safely.

The monograms need not be enclosed unless you like, but I do think that they look better so. Be careful to make the outline in keeping with the hem design. The monograms should be carried out in padded satin-stitch.



SMART Slim-Cut LINGERIE

A DELIGHT in originality of cut and design is the nightgown. Take particular note of its softly beautiful lines, the side strappings and flowing bow. With the pattern which is available, a few yards of material and lace edging, you can make this gown for yourself quickly and inexpensively.

Just look at these lovely garments—and say to yourself that you'll make both for immediate wear!

So beautifully cut are the tailored knickers and vest that not an iota will be added to your size. You need never be afraid of hunchy lines appearing beneath your slim fitting frock. As you can see by the sketch above, the knickers fasten up at the sides in the most modern way.

No. 2336.—Nightgown. Material required, four yards 36-inch and one and a half yards lace. To fit size 36in. bust. Width at hem, two and a half yards. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

No. 2713.—Tailored knickers and vest. Material required, one and a half yards 36in. for knickers and one and three-eighths yards 36in. for vest. To fit size 36in. bust and 40in. hips. Other sizes, 32, 34, 38, and 40 inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

NO NEED to WATER these Quaint DAISIES! Linen buttons, cardboard & pipe-cleaners make them!

Just ordinary linen buttons—the kind with the metal backs—make these quaint daisy-like flowers. The stalks are pipe cleaners, tinted pale green; the leaves, thin card, painted leaf-green. And yet it's possible to achieve such a realistic effect!

ALL you have to do is to thread the pale green, tinted cleaner through the two holes in the button (see centre diagram showing back view), and give the "flower" a yellow centre by sewing on a tiny circle of felt with black cotton.



Tint the edge of the button pink, or in any other desired color. Bring the brush down towards the centre to give a petal-like effect. Twelve to fourteen flowers go to a pot. Place some plasticine at the bottom of the pot to hold them.

Cut the leaves from thin card, as shown by the first diagram, and paint them green. A touch of the brush will make the veining, and arrange them around or among the flowers. If possible, a little real moss. This should drop here and there over the edge of the bowl.



3.66.27

Don't scratch it clean . . . clean it clean with

MONKEY BRAND

REFRESHING
AND
ECONOMICAL
TOO!
GOLDENIA
TEA
THE SUPER-QUALITY TEA

PARTNERS

(Continued from Page 17)

If anything happened, he didn't want Milly to be mixed up in any way with the affair. Jim McCoy was always thinking of Milly. She was on his mind night and day.

But the law travels fast—sometimes. The police were in McCoy's cabin less than two hours later. They had turned the cabin inside out, but they hadn't found the money. But they had taken Jim McCoy back with them, and Jim McCoy had gone to prison. They never seemed to suspect that Joe Rattling might be mixed up in the affair. And McCoy wasn't the kind to put them wise to the fact. He and Joe were partners.

"I'd have got a long stretch if they'd been able to find the loot, Joe," McCoy spoke slowly, puffing at his pipe, his eyes still watching the smoke drift upwards. "That's why I dropped in here to see you on the way first of all." McCoy's blue eyes came down slowly to rest on the big man's face. "I reckon you've got my share put by, Joe. I—I just couldn't bring myself to mention it to Milly. You understand, I reckon."

Joe Rattling turned swiftly. His expression had altered. There was a new look in his eyes—a rather ugly look.

"What d'you mean? You had the stuff, didn't you?" McCoy sat very still, but quite suddenly he had ceased to pull at his pipe.

"I—had—the—stuff," he repeated, very slowly and calmly. "Why, sure I had it, Joe! But—"

"What?"

"I hid it," said McCoy.

Joe's big hands were clenched. His face worked an instant. Then, rather strangely, he began to laugh.

"Of course, you hid it! But where in hell did you hide it?"

McCoy still sat very quiet and still. But now little dark devils were beginning to dance inside his brain. He thought of Howes' sneering face between the iron bars. Howes leering at him: "I know Cattle Creek! Joe Rattling! fool! Why, I was in Cattle Creek less than a month ago! In Joe Rattling's cabin!"

McCoy's brain had got hot like a fire.

Those little dark devils were beating a fiendish tattoo somewhere inside his head.

He couldn't see Joe Rattling's face peering down at him with that queer, ugly expression in the eyes. He couldn't see the walls of the cabin, the summer that was outside, bright and green and beautiful. All he could see, just then, was a narrow cell, with a thick steel door, and the face of the convict Howes staring in at him, leeringly.

And he could hear himself talking to Howes, Howes talking back at him, and sneering all the while he talked.

"In Joe Rattling's cabin, were you? You saw Joe, then?"

"Not much, I didn't!" Howes was chuckling at him. "An' he's your partner, eh?"

"He is that. One of the best partners any man could wish for, I reckon."

"You don't say!" Howes chuckled again, a dirty look in his beady, yellow eyes.

"What kind of a partner would you call Joe Rattling, now?"

McCoy could feel himself springing up, his hands clenched, his blue eyes full of sudden rage.

"What the hell do you mean, you rat?"

"Not so much of the rat, either!" Howes was snarling now. His thin face was vicious and cruel—and mocking. "Partners, eh? Well, maybe him and your wife are what you'd call sleeping partners!"

McCoy's clenched fist had struck the steel bars. His knuckles had started to bleed.

"Damn you, I'll kill you for that!" Even now, as he sat there so quiet and still in Joe Rattling's cabin, McCoy could hear himself shouting the words. "Shut your filthy little mouth, will you!"

"Me? Why, I ain't sayin' nothin', am I?" Jagged, yellow teeth protruding, beady eyes, venomous as a striking snake's. "But since you've started callin' me such nice names—why, I'm just goin' to talk now! Hear that?"

Howes was almost spitting the words at him. "Partners, are you? Share everythin', eh? Grub, an' work, an' drink—even to that pretty little wife

you're supposed to own! Share an' share alike, eh? Well, if that ain't real partnership, I'd like to know what is!"

McCoy would have killed Howes the convict that night—if he could have got at him. But there was three inches of solid steel in between them.

And then Howes' parting shot—hissed at him like the sting of a viper: "Listen, now! Bein' such good partners, maybe Joe Rattling thinks he's entitled to sleep in your cabin along with that pretty wife of yours! Bein', as I say, such good partners! Because that's what he's been doin' ever since you got put away!"

McCoy shut his eyes tightly. He brought his mind back—back to Joe's peering face, the cabin walls, the bursting beauty all about them.

His pipe had gone out. Slowly he removed it from between his teeth and put it down on the table beside him.

"I didn't have much time to think about hiding the stuff, Joe. I was—well, pretty scared, to tell the truth. I don't reckon I was born to be a crook, Joe. I haven't the nerve." McCoy forced a laugh between his teeth. "I had an idea I'd been recognised, Joe, although I wasn't quite sure about it. I had a pretty shrewd idea you'd be safe. I didn't quite see how they could—"

McCoy moved ever so slightly in his seat. "To cut a long story short, Joe, I hid the stuff in the first place. I thought of it was in a hurry—and pretty scared, as I've said."

"Well, now you're back, we can each take our share," said Joe Rattling.

McCoy smiled—an odd, twisted little smile, which seemed to alter the whole expression of his face.

"We've always done that, Joe—shared and shared alike. With—with everythin'."

"Of course," Joe nodded impatiently. "Just where did you—?"

"Presently, Joe, presently." McCoy's voice was as smooth as velvet. "There's no particular hurry, is there?" Again there was that slight movement of McCoy's body as his hand slid nearer his hip. "You know, Joe, it's good to be back again—good to be free, good to know I've got a partner like you, Joe." Again McCoy smiled in that oddly twisted way. "You know, Joe, I may be a damn fool, but I've often thought you and Milly were rather fond of each other."

"Gosh!" said Joe. "What in hell put such a crazy idea into your head?" Joe's face looked queer, somehow, Murky and dim. The daylight was beginning to fade.

"I don't quite know, Joe. I suppose there's just nothing to it at all. I could trust you with anything, Joe—even my wife. I know you wouldn't go back on me. Joe—pals and partners like we've been—"

McCoy turned slowly in his seat, his eyes narrowed. "How have you been getting along, Joe? I reckon you must have found things a bit—dull?"

"Oh, not so much as that!" Joe laughed, but his laughter sounded a bit queer, as if he were not quite at his ease. "Not so much as that, Jim!"

McCoy looked slowly across the cabin towards the low bed. There was a peculiar little silence before he spoke again.

"You haven't been into town since that night, I suppose?"

"No," said Joe.

"Been here all the time, then—in Cattle Creek?"

"Of course. There aren't any particular friends around here that I've wanted to visit."

"When did you see Milly last, Joe?"

"Two days ago, I think it was. Why?"

"Nothing much, Joe—nothing much. So you've been sleeping here in this cabin, eh?"

"Where the hell do you think I've been sleeping?"

McCoy's face was altering. It looked rather terrible in the deepening of the dusk.

Yet there was no emotion in his voice as he spoke.

"Listen, Joe, you're going to die. In just ten seconds, you'll be dead—and damned." McCoy's eyes were like points of blue flame above the muzzle of the gun which he now held steadily pointed.

"Listen, Joe. I met a rat of a man in prison. A rat called Howes. When he told me what kind of a partner you were I was going to kill him, but now I know he told me the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, Joe, you're—"

"ning out."

JOE RATTLING sprang across the cabin. His face was working. There was terror glittering in his eyes.

"Don't be a damn fool! For God's sake, put up that gun!"

"No, Joe. It's no use." McCoy's arm seemed to stiffen slightly. "Listen, Howes said you'd been sleeping over in my cabin ever since I'd been put away—with Milly."

"It's a lie!" Rattling flamed, putting out his hands. "A damned dirty lie! I swear it is, Jim! I've been here every night, lyin' in my own bed as usual."

"And yet," said McCoy, "you never found the packet of notes. Don't you think that's a bit queer, Joe—seeing that that's precisely where I hid them—in the bed!"

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Persil washes clothes in such an amazingly different way that there's an end to all the weary, back-breaking hours of rubbing clothes clean.

Persil suds are alive with energetic oxygen bubbles which course right through the clothes, carrying away "work-in" dirt, cleansing and purifying every thread. The Persil method is far better for your clothes and far better for you than the old washing-board way.

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Allow one heaped tablespoon of Persil to each gallon of water. First mix the Persil into a smooth paste in a bowl with a little cold water. Then pour the paste with more cold water until it is a milky liquid. Add to cold water in the copper. For silks and woollens mix Persil as above and add to warm water. Full directions on every packet.

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THE NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

ION IDRIESS' New BOOK "Drums of Mer"

In "Drums of Mer," Ion L. Idriess' latest book, this well-known Australian author tells a romantic and thrilling story of the coming of the white man to those South Sea islands situated between Papua and the Great Barrier Reef. He writes of Murray Island when it was known as Mer.

As the islanders are headhunters, the book opens with a graphic description of a captured Australian aboriginal being made to do the "Dance of Death." It is an opening which immediately arrests the reader's attention and gives her a taste of thrills to come.

The natives on these islands were brave warriors, and their priests, or Zogo-le, possessed mystic knowledge lost to civilisation. For instance, C'Zarcke, the head of them all, was able to throw into a trance all the Zogo-le on the allied islands, even though many of them were miles away. By this method he not only absorbed the intelligence of his priests, but was able to communicate with them by telepathy.

For a long time the island natives were a formidable foe to any ships that happened to come within reach of their canoes. White men and women were always killed without mercy, unless one of the island chiefs claimed one as a Lamar.

All white people were supposed to come from the Lamar, or Spirit, land, and the islanders considered it their duty to despatch them back again as quickly as possible. Sometimes, however, a chieftain would claim a white man, or a girl, as the returned spirit of some relative. These were the only ones who were not made to perform the brutal "Dance of Death." Jakara was a Lamar. By virtue of his intelligence, and knowledge of war strategy, he had become a chieftain.

Eyes of the Sea, a golden brown girl, was also a Lamar. "Drums of Mer" deals with their romance, and how Jakara, who was taken from a wreck when already an adult, tries to impress the girl with the meaning of being "white." However, as she has been brought up on one of the islands from childhood, she prefers the lives of her savage foster people to Jakara's description of civilisation.

When Ion Idriess is describing native customs, a battle between two tribes, the seeking of a village, or a death duel between two chieftains, his book is almost as good as anything Rider Haggard wrote about the Zulus of Africa. But the love-making episodes between Jakara and Eyes of the Sea detract considerably from the literary merit of the book. Such passages as this seem out of tune.

"You are prettier than the sunbird,



The Australian author, Ion Idriess.

Blue Eyes," he whispered, "and just an amuse. No Lamar in all the world is as nice a girl as you. Oh, dash it all, sweetheart, that's the boo shell of the Maid-le calling for me, etc. . . ."

LAPSES of this kind, which include Jakara's irritating habit of addressing his women as "Little girl," are all the more noticeable because of the really

THE SOUL OF JAPAN LAID BARE

IN view of Japan's Pacific relations there is a wealth of interesting reading matter in Toyohiko Kagawa's book, "A Grain of Wheat," published by Hodder and Stoughton.

This Japanese writer is the son of a statesman and a geisha. Born in luxury, he gave up everything to embark on social work and study the poorer classes of Japan, with a view to solving their problems. His book reveals the extraordinary conditions which exist over there.

Kagawa believes that the mountains of Japan, 85 per cent of her area, can be used for agricultural purposes, and could do much towards alleviating present conditions.

Kagawa's English is a little strange at first, but you get used to it.

Excellent quality of the bulk of writing in the book.

There are numerous startling, vivid passages, prose poems. If you are near a bookstall, look at page 147, where Jakara talks to C'Zarcke about the white man's God. Or pages 298 to 301, where Jakara fights a terrible duel with his rival, Betam.

Ion Idriess has written half a dozen books now. He has a wonderful opportunity of doing for Australia what Kipling did for India, and what Rider Haggard did for Africa. . . . namely, of weaving romance into our native background.

His new book, "Drums of Mer," though excellent reading, just falls short of the high standard one is beginning to expect from this writer. . . . and it misses, for lack of careful sub-editing. In all probability, however, the publishers are more to blame than the author.—P. W. L. Esch.

(Angus and Robertson, 6/-)

SHORT . . . REVIEWS

"The Hazards of Belinda." Sophia Cleugh. An historic story of Barrington type. Life of smart London just about the time of the Napoleonic wars. The book gives an intimate description of life in those days, which is all the more interesting because of the proximity of the Napoleonic period. It stresses the great changes which have taken place in the world in the last century. (7/6. All booksellers.)

"Death in Fancy Dress." Anthony Gilbert. Here is another unusual mystery. The puzzle is difficult to solve and sustains interest to the end of the book. (7/6. All booksellers.)

"Our Daily Bread." T. W. Haynes. Phosphorus is the food of the soil. Soil grows wheat, and wheat makes bread. This is a convincing story of a struggle to control the world's phosphate supplies and thereby to control universal food supplies. Action takes place in Australia. (7/6. All booksellers.)

"Harlequin of Death." Sydney Horler. An exciting story. Hugh Belsize was thought by his friends to be a waster. He just frittered around spending the money he had inherited. One night, however, he overhears a plot directed against a girl he admires. So he decides to take a hand and protect her. (7/6. All booksellers.)

BEAUTIFUL CALENDAR

A handsome pictorial calendar has been published by the "Telegraph," one of Sydney's daily papers. It contains 28 beautiful photographic studies for each two weeks of 1934. A splendid Australian souvenir to send abroad.



HOT WATER a full supply for everybody



Gas has made hot water so cheap and also so easy to obtain that almost every home can afford to use a gas bath heater. Simplicity is the keynote of this handy heater. Turn on the tap, light the gas and steaming hot water flows into the bath. There is no waiting or delay—because everything is simple and straightforward and the heater is unfailingly reliable.



The cost is trifling—a warm shower costs less than a ha'penny, whilst a warm plunge costs only one penny. In fact there is nothing cheaper or better for heating water for the bath.

If you use our easy payment plan you can buy one of these handy heaters for a small deposit and pay it off by easy instalments. On the other hand, you can trade in your old heater as part payment for one of the very latest models.



When buying a new gas bath heater see that it is badged with the Seal of Efficiency. This Seal denotes that the heater complies with safety and efficiency standards as laid down by the Testing Laboratory of the N.S.W. Commercial Gas Association. It is therefore, an emblem of safety and a guarantee of satisfactory service.

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GAS COSTS LESS THAN ½d. A UNIT

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In the 155th State Lottery, Ticket No. 81379, purchased by W. H. Whiddon on behalf of an Auckland (N.Z.) Syndicate, won the first prize of £5000. The previous week Whiddon won £1000 in Lottery No. 152 with Ticket No. 66862, and in the 156th, drawn last week he bought Ticket No. 93661 for Mr. W. Sexton of Auburn and won £1000. Every week Whiddon wins—LET HIM WIN FOR YOU!

Let Him Win for You!

To every reader who sends a postal note for 1/6 with this clipping he will give a lucky one-seventh share in a State Lottery Ticket—this can win prizes valued at £715—and also a ticket in the Five Thousand Golden Box which can win prizes valued at £5000. Prizes valued at nearly £6000 for 1/6. Only one for each household and all applications must be made by post.

**WHIDDON'S WAYS ARE WINNING WAYS!
LET HIM SHOW YOU HOW IT PAYS!**

POST THIS CLIPPING NOW!

W. H. WHIDDON,
Director, Five Thousand Golden Box,
Desk WWS, Box 3370PP, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please send me a lucky one-seventh share in a State Lottery Ticket which can win prizes valued at £715 and also the special ticket in the Five Thousand Golden Box which can win prizes valued at £5000. Here is a postal note for 1/6 and a stamped addressed envelope.

NAME
STREET
TOWN STATE

"YOU won't never be able to live here with that young man, Miss," she said. "Tis a lovers' house, you see, Miss."

Diana looked startled. "What do you mean? Surely we are lovers? We are going to be married."

The old woman shook her head. "Maybe you love him," she said, "but there's something wrong. The old house will have none of him. . . Don't you see, Miss, when a house has sheltered two such lovers as Mr. Bearson and his lady, it can't tolerate them that don't love. It's soaked, as you might say, in her spirit—it's full of her presence everywhere, and his love as well. . . I was housekeeper to them the whole three years, Miss, and I know."

"But Maurice and I are lovers, too," Diana persisted.

The old woman bent closer to the girl, staring up searchingly into her troubled face.

"Are ye quite sure o' that, Miss? Are ye quite sure it's not—not your money, Miss? They say you're a very wealthy young woman."

Diana bit her lip but before she could speak the old woman went on again: "And are ye quite sure there's not some other young man—someone this old lovers' house could welcome?"

Diana rose abruptly, her hands clasped together in distress. "Oh, I don't know. I don't know."

Mrs. Carey rose, too, and laid a withered hand on the girl's arm. "Put him to the test, my dear. Put him to the test. Would that young man of yours want you if you was a poor young woman?"

Diana cried passionately. "Of course he would."

The old woman laughed dourly and rubbed her hands together. "Put him

The LOVERS' House

to the test," she repeated. "The old house knows. . . There was once a couple come here to look over the house—a quarrelling, nagging couple they was, and a bit of the porch fell off the old house on to 'em and nearly killed them. . . The old house knows. It's a lovers' house, d'ye see, Miss."

FATE worked with Diana in putting Maurice Hardy to the test, for when she got back that night Maurice came through on the telephone.

"That you, Di? Just seen the financial papers. Big financial crash in Wall Street. The Oregon Oil Corporation. That wasn't the American concern your money was in, was it? I've been worried about you."

Diana braced herself for the part she had to play. "Seventy-five per cent. of my father's capital was in Oregon Oil shares."

She heard Maurice's voice at the other end of the wire vibrate with shock as he exclaimed, "My God! Look here, Di. Thornbulls manage your affairs, don't they? You'd better get in touch with them right away."

She answered, "Yes. It won't mean everything, will it? I don't understand money matters."

And his curt answer, "If seventy-five per cent. of your money was in Oregon Oils, it means you're ruined, my girl. I'll come and see you in the morning."

He rang off without saying, "Good-bye," Diana's face hardened, and she rang up her solicitors, Thornbulls. "If anyone asks you," she said shortly, "all Diana Gray's money's gone down in Oregon Oils. You understand?"

By the morning everyone had the

news about the Oregon Oil Corporation's crash. Diana waited in her flat all day for Maurice to fulfil his promise to come and see her.

But he did not come. At the end of the week she had a short letter from him.

"What I write must hurt you horribly, but, quite frankly, it is useless for me to marry a woman as poor as myself. I am fond of you—but in this mercenary world love isn't enough. Particularly if one is ambitious, and is also cursed with expensive tastes."

"I know I have treated you outrageously, but we all have our vices, and the passion of power and position is mine, and one needs money to buy these things. Try not to think too hardily of me. I shall probably marry an American millionaire and live unhappily ever after."

Diana crushed the note in her hands and sat quite still, wondering why she was not more hurt than she was. Her pride was hurt—it was horrible to be wanted only for one's money. But her pride saved her from grief. One could not grieve over the loss of a heartless adventurer such as Maurice Hardy had proved himself to be.

She knew in that moment, as she sat there with his letter crushed in her cold hands, and her eyes hard and tearless that she had not loved him. She had been in love with love; she had dreamed she loved, and only loved her dream.

The thought of another man crept upon her unbidden. A thought and a memory. Her pride broke down suddenly in a rush of tears, and she buried her face in her hands.

It was not Maurice Hardy's name she whispered in that moment.

"Oh, Allan," she whispered brokenly.

(Continued from Page 28)

to the gathering dusk, "why didn't you speak? If only you would—even now."

DIANA went down to her house in the country at the end of the following week. It was practically in order now. It gave her no less pleasure because it was not to be the honeymoon house after all. She could only think with contempt of Maurice Hardy, and the lovers' house with its quiet old-world air was a sort of sanctuary and a reminder that there was still great love left in the world.

"You were right about my fiancé," she told the old woman, with a wan smile.

Mrs. Carey answered, "It was the house that was right. The spirit of lovers is in this house, d'ye see, Miss? It's only the true and loving that can enter here."

Diana said thoughtfully, "Mrs. Carey, what should a woman do when she knows a man loves her, and won't speak because he happens to be poor and she's rich? And she loves him so that her heart nearly breaks over it?"

"She must speak, then," the old woman replied promptly.

A flush dyed Diana's cheeks, and she did not answer. But that afternoon she instructed her housekeeper to write a letter to Mr. A. Dexter, architect, of London, and ask him to come and see her concerning some architectural alterations to the old house. At her request Mrs. Carey signed the letter, and Diana left it to her to post lest her own courage should fail her.

And on a sunny afternoon two days later a tall, earnest-faced young man walked up the drive of the old house. The open windows invited him and the sentinel cedar waved friendly arms at him.

Diana Gray came down the path to

meet him with flushed cheeks and shining eyes.

He started when he saw her. "Why—you, Miss Gray—what are you doing here?"

"Why, living here, Allan," she replied, with a little tremulous laugh.

He stammered, "But I—I had a letter from a Mrs. Carey asking me to see her about some architectural alterations. I naturally thought she was the owner."

Diana laughed.

"Don't be angry, Allan. Mrs. Carey is my housekeeper. I got her to write that letter for me. I was frightened you wouldn't come if I put my name to it."

"And you wanted me to come, Diana?" he asked quickly. "You wanted to see me?"

"I never wanted you to go away," she whispered, her face turned away from him.

He caught her hands, then.

"Diana, you mean it? You mustn't play with me, Diana, because I love you so—I've always loved you."

"You never told me."

"No, I couldn't. You were rich—and I was so desperately poor three years ago. I came into some money when my father died, but by then you were engaged to someone else."

She looked at him then.

"That's all finished," she said.

She saw his eyes light up.

"Then you're free, Diana?"

She nodded. With a happy laugh he drew her into his arms.

Presently they passed up to the path under the old cedar, and the door of the lovers' house stood wide to give them welcome. Almost you could see the old house settle down among its screen of trees with a comfortable sigh of satisfaction as they passed in, and the cherry tree shook itself with joy.

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Skill and experience have done wonderful things for the Housewife. They have given her POPSO CRACKER BISCUITS, the most attractive of all modern biscuits to the savoury lover. So temptingly crisp and golden brown where the oven has placed the last touch to their baking. So light, creamy, tender and delicious.

Whether your fingers be firm or gentle, as you break them, there will be no untidy crumbs, and when broken you have three small symmetrical biscuits which look nice, taste nice and please everyone.

Made in Australia, financed by
Australians, and produced by
highly-trained Australian
workers.

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EVERY MONDAY & THURSDAY at 7.15 p.m.
"DOWN MEMORY LANE."

ARNOTT'S FAMOUS POPSO CRACKER BISCUITS

ALWAYS ASK YOUR GROCER FOR ARNOTT'S FAMOUS BISCUITS AND MAKE SURE YOU GET THEM.

FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

NEXT morning, Wunderlust, Fred, Tony, Leonie, and the lost children all clambered into the magic aeroplane and sped off at top speed to Moon Land. They had a delightful trip, and arrived there all safe and sound.



The Moon Man.

Looking about him, Fred noticed everything was frightfully dull; no life was anywhere; no pretty flowers grew in well-kept gardens; no grass hills; all that was there was one odd-shaped building, looking to Fred just like a chocolate box. Wunderlust knocked heavily on the door. It was opened by a fat, stodgy, amiable man.

"Well, well, well, I didn't expect you so soon. Oh, but that doesn't matter. Come right in," he said good-naturedly. The children didn't have to be asked a second time to come in, for they all slipped in and sat down beside a huge glowing fire.

The Moon Man spoke to each child in turn, asking what he or she had been up to since last time they visited him. When the Moon Man came to Fred, he looked hard for a moment, and then said, "No, I haven't seen you before, have I?"

"Oh, no, we haven't met before, nor have you met Tony." Quickly, Fred produced Tony from out of one of his pockets.

The Moon Man smiled at Fred and took hold of Tony's paw. Shaking it, he

Gonzie's Letter

My Dear Pals—

The mail this week has been ever so big, so I don't want any Pal to feel the least bit disappointed if his or her entry does not appear on our page. I am sure you all realise I do my very best to prevent any disappointment in our playground.

Jean Smith (13), Catmonna, via Boort (Vic.), sent along the most interesting and well-written letter for this week, and wins the 10/- prize. Here are a few lines from Jean's letter: "On our farm we have ten horses, four cows, five calves, three dogs, ten pigs, and a cat. I milk the four cows every night."

Pals, Victorian Pals I mean, I am so glad to welcome you into our happy circle.

Cheerio,

From Your Pal,
CONNIE.

said: "What a tiny little fellow you are! I suppose you keep all the burglars away from Mushroom Grove now."

Fred smilingly looked up at the Moon Man and saw the twinkle in his eye, so he said, "Well, not exactly, you know."

The lost children stayed indoors and listened intently to all the Moon Man had to say. The time was getting on, and Wunderlust looked at his watch and said, "My children, we had better be on our way. I must be back at Mushroom Grove no later than seven."

"What a shame," said the Moon Man. "I would have liked Fred to see my planet, my night light. He can't think anything of my land if he does not see the beautiful sights which are visible only at night. Couldn't you come back later for him, or something? If not, he'll have to come another time."

"Oh, well, I suppose they can all stay. I'll have to go back to the Grove, but nevertheless I'll be back as soon as I can. I won't be later than ten," said the good-hearted Wunderlust. All the children clapped their little hands for joy. They loved to be in Moonland at night-time.

Wunderlust sped off in his magic machine, and the children waved him out of sight. After having a hearty dinner they all got up and walked out of the cottage into the beautiful still night air. What a surprise was in store for Fred! The dull, uninteresting looking country that first met his eye when he landed earlier in the day was now sparkling with hundreds of glittering lights. No, a dull spot was to be seen anywhere. What a change! The Moon Man saw the puzzled expression on Fred's face and chuckled, "No, a bad place at night, Fred, is it?"

"Oh, I've never seen anything so beautiful," sighed Fred. Fred wandered for miles over Moonland, looking at

TERRY and TEDDY

TERRIBLE TWINS

HARRY EYRE JR.



WHY NOT WINTER?

By Maurine Cahill

WHY do poets always write Of lovely spring or summer bright, For a chance just let us see What winter brings for you and me.

Winter has its frost and snow, But we don't care if cold winds blow, For we can jump and skip and play, And so keep old Jack Frost away.

Violets, wallflowers, daphne fair, Shed soft, fragrant on the air; And at night around the fire, Of weaving dreams we never tire.

Winter days are sunny, too, Bright and warm for me and you; So you see though winter's cold, It brings joys to young and old.

Prize Card to Maurine Cahill (13), 4 Muttama Road, Ararat.



PRIZE CARD to Stan Ross (13), 94 Northcote Street, Aberdare, via Cessnock.

everything with admiring eyes. Time went on, and at ten o'clock the children began to get fidgety waiting for Wunderlust to return. He didn't return at that hour. Nor did he return at eleven. The lost children began to cry, and a worried look came over the face of the Moon Man.

(What has happened to Wunderlust? To be continued next week.)

JUST CHATTER

DULCIE COLLINS, of Barwood, likes the country air. Betty Woodhouse, Canterbury, attends Canterbury Domestic Science School.

Pearl Dates, Karuah, has lived in the district for two years. Marie Tucker, of Brookvale, is quite a little artist. Jack Wright, of St. Peters, has ten pet hamster fowls: Frank Barnes, of Toongah, is fond of gardening.

Joy Hannan, of Old Junee, has forty dairy chickens; Cherie Pennington, of Brisbane, is fond of fishing; Helen Robertson, of Enfield, is one of our very best dais.

Deanda Harvey, of Granton, likes drawing pretty pictures; Wilma Lewis, of Lathgow, is a keen hiker; Margaret Derwent, of Oatley, is very fond of riding.

Noni Cunningham, of Newcastle, is quite a little artist; Valerie Turley, of Lathgow, recently went for a delightful trip to the Victorian Mallee.

Gaudry, of Campsie, paints pictures beautifully.

Green Lavender, of Tiger's Hill, visited the Jemalong Caves a few weeks ago; Joan Bishop, of Mordialloc (Vic.), has quite a number of pets; Gwen Edwards, of Leeton, is a keen basketball player.

Clarice Carlson, of Hoggabri, has a beautiful flower garden; Neoma Davis, of Croydon Park, goes for walks with her sister and brother; Alex Bunde, of Sandringham (Vic.), is fond of painting pictures.

Isabel Lofa, of Mac-back, is fourteen years old; Allan Burton, of Wahroonga, recently toured the Richmond River; Betty Philp, of Red Cliff, went to a fancy dress ball, and had a most enjoyable time. Edith Phillips, of East Malvern, spends most of her spare time collecting shells.

Joyce Lindsay, of East Malvern, went for a holiday at Tarro last Christmas vacation; Dolly Watson, of Redhurst, is a keen admirer of beautiful scenery.

Bertha Speier, of Ararat, writes stories; Betty Shadler, of Dumble Bay, recently had a good look over Wentworth House.

Mavis Hill, of Auburn, is very fond of her big dog.

Teacher: Now you have named all the reigning monarchs which ruler inspires the most respect and fear? Pup: The one on your desk, sir.

FOR FUN & FANCY

"YOU told me to file these letters, sir," said the new office boy. "Yes." "Well, I was thinking that it would be easier to trim 'em with a pair of scissors." Prize Card to June Grossett, 3 Rindfield Street, Marrickville.

Small Boy: Please, sir, have you a little cigarette-holder? Parson: No, what do you want a little cigarette-holder for? Small Boy: My father said I could smoke when I got a little older. Prize Card to Les Wirib, Grey Street, Glen Innes.

When is a man not a man? When he is a little hoarse (horse). If a mouse found six ears of wheat in a barn, and he carried three ears each day, how long would it take to take the six ears to his nest? Six days. Because he had two of his own ears. Prize Card to Herbert Kerwin, Bardsdale, Queensland.

Little Girl: Mummy, I can spell chook. Mother: Can you dear, spell it then. Little Girl: H-E-N spells chook. Prize Card to Daphne Holland, 42 Rawson Street, Aberdare, via Cessnock.



FOR THIS clever sketch, Wilma Moore, 127 William Street, Granville, wins a prize of 10/-.

SAY THIS QUICKLY At Jig and Jig saw saw saw Jig Jig sawing a jig-saw, would Jig and Jig saw Jig Jig Jig saw? Prize Card to Winnie Pratt, 70 Cary Street, Marrickville.

RESULT OF PAINTING COMPETITION. £1 to Joan Bishop (8), 354 Main Street, Mordialloc, 513, Victoria, for the best painted picture. Prize Cards to Joyce Harrison, 12 Railway Avenue, Tamworth; Mavis Holland, 42 Rawson Street, Aberdare, via Cessnock.

WHAT shall I have for Dessert to-night?



Is that worry over a sweet the bane of your existence? It's so hard to think of something new, or something that doesn't require a whole shop-full of ingredients for the recipe! Try Hansen's Junket! Simple, inexpensive, delicious, it can be prepared in 15 minutes! Be sure to use Hansen's for perfect results.

Chocolate Junket with Bananas.

1 Hansen's Junket Tablet, 1 dessertspoon cocoa, 1 quart milk, 1 cup cream, 1 dessertspoon powdered sugar, bananas. Dissolve cocoa and sugar in a little hot milk. Make junket as instructed on tube. Add dissolved cocoa and sugar. Pour into dessert glasses and chill. When ready to serve, add sliced bananas and whipped cream.

HANSEN'S Junket TABLETS

* Sold at all grocers and chemists.



Sufferer entirely cured with REXONA

"As a one time sufferer from itching and bleeding piles I feel I must let you know that your Rexona Ointment has entirely cured me."

Mrs. E. Hanham of Auckland, N.Z.

Always use Rexona Ointment and Soap for . . .

Cuts, sores, burns, insect bites, cold sores, skin blemishes, eczema, rashes, and all skin complaints.



The ORDEAL of Gloria LEYLAND

(Continued from Page 8)

SOMEHOW she knew she had won her point; the fierceness of her confidence that she was doing some essential good in staying had won out for her. She must be there to stand by her lover, to strengthen him with her will for his life.

It was as though her love for him had created a power of clairvoyance in her, enabling her to cast her spirit across the tumult so that she was beside him. She was confident in her visions, confident that, as yet, he was not dead and that he must be given courage to fight on. Hers was the fight as much as his.

The water was over him, now. The waves were tossing their crested heads and crashing down upon him, swirling this way and that. The smother of the fighting waves submerged him. And again he was above them, choking and suffocated by the strength of the cross-currents that tore at him and lashed into his face as he gasped for breath. Bruised and smothered, he was allowing himself to slide into unconsciousness, welcoming it. He had a grip upon something that was keeping him from being thrust right under the tempestuous swirlings, but she saw the grip relaxing with the ebbing of his desire to continue the struggle.

"Larry!" she screamed; she felt herself straining forward to touch and rouse him. "Larry, don't let yourself go! Fight on, for me, Larry! For me!"

It seemed that he smiled at her wearily; then that he understood, knew that she was there. The sleepy content fell from his face; his lines stiffened with resolution; the slipping fingers tightened. The head lifted above the smothering waters into which it had been falling, in an effort to find the breathing air.

Again the vision faded, sharply. She was back on the "Talagoona." She was pointing with outstretched arm over the flowing of waters away on the starboard.

"There! There! Can't you see it?" she screamed. They stared at her pointed, seeing nothing; and she saw nothing herself. She was only aware that a powerful impulse had come to her to point to that spot in the heaving waters; that it was madly imperative that she should induce the commander of the "Talagoona" to move in that direction.

Somehow she had reached the bridge. The skipper stared at her; there was something in her urgency that was convincing, compelling. He knew her story, and believed that the strain of the night had driven her mad; yet there was just the chance that she had seen something other eyes had missed.

A PROFOUND comfort fell upon her as she realised that the course was being changed; felt the veering of the big steamer beneath her, and noticed that the direction of the rise and fall of the huge sea mountains had changed. She allowed herself to be led to the deck below; but there she broke from those about her, forcing her way, against the storm, to the forward rail.

She stared into the storm that beat upon her face and blinded her. There was nothing, of course; all this, the visions that had come to her, the urgent importance that had appeared to be attached to the direction she had given, was all part of a madness induced by the strain of the night. Larry was not one who would seek safety while others were to be saved; there was no room for any hope for a man who was cast into that inferno of tossing waters that raged around them.

The passengers had gathered again to see the last act of the tense sea drama. She heard, coming to her in single, faint words, occasional fragments of their shouted sentences at the rare times speech was ventured against the gale that beat upon them. The "City of Tangier" had picked up another boat, and, with one exception, safely taken its passengers on board. But, as for Larry, all was hopeless now; she could only stay to be as near to him in spirit as she could be in his last moments.

A huge sea mountain, mammoth even among the giants that had been tossing around them all night, lifted its crest, terrifying, above their bows. The "Talagoona," from the deep trough into which it had plunged, began to lift, climbing up that huge mass of irresistible water.

Down, down it crashed, roaring like some monster tiger leaping upon its prey, pouring forward the advance avalanches from near its crest. The "Talagoona," lifting still, but not quickly enough, shuddered under the shock of the crushing waters that poured over

WITTY Couplet Lines Win CASH PRIZES

Another £75 to be Won This Week!

Results of No. 1 Couplets are to be found this week on page 2.

Thousands of entries have poured in for Couplets No. 2, which closes this Saturday, October 14. Winners will appear next week.

The fourth set of Couplets, given below, closes this series of competitions for the present.

Our competition experts are now busy planning something fresh for the next issue. It will be easy, good fun, and there will be generous prizes.

THERE is another full week to go before the closing date of Couplets No. 3.

For those who have not had a try for the £50 first prize and generous consolation awards which have been offered each week, there is also No. 4, starting to-day.

Prizes are awarded for what the judges consider the best entries.

All you have to do is to make up lines that rhyme with any three or more of

the first lines supplied each week, and you have qualified for a cash prize of £50 or a worthwhile cash consolation award.

For examples of the sort of couplet lines which win prizes, see the winning entries for Couplets No. 1 on Page 2.

Here are the lines for the last of the series, Couplets No. 4. Treat each one individually. Competitors are required to supply couplet lines to rhyme with at least three of these first lines.

Her eyes shone like sunlight, her hair it was red.

From nine till six my front bell rings.

With an armful of parcels I stood in the tram.

"Good heavens!" he cried, "Isn't tea ready yet?"

I shall never forget the week when Dad cooked all the meals.

The woman next door has got a new hat.

"Is Mr. Brown in?" asked the man at the door.

She pulled out her purse to pay for her fare.

When we took little Georgie to visit the Zoo.

Though to please my husband's mother I do all I can.

READ THESE CONDITIONS CAREFULLY

Only one entry from each person can win a prize. But you can send in as many entries as you like, providing each set of three couplets is accompanied by a coupon, clipped from the competition entry form on Page 43.

Write your first lines and their corresponding couplets on one side of one sheet of paper, with your full name and address at the top. Entries submitted under "pen-names" will not be considered.

It is not necessary to send in ten couplets, but you must submit at least three. The Editor's decision will be final in all matters relating to this competition.

When more than one reader sends in the same winning entry, the other two or more couplets submitted will be taken into consideration in selecting the winner.

The results of Couplets No. 2 will be published on October 21. Closing date for No. 3 will be October 21. Results will appear on October 28. Closing date for No. 4 Couplets will be October 28. Endorse all entries "Couplets." No other matter must be enclosed. Address to Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney.

of No. 4 Couplets will be October 28. Endorse all entries "Couplets." No other matter must be enclosed. Address to Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney.



WRINKLES IN YOUR STOCKINGS will soon be a thing of the past. Here are the elastic grip stockings which are being worn abroad. The elastic band is woven in below the knee for comfort, thus the stockings once adjusted remain firmly fixed in position.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

SYDNEY: 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.
MELBOURNE: The Age Chambers, 239 Collins Street, Melbourne, CL.
BRISBANE: Shell House, 301 Ann Street, Brisbane.

HOW TO ADDRESS LETTERS
All Editorial letters, except social, to be addressed to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1551E, G.P.O., Sydney.

Social letters to be addressed to either Melbourne, Brisbane, or Sydney office as applicable.

TO CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTISTS
(a) Forward a clipping of matter published, gummed on to a sheet of note paper, showing date and page in which par was published.
(b) Give full name, address, and State.
(c) Such claims to reach this office not later than the last Friday in each month.

Payments for contributions claimed for will be made on the 15th of the month following publication.

Unsuitable contributions will only be returned if a stamped, addressed envelope is forwarded. WE SHALL TAKE ALL REASONABLE CARE OF MSS., BUT WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ITS PRESERVATION OR TRANSMISSION. Letters insufficiently stamped cannot be accepted.

Special claim forms for contributors are available on application.

PRIZE CONTRIBUTIONS
Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication.

PATTERNS
See special notice on the pattern page.



Ladies Buy your JANTZEN At ASHDOWN'S, The Jantzen King

This Jantzen Swim Suit, as illustrated, in plain and two-tone trims, is a dashing style that slims the hips and eliminates shoulder strain, and moulds your figure to beautiful and alluring lines. Call at Ashdown's—inspect the suits—see your favorite color—also the biggest selection of Jantzens shown in any store in town, combined with quick and courteous service.

S.W. 21/-
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Jantzen 3 in 1 Suits

You'll be proud of your figure in a Jantzen Adjustable Formal 3 in 1 Swim Suit. The shoulder straps can be adjusted to make three different back styles.

There is a size for every figure, in a color that suits you best. Ashdown's are the recognised headquarters of Jantzen Swim Suits—so order there, where the full range of colors and sizes is stocked.

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2 doors from King Street, Opp. Proud's.
Branches at Bondi Junction and Leichhardt.

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HOST HOLBROOK says: Holbrooks Pure Malt Whisky is clear, brilliant, and mellow. Ah! It is a wonderful brew.***

With the CRICKETERS

With well over three hundred members the Victorian Women's cricket season opened this month. Sixteen extra teams have affiliated with the association since the inception four years ago of interstate matches.

N.S.W. women cricketers held their fifth annual sports day at the University last Saturday. After the usual sports a novel cricket match was played in which the old-time men players proved quite unequal to the women.

TWO day matches will again be played in the Victorian A Grade, but the B Grade fixtures will be restricted to one day, as it is not considered that interest in these fixtures warrants the additional time.

One of the problems that confronts the Victorian officials is that of umpiring. Last year an attempt was made to establish classes for prospective umpires, but, owing to the lack of enthusiasm displayed on that occasion, it is doubtful whether a similar attempt will be made this year.

The Collingwood Club has held the premiership for the past two years. Clarendon team has held the distinction of being runners-up for the past three years, and this year they will make every effort to crown their exploits by winning the coveted title.

Novel Match

The New South Wales Women's Cricket Association held their fifth annual sports meeting at the University on Saturday. Mrs. Peatfield, Miss Wansey, and Miss Feden were the judges.

The Teachers' College team won the point score, and, later in the afternoon, was presented with the Association's pennant by Mrs. Dettmann, wife of the headmaster of the Sydney Grammar School.

A novel old-time cricket match against a team of men took place in the latter part of the afternoon. Miss Edna Pritchard, an interstate captain, was in charge of the "Ladies," who wore long, voluminous frocks, with hats in keeping perched high on their heads. The frocks were a definite drawback in the field, for any hurried step backwards generally ended in disaster.

Such a scene in "ye good olde days" would no doubt have ended with a fainting fit; the gentlemen at the wickets would have shaded their eyes, and the ladies in the stands have gathered up their trains and departed, deploring the lack of modesty. As it was, the victim rose hastily, gathering her frock up as best she could, and chased the ball to the boundary, amidst great applause from the onlookers.

Miss E. Bloomfield, who wore a moire frock with lace collar, and small bonnet, looked essentially the dear old lady part, until she took her turn at the bowling crease and gently disposed of six of the gentlemen for the small score of 26 runs. Mr. Dettman, headmaster of the Sydney Grammar School, and Canon Gurnsey, were the umpires. The latter caused great amusement when he produced a pair of field glasses to give the batsman block.

The gentlemen, wearing top hats, frock coats, side whiskers, and beards, were captained by Mr. Austin Diamond, one of the finest captains Australia ever had.

It is rumored that the gentlemen so enjoyed their game that they would like a return match against the N.S.W. Women's Cricket Association, when both would be dressed in a manner permitting the best cricket being played.

The match resulted in a win for the ladies by ten wickets and six runs. Miss Pritchard closed the "Ladies'" innings when the score stood at one wicket for 70 runs, and the "Gentlemen" were all out for 84 runs. Is this yet another case of brain v brawn?

Tennis TEAM for N.Z.

Permission having been granted by the Australian Lawn Tennis Association, a representative N.S.W. women's lawn tennis team will leave for New Zealand on December 14, returning in time to take part in the Australian championships on January 20.

An itinerary has been arranged by the New Zealand officials, and the N.S.W. players will contest the New Zealand Championships.

MISS NELL LLOYD, who is so well-known amongst the tennis fraternity, and who occupies the important position of women's delegate to the New South Wales Lawn Tennis Association, has been nominated as captain of the New South Wales women's tennis team to tour New Zealand. Miss Lloyd has filled this position on previous occasions, and it will be a popular choice.

An Australian team visited New Zealand last year. It included Mrs. Molesworth (Q.) and Miss Hartigan. This year Miss L. Bickerton and Miss Dingle will replace these two players, and the remaining members of the present team will be Miss Lloyd, Miss Nell Hall, and Miss Valkenberg.

Last year the team was very successful, winning the Test matches and also the women's singles and doubles titles. Miss Hartigan holds the former title, and it is unfortunate that she will not be present to defend it this year. Miss Hall and Miss Valkenberg, however, will defend the doubles title which they now hold.



THIS MONTH MARKS the Opening of the Victorian and N.S.W. women's rowing season. Members of the Y.W.C.A. Rowing Club leave the shed to take a practice spin in their boat at Leichhardt, Sydney. —Women's Weekly photo.



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ful, winning the Test matches and also the women's singles and doubles titles. Miss Hartigan holds the former title, and it is unfortunate that she will not be present to defend it this year. Miss Hall and Miss Valkenberg, however, will defend the doubles title which they now hold.

New Zealand has two very strong players in Mrs. Dykes and Miss Nicholls. The former has a particularly strong volley, while the latter shows excellent all-round form.

WOMEN Rowers

The women's rowing season has officially opened and the interstate carnival which will be held in Sydney in April is the goal toward which every woman rower will lend a willing oar for the ensuing months.

ROWING is one of the most strenuous of all sports and methods of training are very exacting. Two nights a week and Saturday and Sunday are spent in training, which consists of exercises, such as physical jerks and swinging.

Dieting plays a very important part in the training. Soups, pastry, cream and other fattening foods must be left severely alone and on no account is a rower allowed to drink with her meals. Rowing should certainly appeal to those who desire to indulge in the present mode of slimming.

The interstate regatta will take place in Sydney on April 7. It is expected that crews from South Australia, Tasmania, Victoria, and Queensland will participate. New South Wales has established a fine record in this realm, for they won the Australian championships three times in succession, though last year Tasmania wrested the title by half a length.

Miss Rose Goodman, who stroked the New South Wales crew for five years, was successful in bringing her boat first past the winning point on no fewer than four occasions. Another member of this crew is Miss F. Thurstone, who has rowed in the State championships for six years.

The Victorian Ladies' Rowing Association opened its season last Saturday at Essendon with combination races between Albert Park, Preston, Y.W.C.A., and Essendon. Preston's opening day is on October 14, Albert Park's on October 21, and Y.W.C.A. on October 28.

Miss Edith Connors has been rowing for 15 years with Albert Park. She has been secretary of the club for ten years, and secretary of the V.L.R.A. for two years. She has rowed in every State, and thinks rowing must be an ideal sport for women, as she is still rowing and enjoying it as much as she did 15 years ago.

"Fifteen years ago," she said, "we rowed in stockings and long bloomers, and always wore our skirts to the water's edge. Nowadays everyone wears shorts, but several clubs have brought back the rule about wearing skirts down to the knees."

boat. I think we trained harder then than we do now, and rowed over longer distances. One year those in charge forgot to shorten the course, and we rowed 11 miles instead of half a mile." The women rowers are a hardy race. They go out in their boats in all weathers, winter and summer. The combination races are rowed over a distance of a quarter of a mile, but the championship distance is half a mile.

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SPORTING SHORTS

Bad Luck N.S.W.

N.S.W. Squash racquets players were unfortunate in that their finest player, Miss Betty Ross-Gore was unable to play in the interstate matches, and Miss McKellar was debarred from play owing to an accident to her hand on the way to Melbourne.

Mrs. Rose Grey Smith (Vic.) won the squash racquets championship played in Melbourne last week for the second year in succession.

Miss J. Long-Innes, N.S.W., met her in the final, and Mrs. Grey Smith was the superior player throughout the match. The scores were 9-0, 9-3, 9-4.

The remarkable feature of Mrs. Grey Smith's game is her service, which she keeps well towards the back wall, and keeping low, it leaves her opponent little hope of returning it.

The match between Miss Elaine Chauvel (Vic.) and Miss Long Innes was the only one in either the men's or the women's championships that went to five sets. Miss Long-Innes won, the scores being 9-3, 9-5, 2-9, 4-9, 9-6. Mrs. Grey Smith plays in a frock, and the others in shorts.

Queensland Cricketers

MRS. FEIGE, president of the Queensland Women's Cricket Association, is at present holidaying in Sydney. She reports great progress amongst the cricketers in Queensland. Their competition will commence on Saturday, October 14.

HOT HOLBROOK says: My vibrator is loved just the same as 100 years ago. Ah! a wonderful brew.***

Printed and Published by Sydney Newspapers Ltd., Macdonell House, 121 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Three New Clubs

THREE new swimming clubs have been formed, and have affiliated with the New South Wales Women's Swimming Association. They have been formed in Bankstown, Enfield, and Narrabeen districts. Two new baths have been built at Enfield and Bankstown, and the popularity of these two new ventures has been instrumental in increasing the membership of the clubs in an encouraging manner.

Summer Vigoro

THE St. George Vigoro Association commenced their summer competition on Saturday with a record number of entries. Ten new teams have affiliated with the association, and the matches will be played in three grades. The new teams are Golden Fleecy, Waratah, St. Peter's, Coo-ees, Tempe United, Kangaroo, Tempe Midlets, Sons of Temperance, Sandringham, and Kurrawong.

New President

THE new president elected by the Secondary Girls' School Club is Mrs. Warburton, the well-known golf and tennis player. Mrs. Warburton is also one of the women delegates to the N.S.W. Lawn Tennis Association, and has for some years been secretary of the Women's Lawn Tennis Badge matches.

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Shirtmaker Frocks

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Basket Weave Cottons

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Crinkle Cottons

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